The Saturday Evening
POST
December 13, 1958 – 15¢

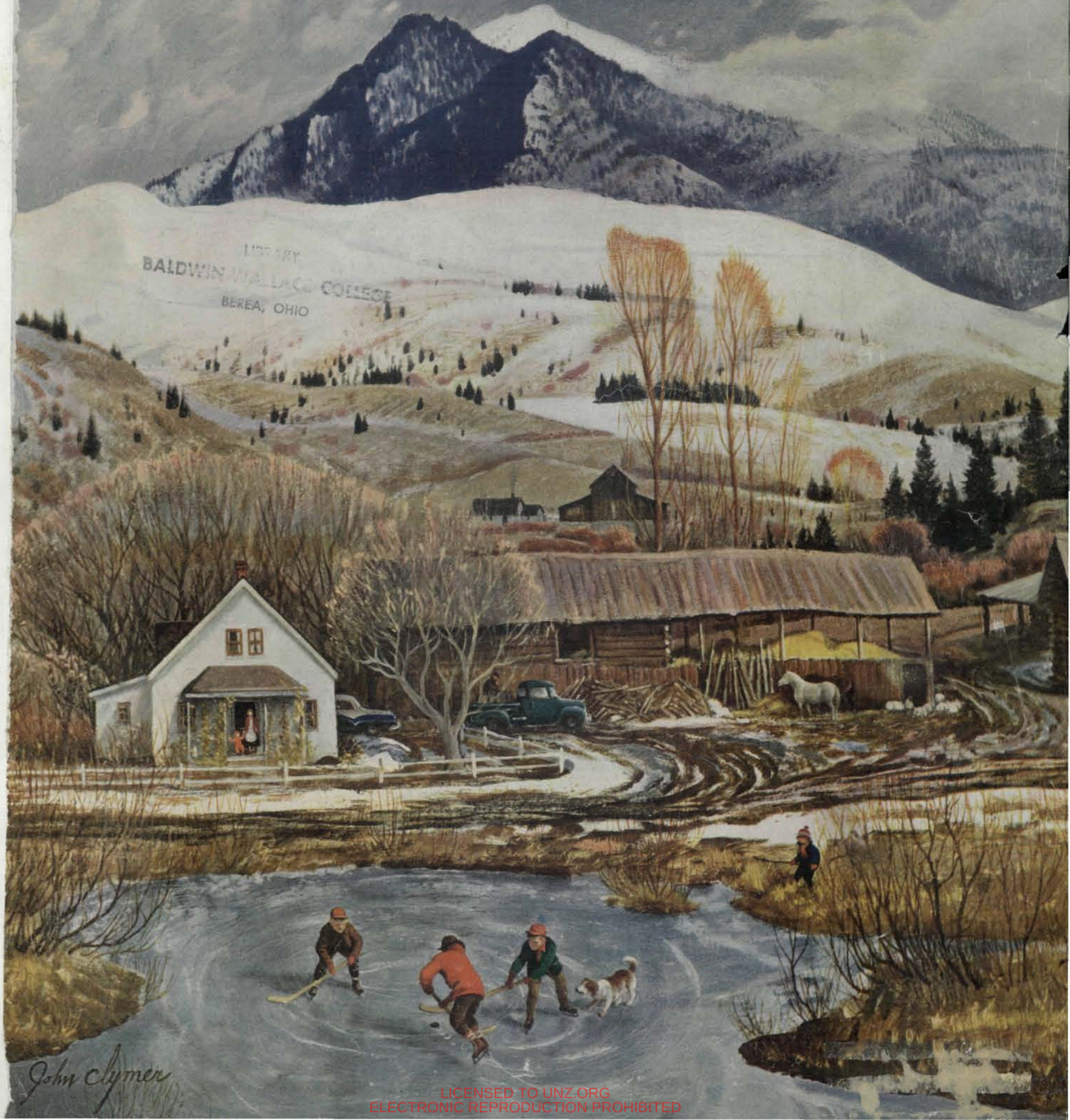
The Story Behind Quemoy:

HOW WE DRIFTED CLOSE TO WAR

By STEWART ALSOP

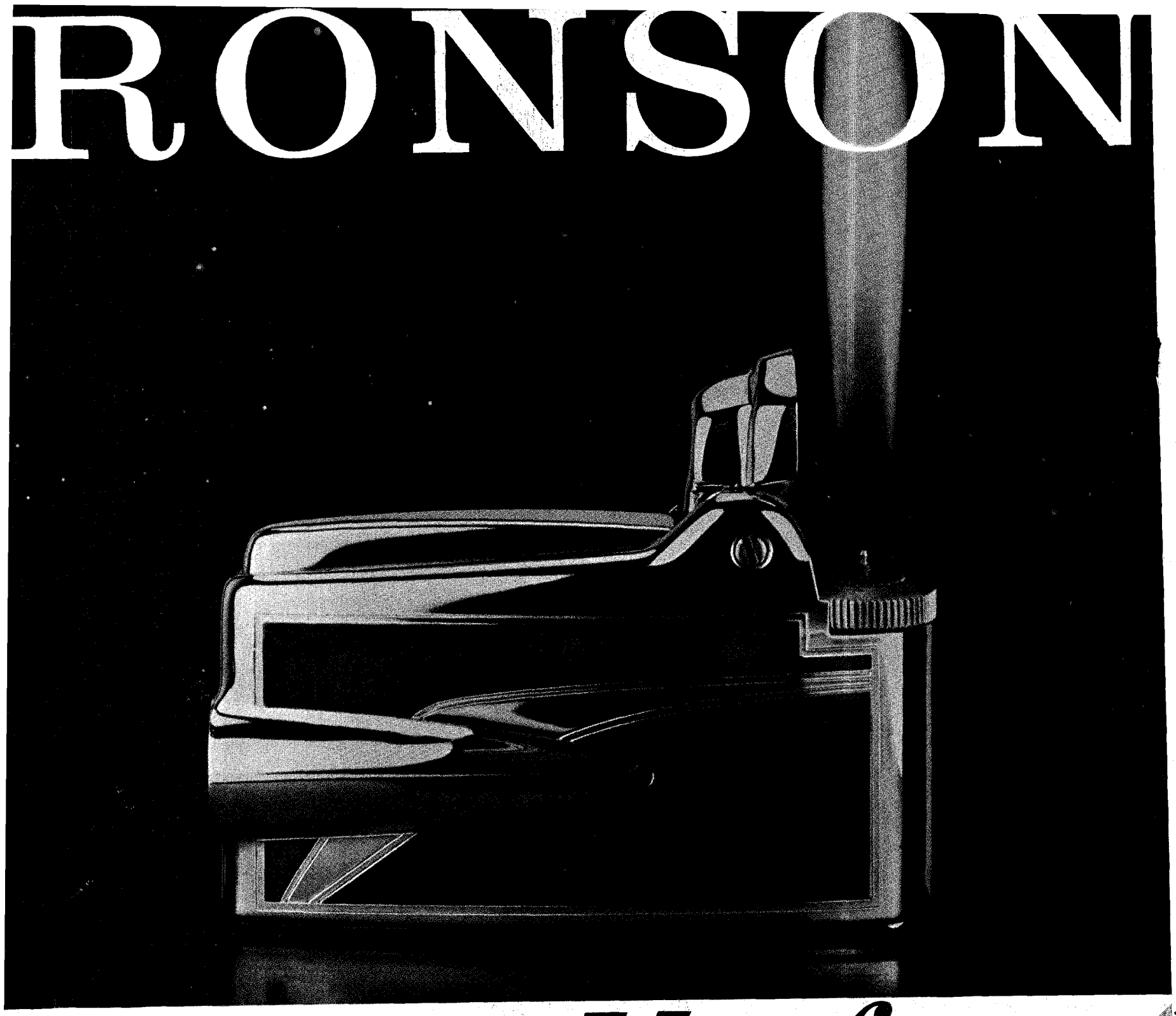
DEC 8 '58

LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO



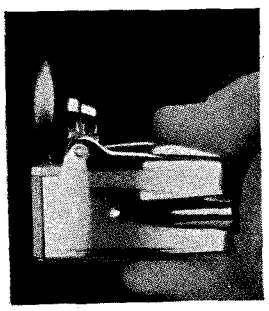
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RONSON



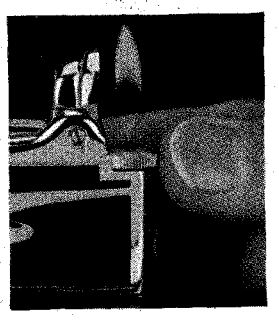
introduces new *Varaflame!*

Lights for months! *Adjustable flame!* *Fuels in seconds!*



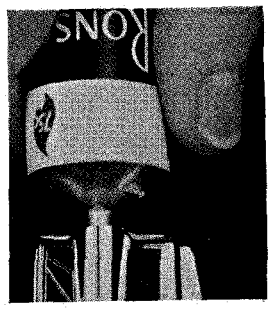
NEW!

Lights for months on one butane fueling! Fill it—forget it! And, one Ronson Multi-Fill tube can give you enough Butron fuel for more than a year of lights! Add fuel anytime—no need to wait until empty!



NEW!

Fingertip flame control! Flame is easily adjustable to any height to suit needs of cigarette, pipe and cigar smokers. No special tools required to raise or lower the clean-burning, wickless flame!



NEW!

Fuels in seconds! Ronson's patented Butron fuel-injection system fuels Varaflame instantly, without disassembling the lighter. Unique one-piece design insures leak-proof, foolproof performance every time!

See ***Varaflame*** — the world's first rocket-power lighter — at your Ronson dealer. Fully guaranteed with a full year's free service policy!

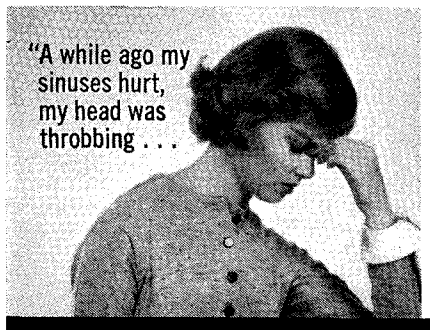
RONSON®

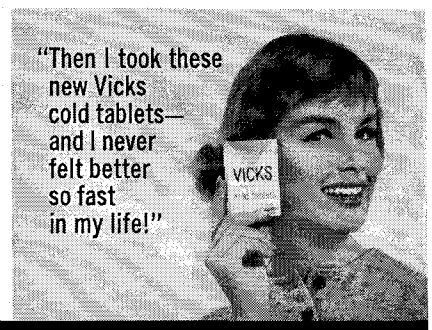
maker of the world's greatest lighters and electric shavers

©1958, RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N. J., TORONTO, ONT., LONDON, ENG.

FREE! Write to Ronson Corp., 1 Ronson Road, Woodbridge, N. J. for free illustrated folder on Ronson's new Butron Pocket and Table lighters.

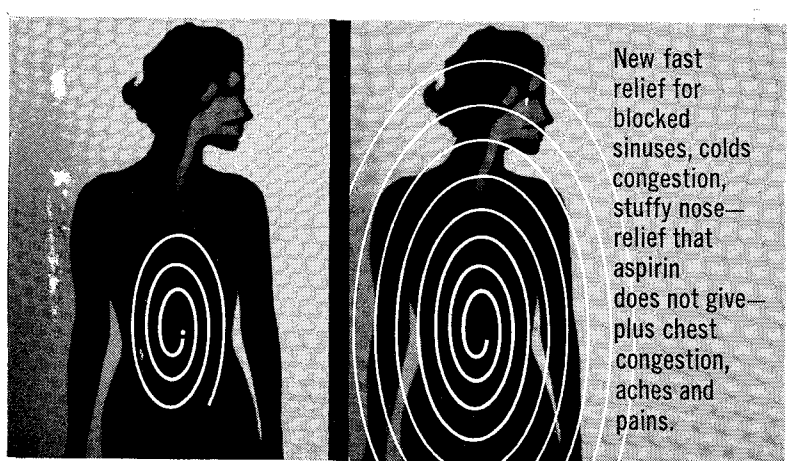
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets act to relieve colds, sinus pain 53% faster

than other leading antihistamine cold tablets


New fast relief for blocked sinuses, colds congestion, stuffy nose— relief that aspirin does not give— plus chest congestion, aches and pains.

While the other leading antihistamine cold tablets tested are only partially at work . . .

New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets have already rushed cold-and-sinus pain relievers into the body 53% faster.

1. DOUBLE-BUFFERED cold-and-sinus pain relievers proved 53% faster at university. Tests at a famous university found that while other leading antihistamine cold tablets are only partially at work . . . Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets have already rushed cold-and-sinus pain relievers into the body 53% faster.

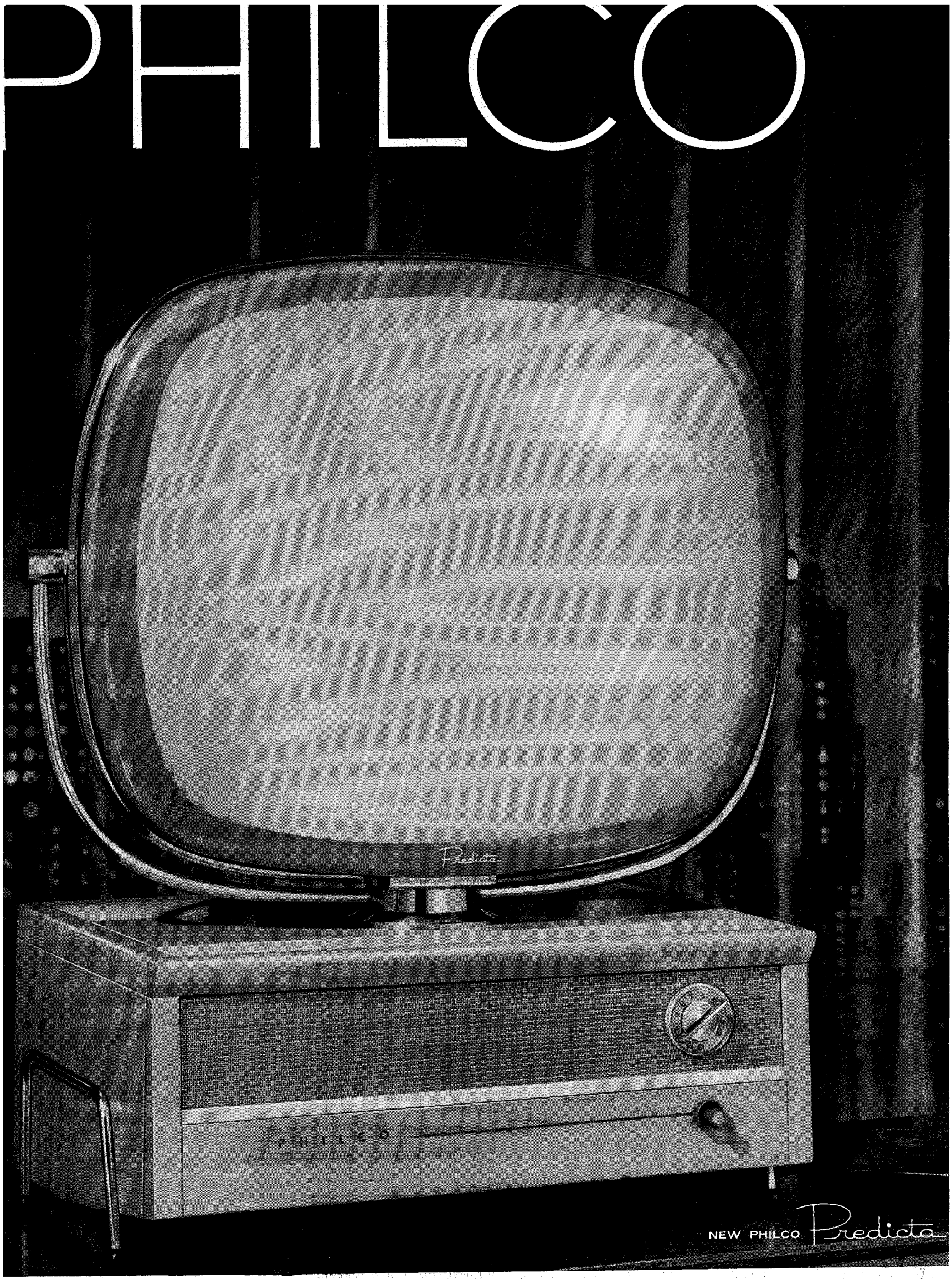
2. RELIEVE COLDS CONGESTION and blocked sinuses . . . promote sinus drainage. Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets do more than relieve sore throat, chest congestion, aches and pains . . . they relieve congested sinus passages, promote sinus drainage . . . and relieve sniffles, sneezes, cold-stuffed nose—relief that aspirin does not give.

3. PICK YOU UP with stimulating medications. New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets relieve that tired, dragged-out feeling of a cold with two stimulating medications. Pick you up fast, help you feel more alert.

For your family's health trust VICKS . . . makers of world's leading colds medications

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHILCO



as gifts today from ld of tomorrow!

New Philco Predicta is a perfect gift for *all* the family—the most exciting new design, best-performing TV you can enjoy! Visit your Philco dealer's today, and choose your fabulous gift from a complete selection of Predicta consoles, table models and brief-case-thin Philco portables.

LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose **PHILCO**®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens, Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* James P. O'Donnell, *Foreign;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Robert L. Johnson, Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr., Jay Brennan, Richard L. Lehman.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon, Jr., Katharine Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage.

IN THIS ISSUE

December 13, 1958 *Vol. 231, No. 24*

4 Short Stories

The Swindler's Wife . . . . . *Robert Standish* 22
Hopeless Case . . . . . *Ronald Sercombe* 24
Marriageable Age . . . . . *Phyllis Duganne* 28
Ambitious Cop . . . . . *Jack Dillon* 31

7 Articles

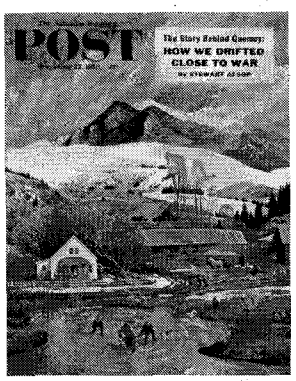
He Works in God's Back Pastures . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* 19
The Horse That Was Hard to Believe . . . . . *Jan Dickson Skinner* 25
The Story Behind Quemoy: How We Drifted Close to War . . . *Stewart Alsop* 26
They Can't Wait to Grow Old . . . . . *Robert M. Yoder* 30
The Face of America: Big City's Big Tree . . . *Photograph by Ivan Dmitri* 32
Adventures of the Mind, 16:
The Power Holders in the American Economy . . . *Sumner H. Slichter* 34
Battle Against the Lake . . . . . *Arthur W. Baum* 36

2 Serials

The Midtown Bomber (Second of five parts) . . . *John and Ward Hawkins* 38
The Case of the Greedy Grandpa (Conclusion) . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 43

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse . . . 52, 64, 80, 98, 108
Hazel 110
Keeping Posted 112



THE COVER

Jack Frost, Boreas and maybe a few other cool characters are tucking in the Montana Rockies for the hockey season. Down below, the midnight cold and the midday sun wage a seesaw battle, turning the roads into frosted chocolate porridge—whatever that may be. But in the uplands, among those wind-polished colonnades, and on the lonely summit beyond, that *is* winter and, let's face it, spring can be far behind. John Clymer doesn't want to pinpoint the location of this scene, for he remodeled the hills a bit, which an artist has a right to do, and he transplanted that white house from down the road, thus recruiting athletes for the F.H.L.—Farmboys Hockey League. If snow falls on the F.H.L. arena, no matter; it's hard for boys to shovel a short path, but a big rink is easy.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1958 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 47-59 or May 23, 1959; 23-60 or December 3, 1960.

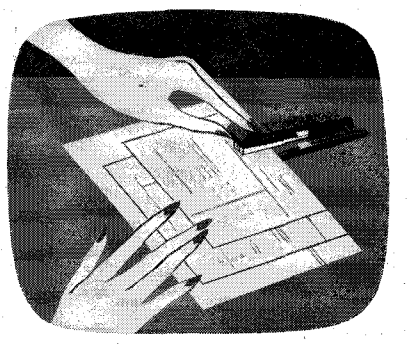
The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

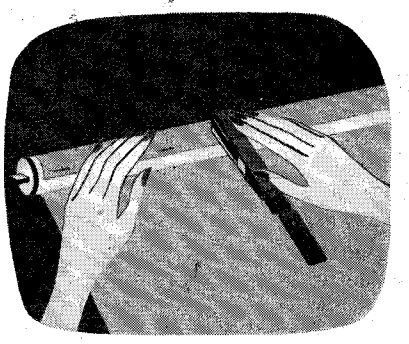
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

HELPFUL



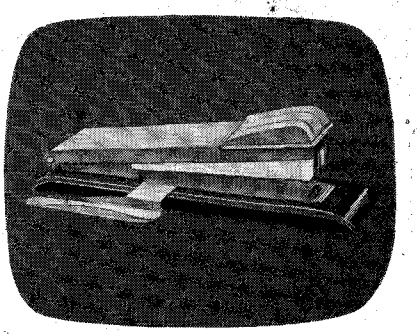
The Bostitch B8R helps you do hundreds of home fastening jobs better and faster . . . from sealing children's lunch bags to filing recipes and monthly bills.

HANDY



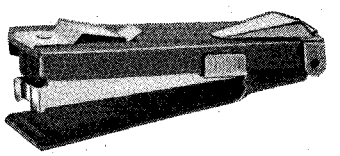
The Bostitch B8R is the world's only stapler with staple remover attached. It's small, light, easy to use. Opens wide for tacking and repair jobs, too.

HANDSOME



The Bostitch B8R now comes in colorful, two-tone gray as well as black and chrome. The trim, compact machine will fit in perfectly in your kitchen or den.

Only **$3.15*** at your stationer's.



New Bostitch Traveler! Also be sure to see this new pocket stapler designed for people on the go. Works where work takes you. Clips easily to pocket or briefcase. *Only* **$3.25***

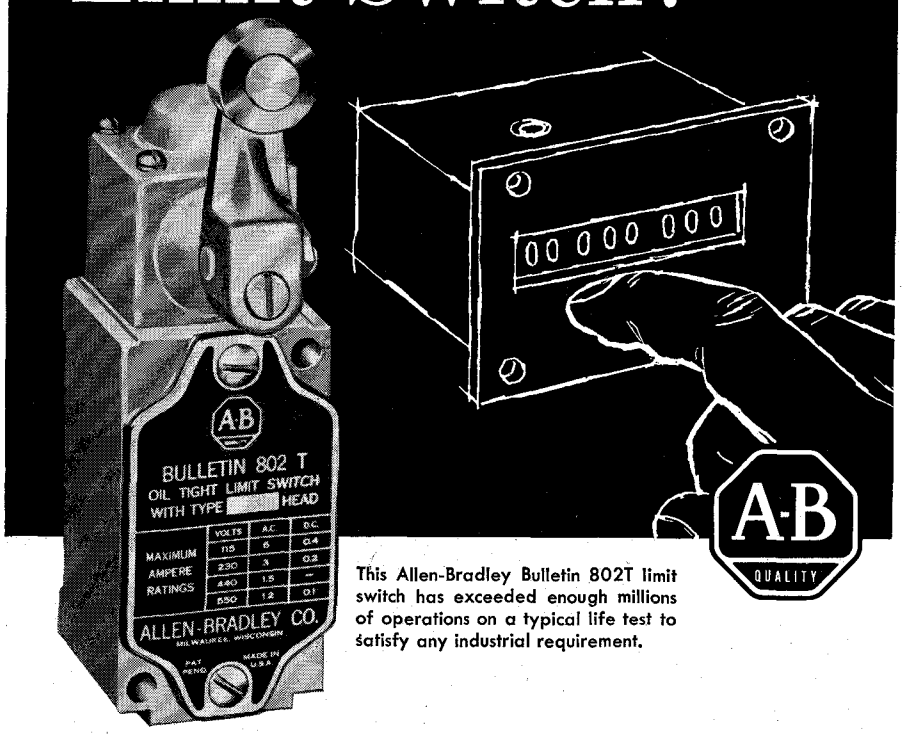
*Slightly higher in the West and outside U.S.A.
412 Briggs Drive, East Greenwich, Rhode Island

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®
STAPLERS AND STAPLES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many million operations can you demand from a Limit Switch?



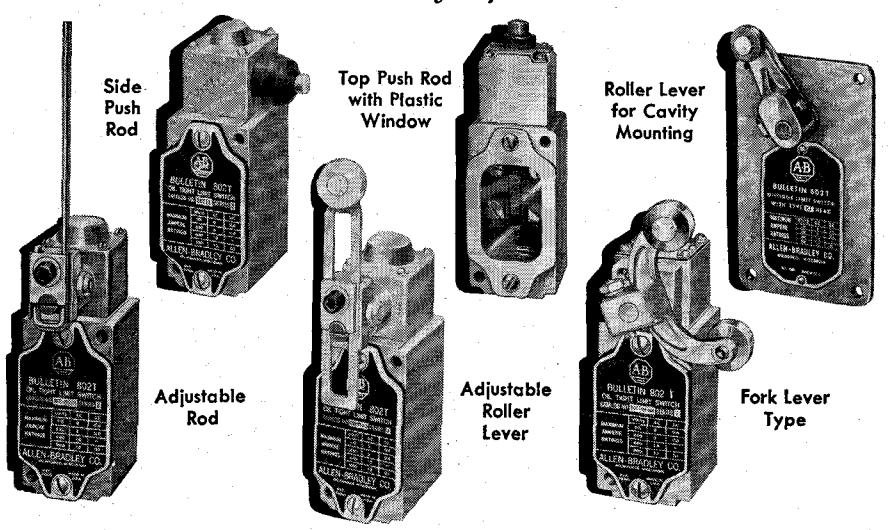
This Allen-Bradley Bulletin 802T limit switch has exceeded enough millions of operations on a typical life test to satisfy any industrial requirement.

Try Allen-Bradley Limit Switches—and Be Surprised!

Modern production machines rely on limit switches to start, stop, and reverse the various operations . . . exactly on time . . . every time! Failure to perform properly is usually costly . . . for the machinery user.

Allen-Bradley limit switches . . . with their unequaled performance record . . . provide the reliability you and your customers must have. They are completely sealed . . . dirt laden oil or cutting fluids cannot enter and cause sticking. The double break, silver alloy contacts assure positive contact operation. Insist on Allen-Bradley quality limit switches . . . you will *never* have cause to regret this decision.

The Allen-Bradley line of limit switches is complete. Illustrated are only a few variations.



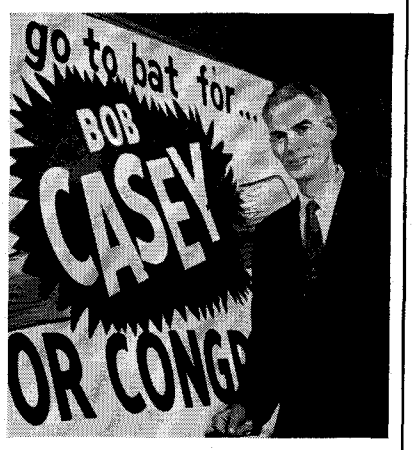
ALLEN-BRADLEY
Quality Motor Control

Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.
In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Letters

The Importance of Being Casey

Rockwell's Casey.



Congressman-elect Casey.

Dear Sirs:

Too bad about Mr. Casey on your November 8 cover [by Norman Rockwell—above, left]. . . . I thought you might like to know that my husband [above, right] vindicated the grand old name here in the brand-new District 22 in Texas.

Needless to say, we received many phone calls from our friends here in Houston and Harris County when your November 8 issue came out.

HAZEL CASEY
Houston, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Rockwell . . . did to Casey what the Democrats in California did to me when I aspired to be a candidate for Congress as a Republican. I too was swamped, but lived through it.

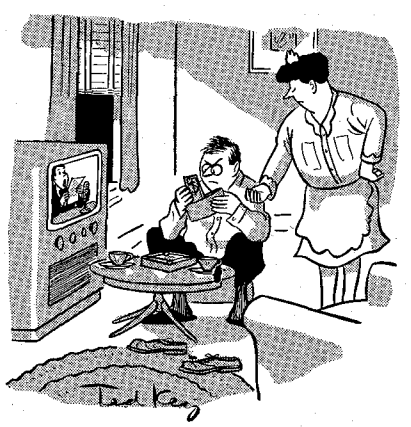
HIRAM E. CASEY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Hazel's Politics

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the proof [Nov. 8]. I have always thought that Hazel was a Democrat.

MRS. GILBERT ALCOTT
Bloomington, Ill.



". . . conceded the election early this morning to . . ."

● *Whether Hazel was betting on California (Democratic) or New York (Republican), Cartoonist Ted Key refuses to divulge (if he knows).—ED.*

Lawyers and Divorce

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the article entitled DIVORCE [Part I: A DAY IN COURT] by John Bartlow Martin in your November 1 issue, and I am very much disturbed by certain aspects thereof. . . . I express only my own personal views. . . .

The social consequences of widespread divorce are indeed alarming, and I credit the Post with performing a public service in making the ramifications of the problem better known. However . . . it is implied that members of the legal profession are somehow to blame, partially at least, for the fact that a divorce problem exists. This implication is unfair, because most lawyers, far from encouraging divorce, do their best to prevent it.

JOSEPH D. STECHER, *Executive Director*
American Bar Association
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

We'll plead guilty to being busy, but not to being heartless. I have never known a lawyer who didn't do his best to get the parties back together in a divorce case, especially where children were involved.

JUDSON F. HAGGERTY
Attorney at Law
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps John Bartlow Martin bears an emotional scar from some encounter with the law which did not turn out as he thought it should. How else can we explain the . . . numerous insinuating and derogatory remarks creating an impression of courts . . . reminiscent of the yellow-brown nausea pervading certain Russian novels? . . .

Most lawyers . . . do not seek divorce cases. A true lawyer, however, will not avoid them. A divorce is one of the most catastrophic and emotionally upsetting things which can happen to a family.

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEET YOUR NEW DIMENSION IN STATION WAGONS— FOR FAMILY WORK 'N' FUN

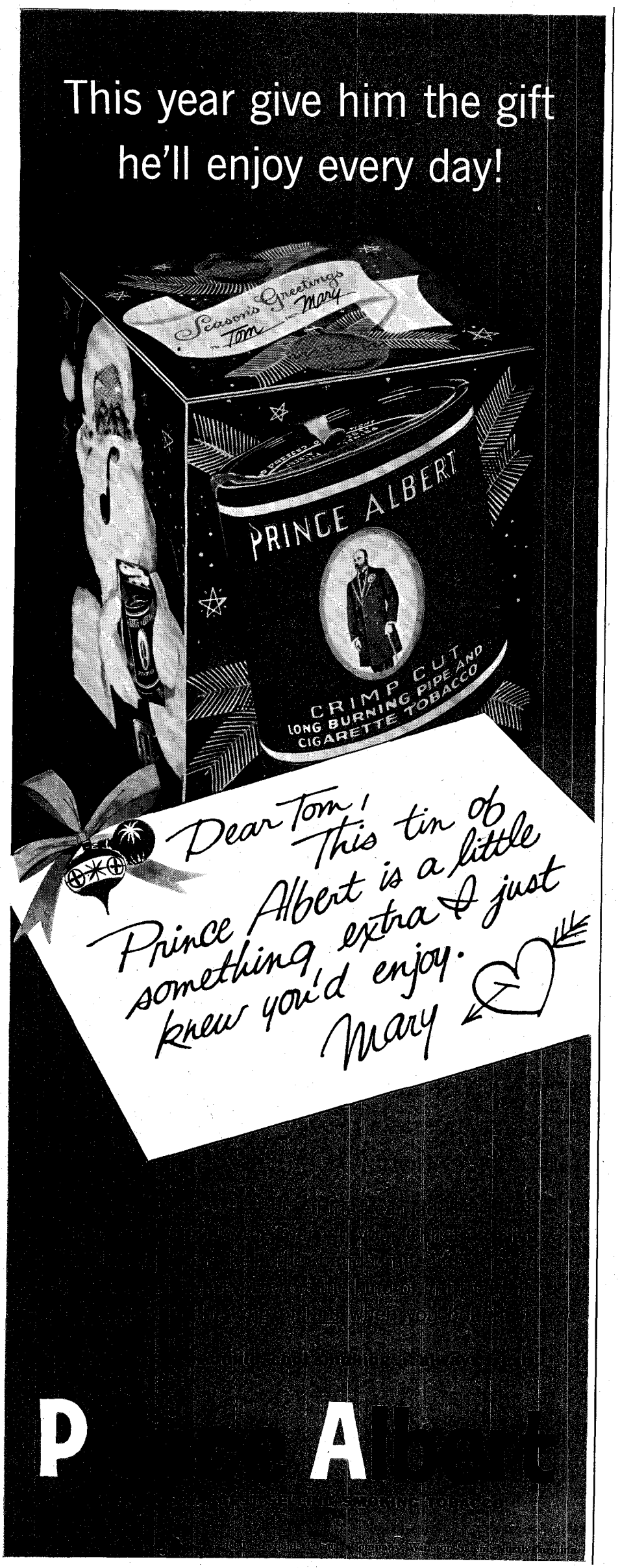
THE LARK PLAY WAGON BY STUDEBAKER

Here's the newest, happiest, fam'liest wagon of all—a whole *new dimension* in wagons—with a full, big 93 cu. ft. cargo space nestled neatly on a tidy 113-inch wheelbase. Far shorter outside than conventional wagons—far easier to handle, turn and park. Far more economical, too—with either the economy six or super V-8 engine delivering top mileage, peak performance, on regular low-cost gas. Beautifully built and engineered. Styled with unique flair, rich in fine finishing touches, upholstered in handsome, practical vinyl. Optional rear-facing hideaway seat brings capacity up to eight passengers. Smart, sensible, spirited, it costs less to buy, far less to operate. It's the one women love, children adore, men go for. Look at, price, drive, compare *The Lark* Play Wagon *by Studebaker* at your dealer's today. It's the welcomest wagon of all!

Also 2-door and 4-door sedan and hardtop.

COPYRIGHT © STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


This year give him the gift he'll enjoy every day!
Seasons Greetings
Tom
Mary
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Dear Tom! This tin of Prince Albert is a little something extra I just knew you'd enjoy.
Mary
P A

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

The persons directly involved are in desperate need of someone to help.

The desire to help reach some solution of the tangle presented to him by the average divorce case is and should be the impelling reason motivating a lawyer to take a hand therein. The financial reward, stressed so much by author Martin, is usually nonexistent.

DAVID O. HAMLIN
Attorney at Law
Seattle, Wash.

The following excerpts are from a letter addressed to author Martin:

Last week in Chicago at a meeting of the ABA Board of Governors and section chairmen, your first article on divorce was brought up for discussion. Some of those present were unhappy about the way you treated the legal profession. . . .

I had failed to sense any slurs upon the legal profession. Now I have reread it critically and noted every material mention of lawyers. . . .

I find the article crammed with realism, truth and accuracy. . . .

In the divorce mills of the country, the dependence of the divorce bar on fees is one factor that militates against all efforts toward marriage-mending. An uncontested divorce means maybe a couple hundred easy bucks in the lawyer's pocket. A reconciliation, usually nothing.

Here's the fix we're in, as I see it. Lawyers must pocket fees to live. But we don't like to be reminded of it, especially publicly. . . .

I believe we should thank you for bringing [shortcomings of our profession] to light so that we will be under pressure to rectify them.

JUDGE PAUL W. ALEXANDER
Vice Chairman, Section of Family Law
American Bar Association
Toledo, Ohio

Enslaved Farmers?

Dear Sirs:

When I had read the editorial CROP CONTROLS LOOM AS TYRANNY IN MODERN DRESS, by Charles W. White, Nov. 8, my thought was, "How like Russia."

When our laws prohibit farmers from raising enough grain or other crops, on their own land, to feed their own stock, they have become altogether too tyrannical and overbearing. . . . The independent farmer, so called, has become enslaved.

F. P. DODGE
Port Arthur, Texas

Dear Sirs:

The western farmers have become a big group of panhandlers living off other citizens' taxes.

R. M. BURT
St. Augustine, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The editorial states that these farmers do not like the idea of stabilization committees, or anybody else, telling them how to run their farms. No committee tells us what to do. We wheat farmers voted on price controls last June, and it passed with a big majority—about eighty per cent. . . . We had freedom from controls back in the '30's and sold our wheat for as little as seventeen cents per bushel. . . . About eighty per cent of us wheat farmers don't care for that kind of freedom.

LLOYD CRATON
Harrisburg, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

Crop-control laws aren't perfect but are a forward step in trying to keep production in line with demand. . . . Congress should not stop trying to make them perfect. Just law is usually the result of experience.

GEORGE W. ROBINSON
Harlem, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

My brother Charlie has sold the SEP an editorial featuring the same sort of specious reasoning he used to con me out of a two-thirds share of the first bag of marbles I ever bought. . . .

Charlie's two horrible examples . . . are spiritual kin to the worker who lines up at the payroll window to grab a portion of the benefits gained by the union he is too "independent" to join and support.

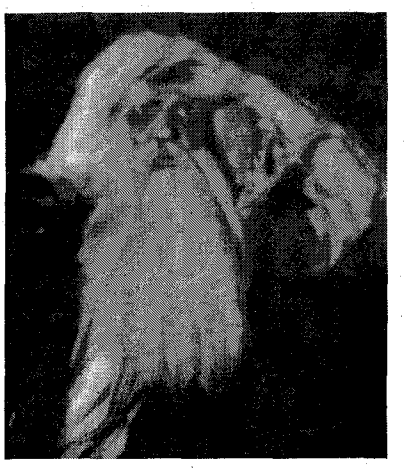
ROBERT W. WHITE
New York Herald Tribune
New York, N.Y.

Bellamy the Bearded Boy

Dear Sirs:

By mentioning [in THE MAN WHO PLAYS F.D.R., Nov. 8] that Ralph Bellamy's father *was* instead of *is* Charles Rexford Bellamy, the very fine and otherwise factual story by Henry LaCossitt may bring condolences to Ralph's mother.

The enclosed picture [below] . . . may seem to prove that the clan comes from long-living New England stock but it does not. . . .



Ralph (Rip Van Winkle) Bellamy.

It is actually a photograph of Ralph at the age of twenty-one, when as leading man of his dramatic stock company he gave memorable performances of Rip Van Winkle to standing-room-only houses in Des Moines, Iowa.

CHARLES REXFORD BELLAMY
Hollywood, Calif.

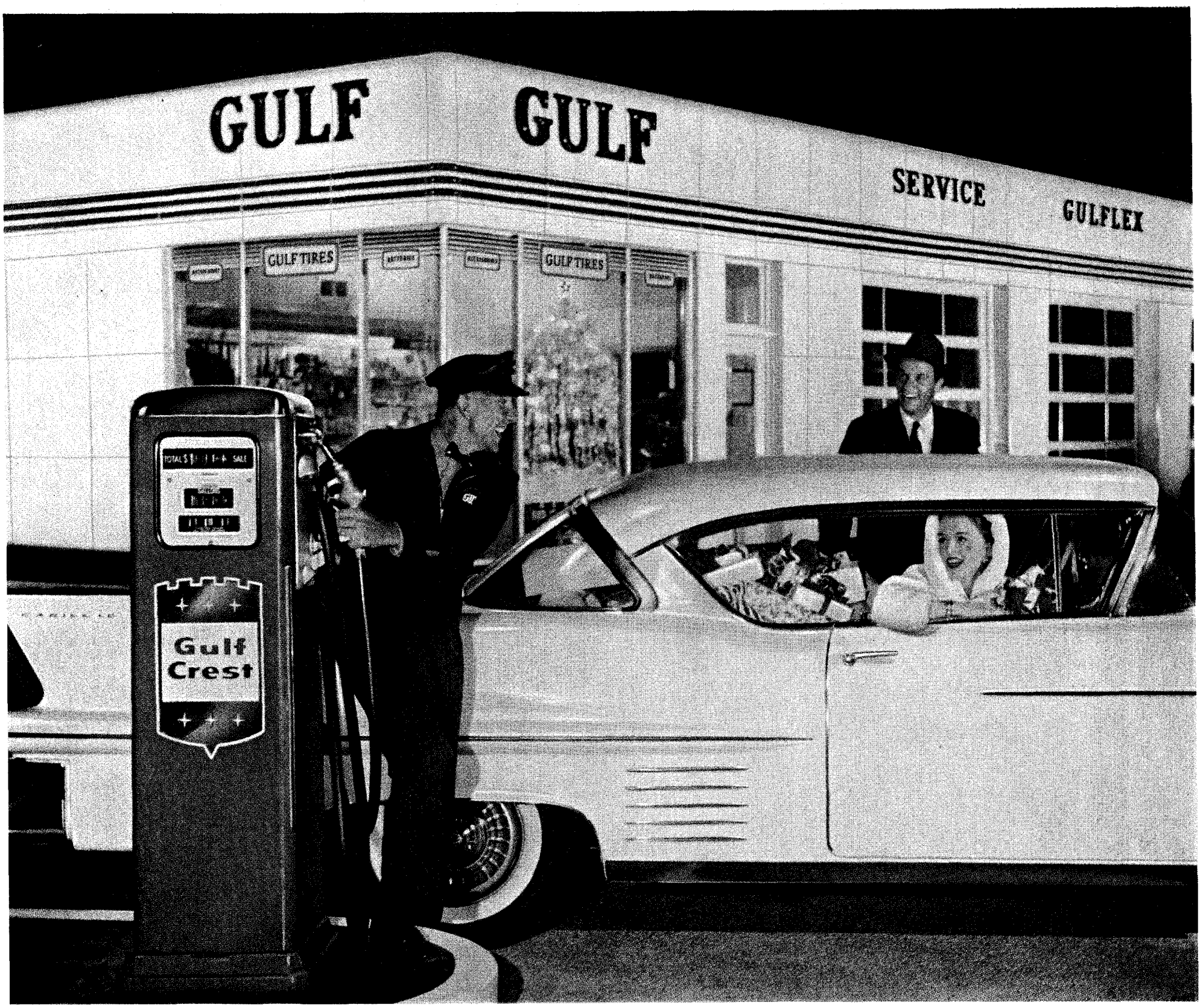
Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Paul Dorsey. • 6–Anonymous. • 19, 20, 21–Frank Ross. • 22, 23–George Hughes. 24–Larry Kritcher. • 25–Cartoons by Paul Galdone; anonymous. • 26–Wide World. 27–Wide World; United Press International; Wide World; Pix; map by Center Studio. 28, 29–Kurt Ard. • 31–Perry Peterson. • 32, 33–Ivan Dmitri. • 35–Arnold Newman. 36–Wide World; Joern Gerdts. • 37–Joern Gerdts. • 38, 39–Mac Conner. 43–James R. Bingham. • 112–Jacob Lofman; anonymous.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT NEW IDEA FROM GULF!



You can restore clean-engine performance with just one tankful of new Gulf Crest every 1,000 miles.*

*__Cars with new, advanced engines,__ like the one above, need new Gulf Crest as a full time fuel to maintain maximum engine performance. But . . .

In other cars (cars not requiring highest octane gasoline), use a tankful of new Gulf Crest every 1,000 miles to *restore* clean-engine performance. New Gulf Crest neutralizes deposits left by other gasolines. You'll save on gasoline, spark plug replacements, costly engine servicing . . . and you'll begin to get that *live* power feeling again!

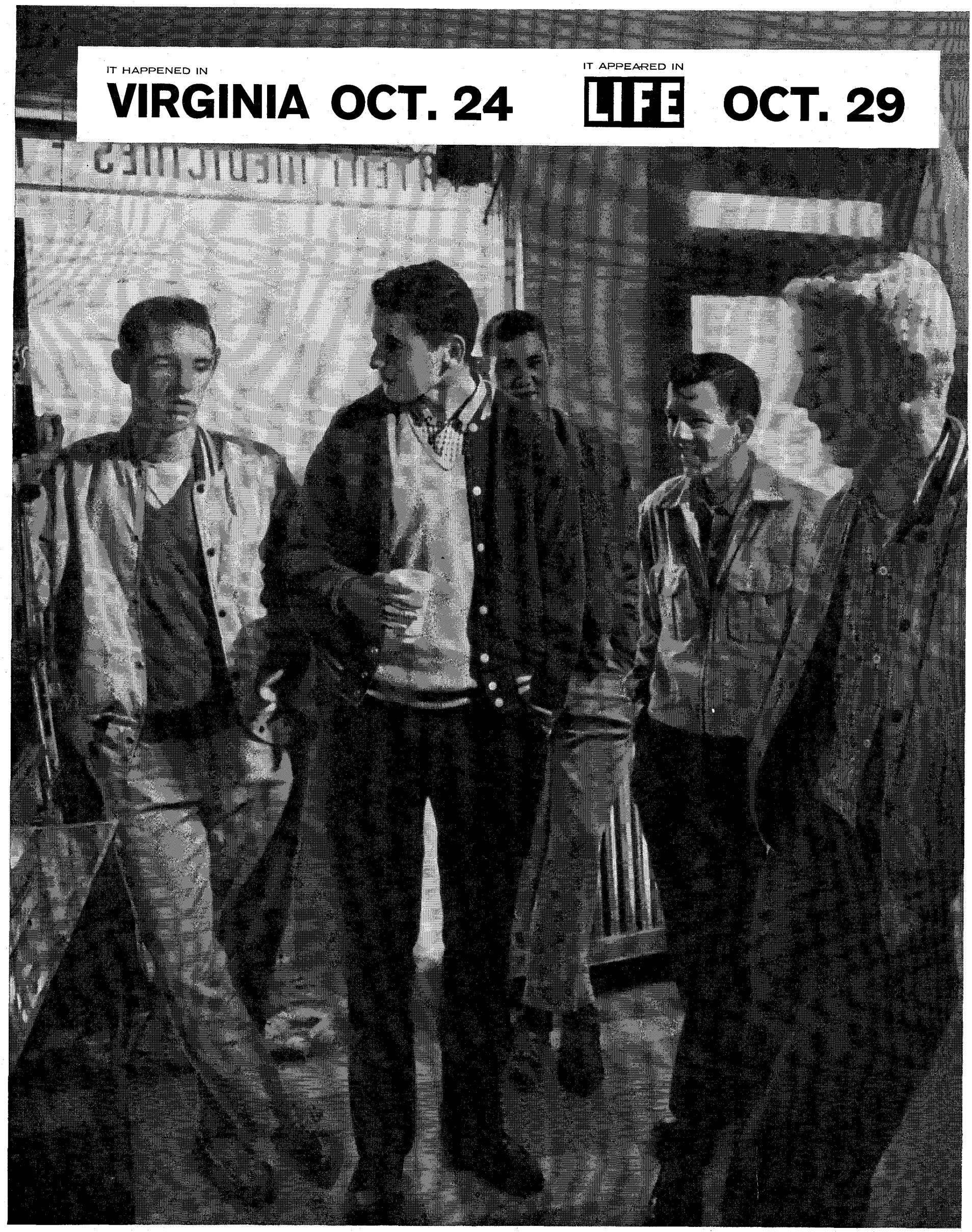
GULF

NEW GULF CREST
GASOLINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT HAPPENED IN
VIRGINIA OCT. 24

IT APPEARED IN
LIFE OCT. 29



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL SCHUTZER

Only LIFE brings you so close, so swiftly . . .

You learn a lesson from the Lost Class of '59

NORFOLK, VA. Oct. 24—"I spent three years looking forward to being a senior. Now I can't even go to school."

The boy was more bored than bitter. Segregation strife had closed the schools. And LIFE, first with the human picture story behind the headlines, showed you the boys and girls whose world was suddenly a succession of empty days, puzzling nights, idle drugstore sessions.

For the first time you saw in LIFE's eloquent pictures the full human impact of the school closings. Here, at the moment when the nation's attention focussed on the problem, was the definitive report you'd been looking for.

And it was more than a swiftly reported news story. Meeting the South's unwitting victims, sharing their moods and knowing their minds, you gained new and lasting insight into a complex issue.

This is typical of LIFE, which reports all you want to know of momentous issues like segregation. Week after week LIFE brought you a step-by-step documentary—news of Supreme Court edicts, Southern reactions, Faubus, Kasper, riots in Little Rock. Continuing news of continuous importance, up to the minute in LIFE.

Whatever the story, wherever it happens, you'll find it *first* and find it more meaningful each week in LIFE. Great issues, small human happenings, people and places, large and small. A variety of subjects spanning a world of interests, particularly your own. Whet these interests, widen your world by ordering LIFE right now.

SPECIAL OFFER TO POST READERS: If you are not already a LIFE subscriber, take advantage of a special introductory price of only $4.97 for 37 weeks. Just mail this paragraph with your name and address to LIFE, Dept. P-6, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Send no money: we'll bill you later.

Get this week's news in this week's **LIFE**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

We Can't Ignore the Red Challenge in Latin America

While the American people have been wondering and worrying about conflict in the Far East and Middle East, a dangerous situation has rapidly unfolded in our own hemisphere. From our next-door neighbor, Mexico, all the way down to the tip of South America, nearly 12,000 miles, the Communists in a number of countries have made a remarkable comeback.

Take Mexico. Huge riots have repeatedly tied up the capital city. The Communist Party of the United States declares that this year there is "extraordinary working-class militancy and struggle such as Mexico has not seen for over twenty years." President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, whose term is about to end, has warned the country against Communist "incitements" of workers. Mexico has been placed in "grave danger," he says, by the violence of student and labor organizations, egged on by "individuals or groups foreign to Mexican interests."

After this warning, the president authorized the arrest of alien Communists. Among those seized were citizens of the United States, including a businessman, a theater director and a former Hollywood script writer.

Mexico is swiftly industrializing itself. While living costs have risen, the government has held wages down to encourage new industry. And this year the United States' recession has caused a drop in some Mexican exports, and in remittances from Mexican workers here. The Reds have leaped in to profit from this situation.

In Venezuela the Communists are stronger than anywhere else in this hemisphere. They are powerful in the unions. The newspapers and radio and television are loaded with Communists. The newspapers regularly run articles by Communists. A Communist is vice president of the Federation of University Student Bodies. However, the other parties have abandoned the idea of joining the Communists in picking a "unity candidate" for this week's election, thereby depriving the Communists of their veto power over the selection.

The junta ruling the country is trying to balance itself between extreme militarists at one end and the Communists at the other in order to prevent a return of military dictatorship.

South of Venezuela is giant Brazil, which is half of all South America and has nearly half its people. It also has the biggest Communist Party, with 100,000 members who pay dues and obey orders. Even the officer corps of the armed forces is said to be infiltrated.

Brazil's small neighbor, Bolivia, with 3,000,000 population, is in trouble. The Communists are taking advantage of the economic hardship caused by Khrushchev, who has dumped many thousands of tons of Soviet tin on the world market, doubtless for political reasons. Bolivia is greatly dependent on its tin exports. The United States is helping Bolivia financially.

In Chile the Communist Party, outlawed since 1948, was legalized again last August. At once it induced other leftist parties to join it in a Popular Front. Three weeks later their candidate nearly won the presidency, running second in a field of five, and getting 352,000 votes, while the winner, a conservative, Jorge Alessandri, got 387,000. His ability to handle the Reds is a major question mark.

What can the United States do? First of all, we must wake up to the danger. Then we must deal with Latin America on an equal basis. We should seek practical ways of co-operating economically with Latin America.

Not only must we act like a friend; we must look like a friend. Our information agencies must do more to counteract Communist slanders.

America's Textile Industry Threatened by a Maze of Bewildering Restrictions

Most Americans respond favorably to the general purpose behind the Administration's effort to expand international trade. However, when you get down to cases and understand how the reciprocal-trade program works in specific instances, approval is considerably short of unanimous. The plight of the textile-manufacturing industry, which involves an investment of $8,000,000,000 and provides employment for more than a million individuals, plus another million workers and $4,000,000,000 investment in the apparel industry, is a case in point. The threat to the cotton-textile industry is a weird combination of obstacles before which any American industry might quail.

First, the textile manufacturer who uses cotton yarn must buy his raw cotton at the price fixed under the agricultural-support program. In the meantime the Government, stuck with cotton which it has accumulated at the support price, sells it in the world market, where the price is about 20 per cent under the American "kept" price. Thus the manufacturer in Japan, Italy or Indonesia is able to buy his major raw material for 20 per cent less than his American competitor has to pay.

Why, it may be asked, doesn't the American manufacturer go into the world market for his cotton? The cotton farmers' lobby and its political henchmen have taken care of this possible loophole by placing an import quota on raw cotton. Although most raw-cotton imports are prohibited by the quota, the present duty on cloth, dresses, shirts and underpants made from our exported cotton does not close the gap between the world price and the higher American legislated price.

Another major threat to the textile industry is the difference between American high wages, to a large extent compulsory under various laws and regulations, and the low wages prevailing in competing areas, especially Japan and Hong Kong. The classical free-trade position—advanced by supporters of the General Agreement on Tariff and Trade—is that consumers are entitled to the benefits of low costs in other countries and that, if the American producer cannot meet the competition, he ought to go into some other trade. But, argue the American producers, even if it were desirable to junk the American standard of living in order to boost standards of living elsewhere, it couldn't be done without the repeal of minimum-wage and maximum-hours laws and other protections which the American worker now enjoys.

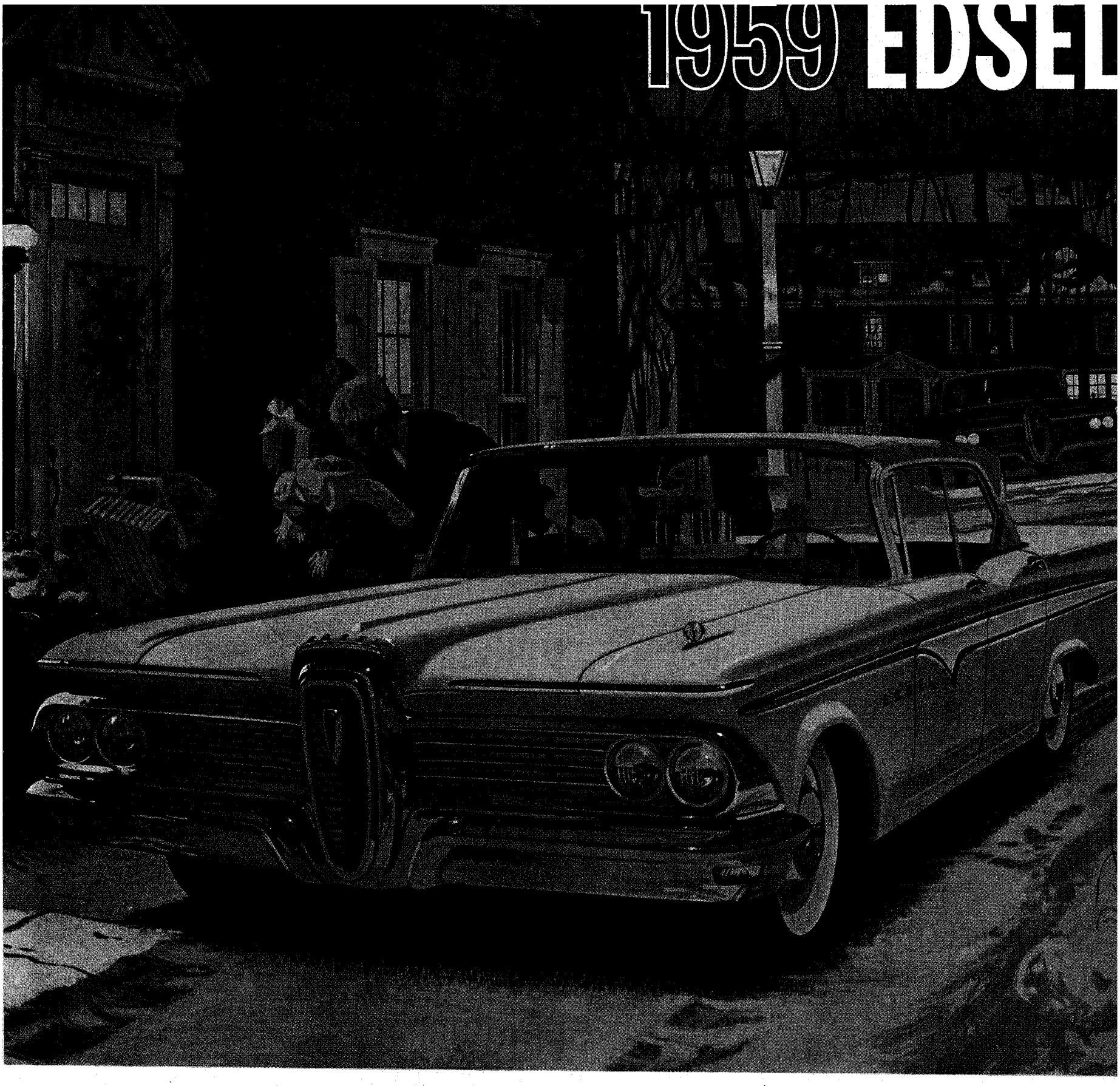
Furthermore, the U.S. textile man points out, our International Co-operation Administration and other distributors of foreign aid have made the lot of our foreign competitors even easier by helping to equip them with brand-new plants and the latest machinery to go with them. Modernization of the American industry, while impressive, has been hampered by inadequate depreciation allowances.

As of now, imports of all textiles are but a small fraction of the total textile production in this country. Furthermore, the American industry exports more textiles than it imports. However, the manufacturer of one category of textiles, ginghams or velveteens for example, heavily hit by low-cost imports, does not benefit because the manufacturer of another variety, like industrial webbing, is unscathed. The ratio of textile imports to exports is far less in favor of exports than it once was, for the obvious reason that our foreign customers are being taken from us by competitors blessed with the advantages already mentioned.

Obviously we cannot build a non-scalable tariff wall around the textile industry. However, it does not seem unreasonable to suggest a compensating import duty on goods made from the cotton which we supply to foreign processors at a 20-per-cent discount. After all, American flour mills are protected against imports of flour made from wheat sold abroad for less than the support price. A little less enthusiasm for setting up still more textile industries abroad with American money would also contribute.

There would still remain the wide difference between American and Asiatic wages in the affected industries. Probably there is no cure for this except an enforceable quota which should be liberal enough to give the Japanese and foreign industry generally a reasonable share of the market, but drastic enough to prevent disaster to the domestic industry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Half its beauty is its new, low price!

Makes history by making sense

Exciting new kind of car! Plenty of room for six. Plenty of power without hogging gas. Soundly engineered. Solidly built. And priced with the most popular three!

This is the car built with a shrewd buyer in mind—a car that really makes sense! Crisp, clean lines give you the kind of distinction that's always in style. Sound engineering provides generous six-passenger room without useless length, and gives you four new mileage-minded engines—including a thrifty six and a spirited new V-8 that uses *regular* gas! Price? A new Edsel Ranger is priced almost exactly the same as many models of Plymouth, Chevrolet and Ford! This comparison is based on actual factory suggested retail prices. See for yourself. At your Edsel Dealer now.

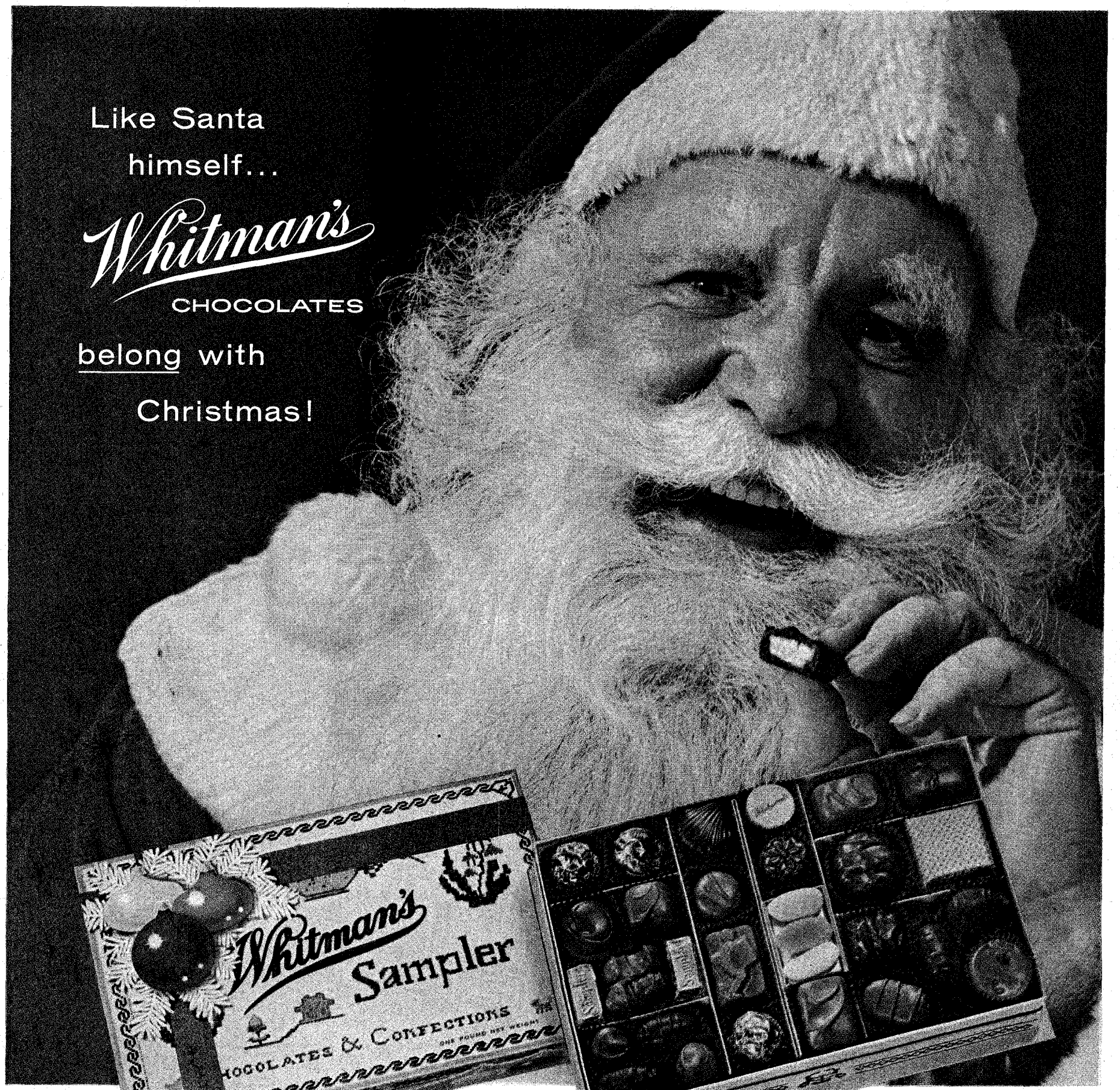
EDSEL DIVISION · FORD MOTOR COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like Santa himself...

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

belong with Christmas!



The Famous Sampler
—in 1, 2, 3 and 5 lb. assortments

Miniature Assortment

Devon Rose Assortment

Other fine assortments from $1.39—specially decorated for Christmas

Wonderful gifts for everyone on your Christmas list

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

©1958 STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give him success for Christmas

Wrap up a gift of confidence for your favorite male this year! Choose presents that will make it easy for him to always Dress Right. There's nothing quite like the assured, confident feeling a man gets from looking his best. And when he looks his best, he's most likely to *do* his best! Where do you shop for clothes that give confidence? At any men's wear or department store that displays the AIMBW symbol. When do you shop? Early . . . preferably today.

American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear ®

Dress Right – **when you look your best you do your best!**

For help and advice on how to Dress Right, visit any store that displays this American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear symbol.

© 1958, A.I.M.B.W

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In gleaming golden foil

So proudly you'll give...this

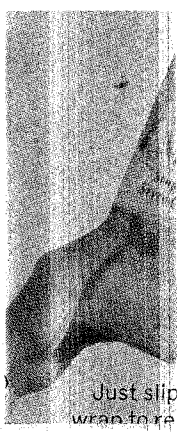
This Christmas, once again, Seagram's 7 Crown will be the thoughtful greeting, the grand gesture. For year after year this is the one spirit most preferred by more people in more places than any other whiskey in the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıation's great whiskey

Give Seagram's and be Sure

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



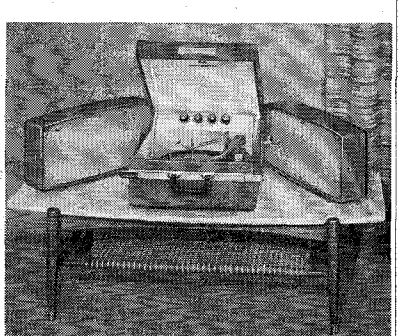
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More to enjoy

. . . in sight and sound

This Motorola-wise family owns beautiful Console TV with Automatic Tuning, big-screen Portable TV (UHF optional, extra); versatile Pushbutton Clock Radio.

To each his own Motorola. Dad's brilliant Console has famous Golden Satellite* Remote Control that lets him turn set on-off, change channels, and mute sound instantly, without getting up from his favorite chair. Small fry are carried away by Portable TV with exclusive Magic Mast Antenna System†. So many other features to help make a brighter, clearer, sharper picture. You get *More to enjoy* in so many ways.



More to enjoy . . . with truly portable, *complete* Stereophonic High Fidelity. Motorola Deluxe Portable Model SH12 provides brilliant, room-filling depth-in-sound through 4 speakers (2 in each detachable "wing"). In scuff-proof miracle fabrics. Colors: Spice Brown; Black Alligator; Black Morocco and Irish Linen. Enjoy a home demonstration. Ask your Motorola Dealer.

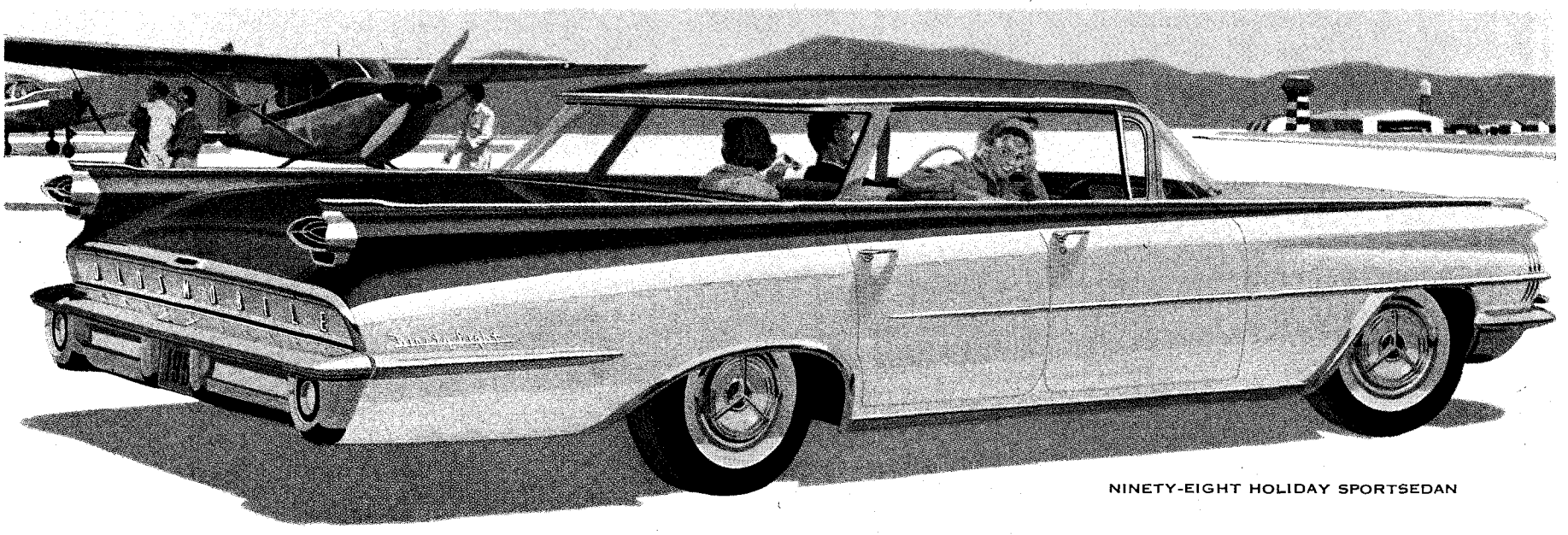
MOTOROLA

Motorola

World's Largest Exclusive Electronics Manufacturer

*TRADEMARK OF MOTOROLA, INC. †OPTIONAL, EXTRA. SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NINETY-EIGHT HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN

Every 1959 Oldsmobile has the smart new "Linear Look"—trim, light, wide-open, spacious! Inside and out it's aglow with bright ideas—safer brakes, improved visibility, smoother ride, more luggage room. Yes, and a brand-new Rocket Engine, too! An engine that is incredibly smooth, the most efficient Rocket yet. Think a moment. Isn't it time to step up to an Olds—*acknowledged leader in the medium price class!* Talk it over with your local quality dealer.

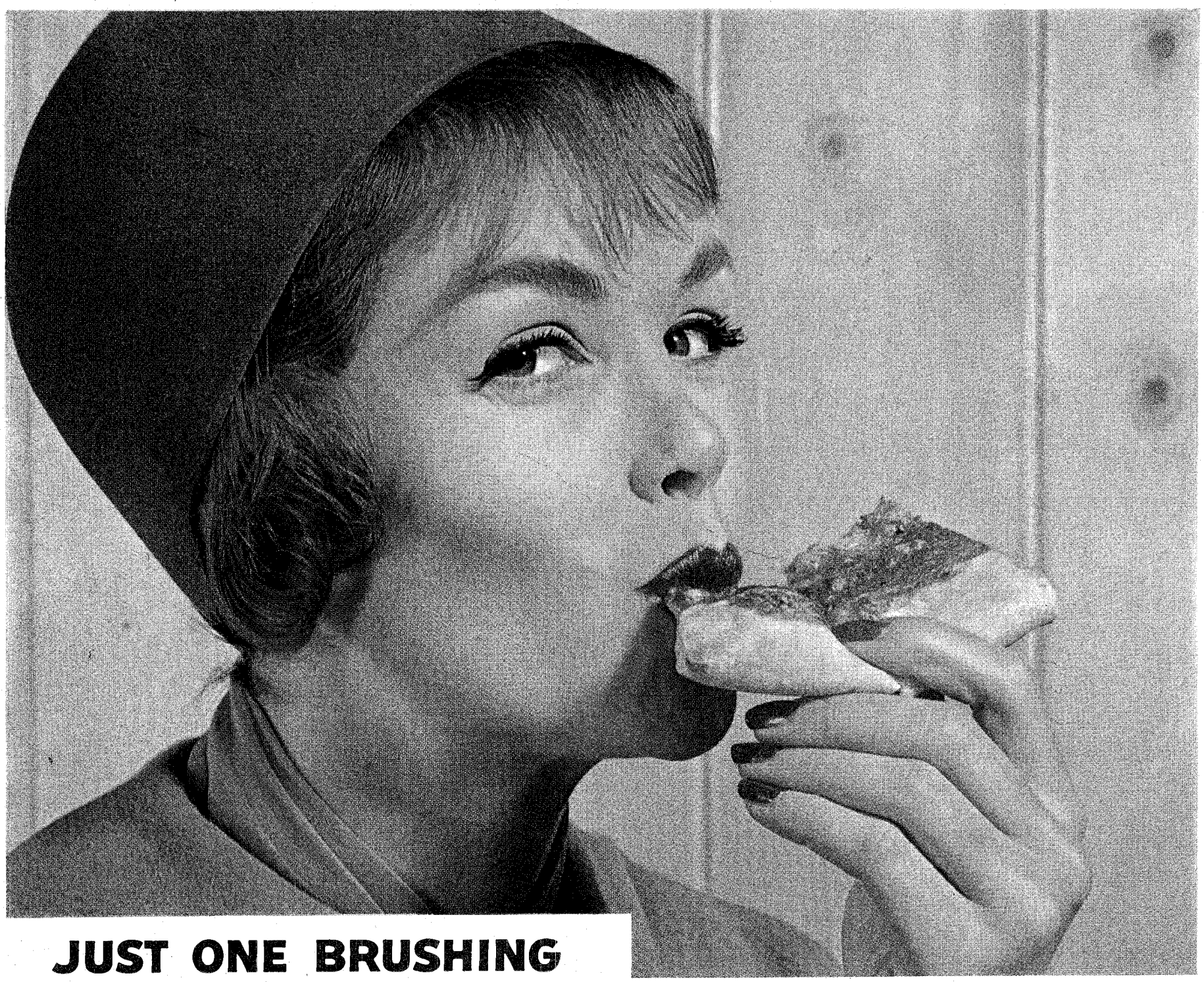
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION,
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

OLDSMOBILE FOR '59

DYNAMIC 88 HOL

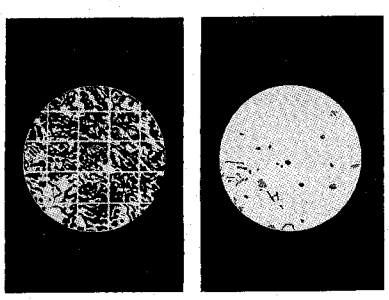
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She uses only GLEEM - the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF –
destroys decay bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

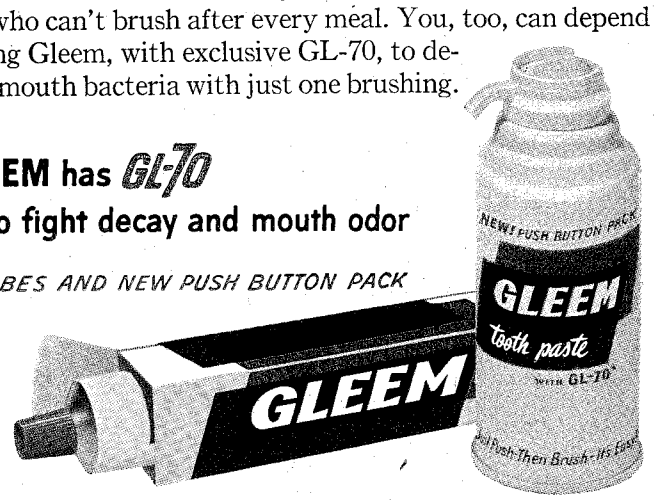
PROOF –
stops mouth odor all day

Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day* for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like Joan here, can't brush after every meal—even though it's best—take a tip from her. This young lady knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause decay and mouth odor. So she makes sure she starts each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on refreshing Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most mouth bacteria with just one brushing.

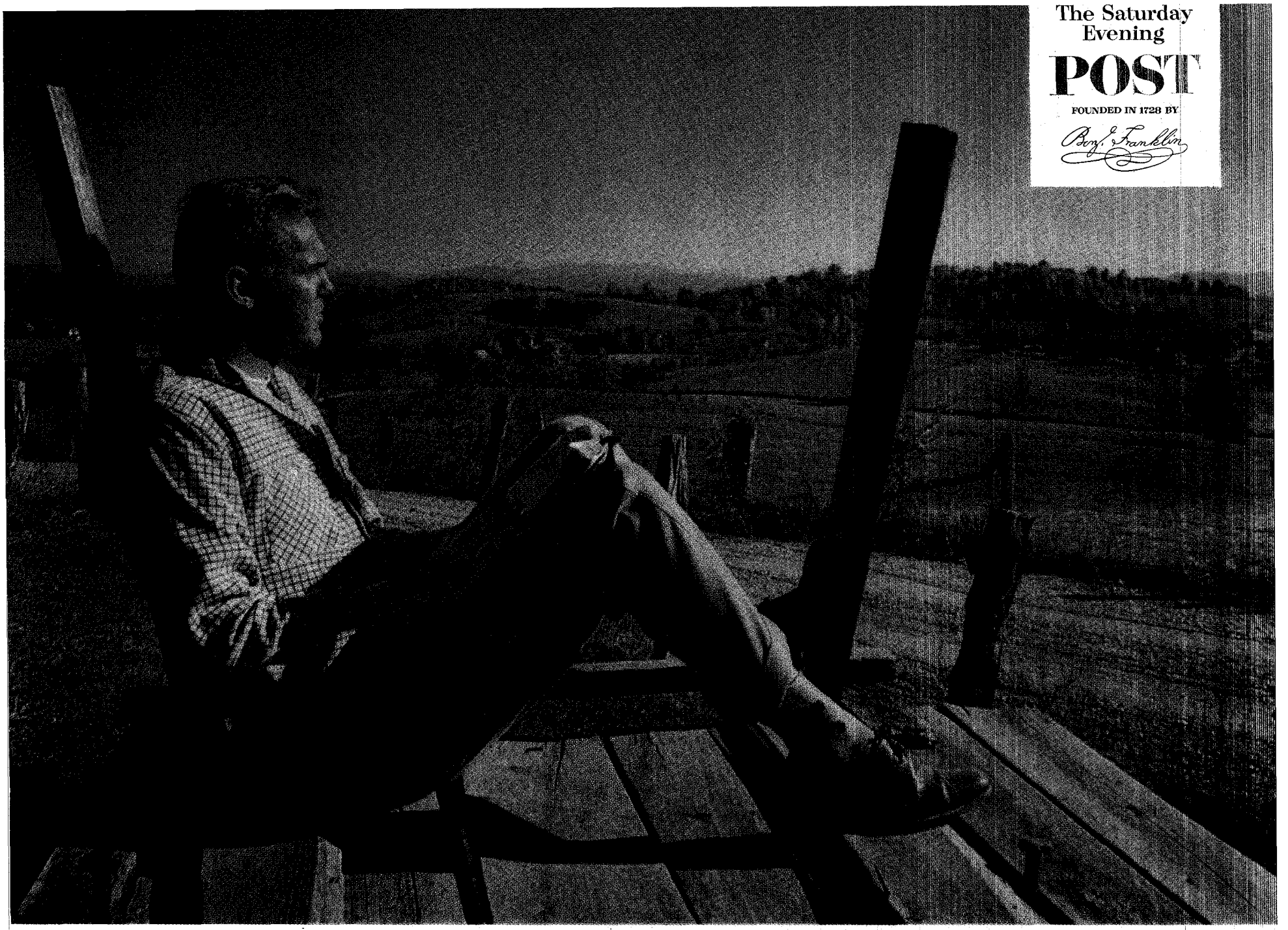
Only GLEEM has GL-70
to fight decay and mouth odor

NOW IN TUBES AND NEW PUSH BUTTON PACK



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin



Quiet moment in a busy life: Sam Varnell gazes over a portion of his parish, in the "knob country" of eastern Tennessee.

He Works in God's Back Pastures

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

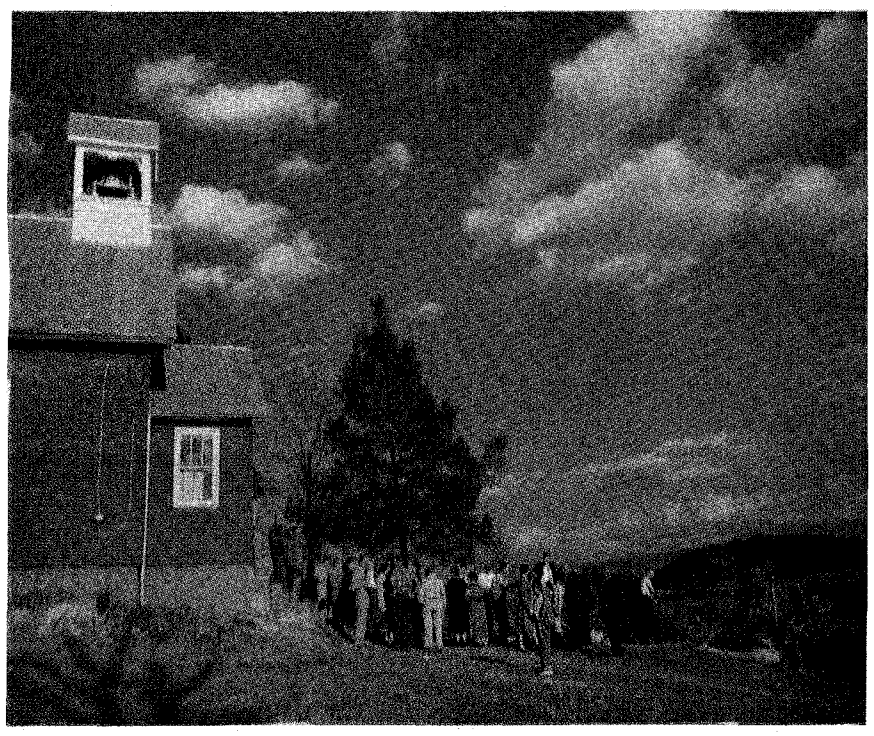
If you wonder why a promising young minister chooses an obscure, run-down country parish, here are Sam Varnell's reasons. . . .

As Sam Varnell remembers it now, he was just sitting up there in front of the congregation, loving everybody in the little church and innocently assuming that they all loved him. It was not a church in which a pastor could take much pride. Old and tired and weather-beaten, it leaned against the rocky slope of a hill in Tennessee, falling slowly into spiritual and physical decay as the country population dwindled. Sam hadn't been its pastor long, and he could not honestly say that his ministry had made much impact on the silent, solemn-faced people who made up its tiny membership. But that didn't deeply worry him. He had been a country preacher long enough to know that sometimes rural congregations don't warm up quickly to a new minister. And he still remembered what he'd heard a fine old preacher say while he was still a student in theological school.

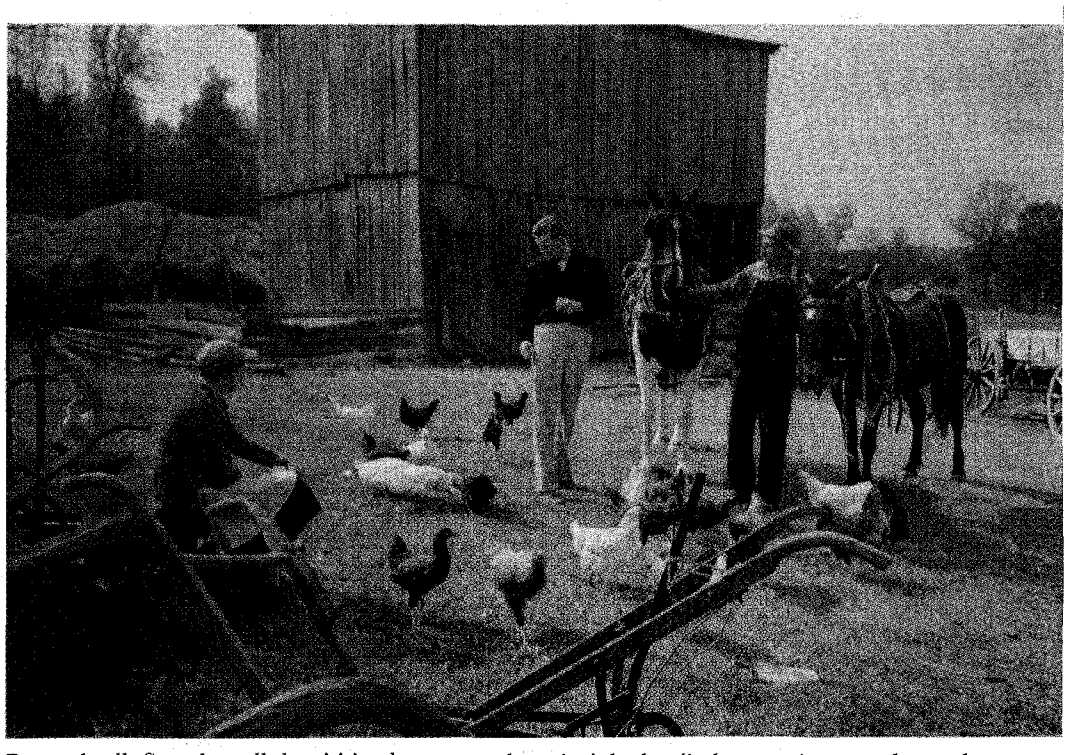
"Just take your little church," the older man had said, "and dream God's dream for it." Sam had written that down and framed it and hung it on his wall, and that's what he had tried to do with this church. He had preached as earnestly and as eloquently as he could. When that had failed to stir the people, he had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

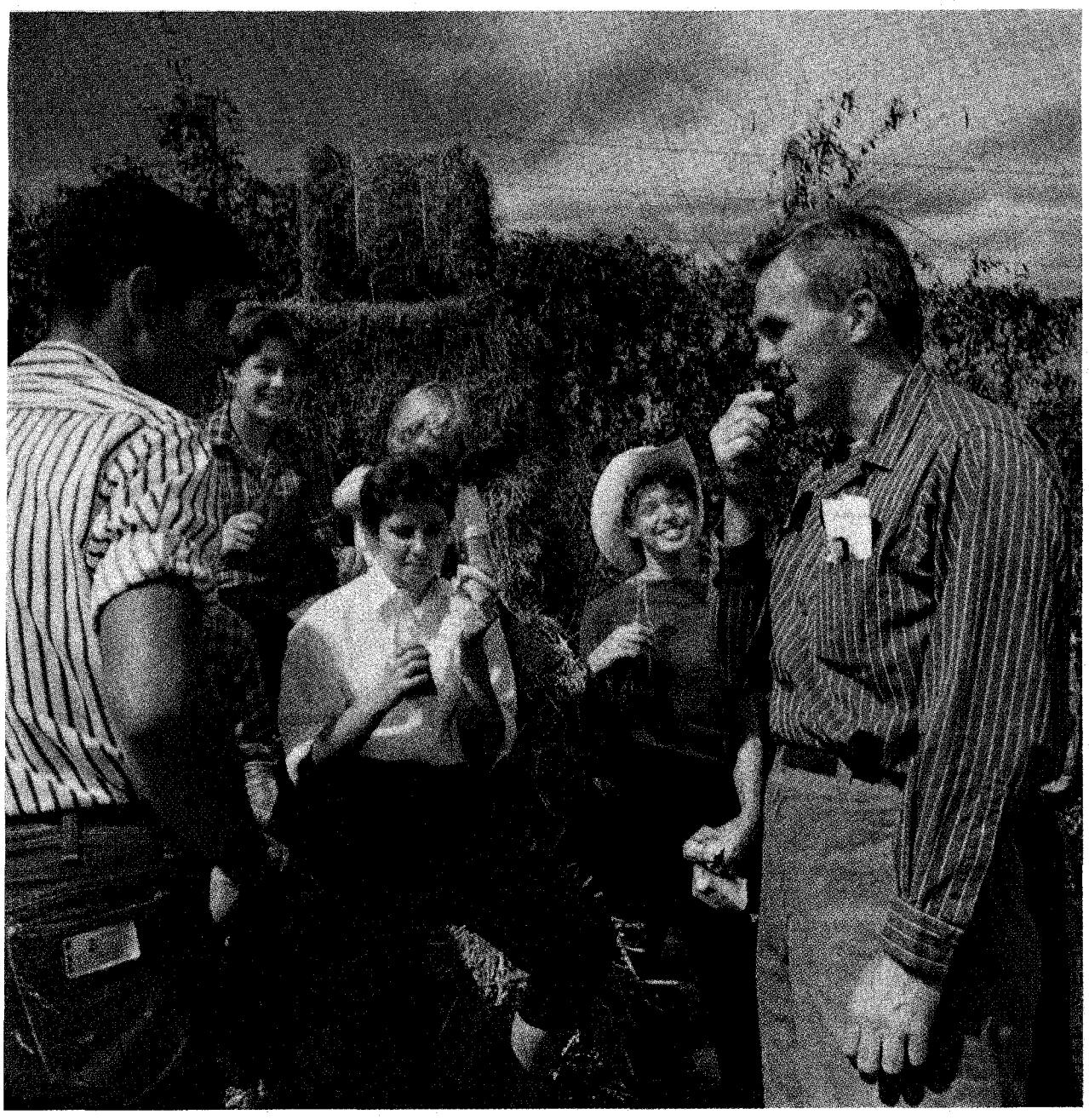
Photographs by Frank Ross



Edgeville Methodist Church, just after Sunday service. This is one of the five little Piney Flats churches that the Rev. Sam Varnell serves.



Pastoral call: Sam does all the visiting he can, on the principle that "a home-going preacher makes a church-going people." Born and raised on a farm himself, he understands his parishioners' problems.



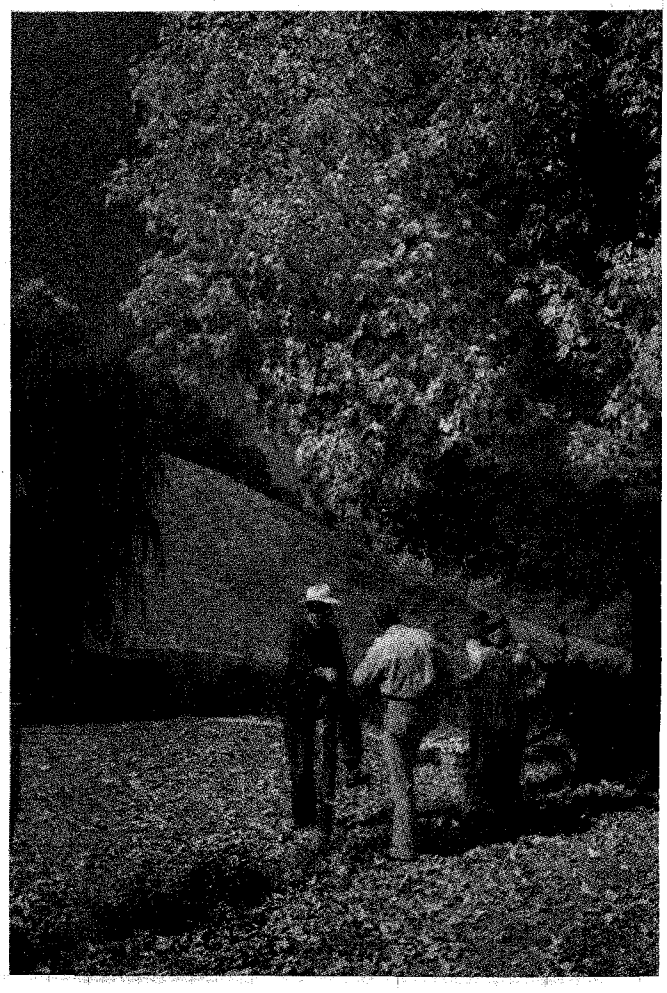
Most of the youngsters in Sam's congregations call him by his first name. He tries to guide them by example rather than by precept and feels his first duty is "to be—or attempt to be—the kind of man I want my people to be."

called for a revival. He had brought in an evangelist from afar, a powerful preacher, famed for rebuking sinners and prodding half-hearted Christians out of their apathy.

The evangelist was in the pulpit now, struggling hoarsely at his task. He was telling Sam's congregation they had failed their Maker. If they had any religion, he thundered, they would fix up their little church, paint it and repair the broken pews, so that it would be a fitting temple for the worship of the Lord.

Down in the front pew an old farmer, wearing overalls, turned red as a turkey gobbler and his Adam's apple worked up and down.

"If we had a preacher, we'd do better," he shouted.



In a wood near their fields, farmers pause from their labors for a talk with Sam. He preaches that the earth is the Lord's and that the Christian farmer must enrich it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Lord's Acre" auction: Sam takes bids on produce raised for the church by the faithful and set aside from their harvests. The proceeds of the auction are used to finance church projects.

Sam (standing, left) delivers three sermons a Sunday. Here he is at Elizabeth Chapel. He preaches simply, using homely allusions country folks appreciate.

The evangelist fell silent, staring at the man. "Brother, you've got a preacher," he said, pointing at Sam. "He's sitting right there."

"He ain't no preacher," the old man said stubbornly. "Not the kind we need."

Sam sat there, sick at heart, wondering how he'd failed, while the evangelist, with all the fire gone out of him, took up the thread of his discourse again.

Later the old man fell out of his hayloft and Sam went to see him in the hospital. He found out then why he had chosen publicly to rebuke him. He felt that Sam's preaching lacked fire, he said. He didn't holler and jump around enough. A preacher, when moved by the spirit, should pound the pulpit and shout.

Sam brooded over these criticisms for a while, and then decided that he could not and would not change. The great truths of the Bible, he felt, would sink deeper into the heart if presented with dignity, in simple phrases of moving eloquence. They did not need the aid of pulpit acrobatics, either physical or forensic, to give them force and meaning.

That was nearly ten years ago, and Sam has never yet regretted his decision to be himself—in the pulpit, in the fields as he talks to his parishioners, and as he sits down with them at the table in their homes.

"People try to press a preacher into a traditional mold," Sam says. "They want him to play a role that separates him from themselves. They seem to expect an upward rolling eye, a sepulchral tone of voice, the hands folded in front of the vest in an attitude of prayer. I try to fight against that."

Jane, his pert and pretty wife, who is deeply devoted to Sam and to his ministry, helps him fight it. When she notes that Sam, in the pulpit or in converse with his flock, shows the first faint signs of becoming unctuous or pontifical, she ribs him gently as they ride home.

"Sam," she teases, "I believe your wings are getting a little tight across the shoulders. Maybe you'd better get a larger size."

Sam looks sheepish. "Everybody has his cross to bear," he grins. "I guess you're mine."

(Continued on Page 91)

At the end of the day, Sam's wife, Jane, and their children welcome him home in front of the new parsonage. But in the evening he will go on to meetings and other church activities.

When Sam comes to visit, Mrs. Molly Torbett observes country custom by sending the preacher away with gifts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By ROBERT STANDISH

The Swindler's Wife

She had to beat her husband at his own lucrative racket.

A rich, parchment-type envelope came under the door of the Gardenia Suite, which is on the third floor of the Hotel Magnifico in Monte Carlo, with a balcony overlooking the Casino Gardens. The only thing wrong with the suite was the price. The envelope contained the bad news.

A generation or more ago, Monte Carlo was tagged "a sunny place for shady people," so be prepared to meet some.

The envelope, which contained the hotel bill for the week just ended, was addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Larsen. The former, his six feet three inches stretched out on a divan, pretended that he did not see it. The latter twinkled across the room, retrieved the envelope, opened it and gasped. She was the kind of girl who couldn't help looking lovely, even when gasping. She had gray eyes studded with chips of sapphire, auburn hair not far off red, and she moved like a gazelle. The green satin wrap she wore spoiled nothing. "Not until after breakfast, darling," said her husband, waving aside the bill she thrust under his nose.

The breakfast trolley arrived a few seconds later. "Guess how much the bill is!" said Mary when it had been removed.

"I'd sooner not guess," said Pete. "How much is it?"

"A little more than one hundred and forty thousand francs," replied Mary, with worry in her eyes. "That's more than three hundred dollars. What are we going to use for money?"

"I shall have to find a sucker," said Pete calmly. "Don't let a little thing like a hotel bill worry you."

"I do so wish," said Mary wistfully, with a faraway look in her eyes, "that you would find an honest job of some kind. Other men do. Why can't you?"

"I've never learned how to be honest, my pet. Besides, what honest job would pay for the Gardenia Suite in this gilded sucker trap? It's all very well you telling me that you've reformed. That just means I have to steal twice as much as before. Once upon a time you were an asset to me, but now you're merely a beautiful liability—and I can't afford the luxury of reforming."

Mary wept prettily. She did everything prettily.

On the extreme, outermost, fuzzy fringe of European society, where these two lived, Pete Larsen had earned for himself the nickname of "Grand Larceny." It was inevitable, therefore, when he married Mary, that she should be known as "Petty Larceny," because in the days before her reformation she had stolen only small things. Like diamonds, for instance.

While Mary was running her bath, Pete put in a phone call. "Who were you phoning?" asked Mary, coming into the room as he hung up.

"The Princess Gobolinsky," replied Pete.

"She owns half Texas, doesn't she?" asked Mary excitedly.

"No, my pet, she doesn't. You're thinking of the Princess Golobinsky. She owns half Texas. But the Princess Gobolinsky doesn't own anything at all except a pair of the darkest, most mysterious eyes I ever gazed into. Which reminds me that you'll have to amuse yourself for an hour or so at cocktail time this evening. I have an appointment with her at six o'clock at Fred's Bar. That will save you the trouble of sleuthing me all over town."

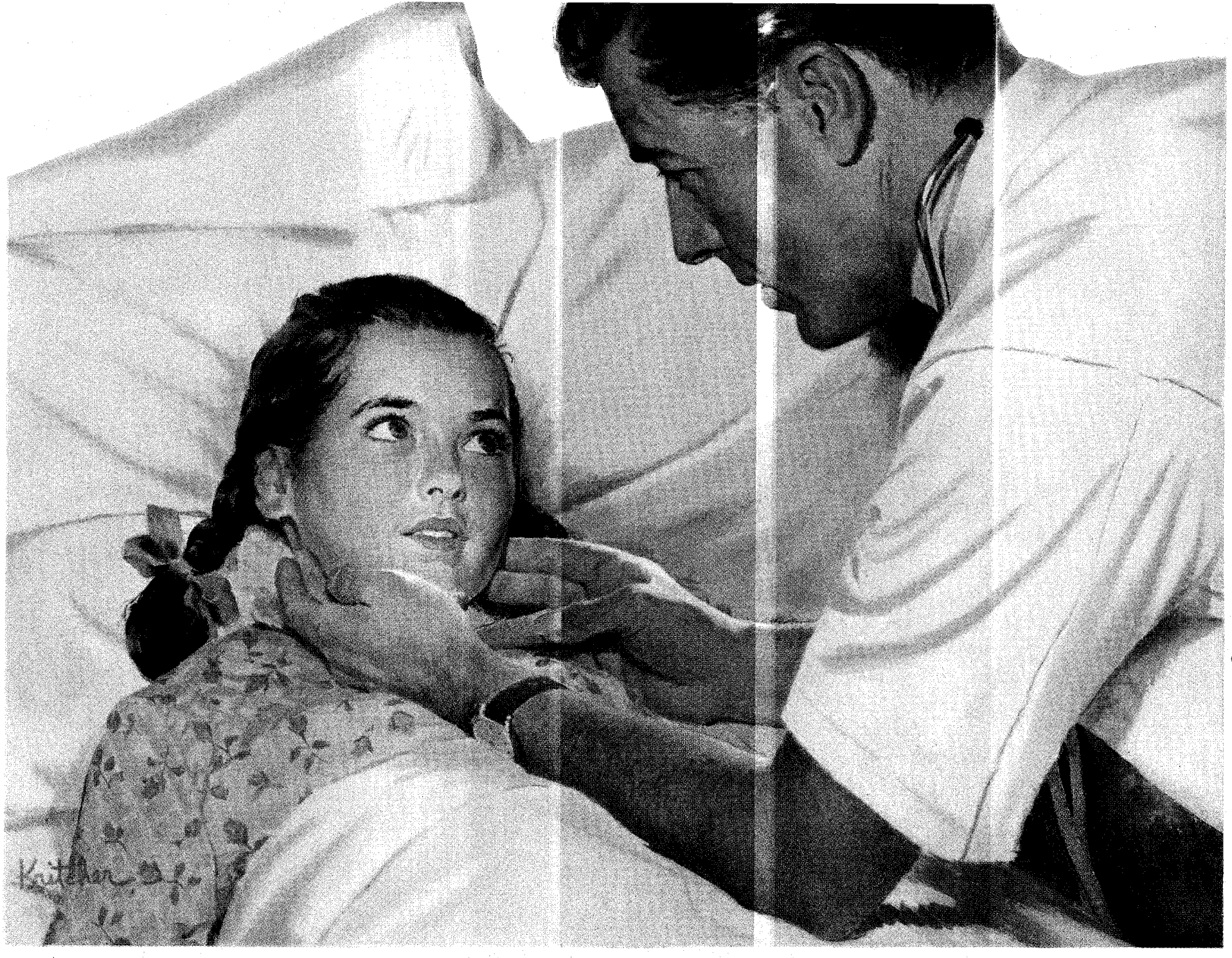
Mary, when Pete had gone out, gave herself over to the luxury of a few tears. Loving Pete as she did, she wondered whether her decision to become a reformed character had been as wise as it had seemed at the time. Pete needed women as partners in his business, but, she asked herself, was it strictly necessary for them to be so stunningly (Continued on Page 104)

"I don't want to come and visit you once a month and talk to you through iron bars with a guard listening," she pleaded.

Illustrated by George Hughes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



His fingers seemed to be searching for something they didn't wish to find.

Right from the start the little girl's symptom indicated a

HOPELESS CASE

By RONALD SERCOMBE

In the Emergency Room, phones were ringing, the intercom was rasping, red lights blinking and oxygen hissing. Orderlies, technicians, nurses, interns and doctors, dodging city policemen, county patrolmen and ambulance drivers, created a complicated traffic pattern.

Doctor Dennis Sullivan, chief of surgery, who had been urgently summoned from his home, glanced around and thought, *Bedlam revisited.* He listened as he scrubbed, and he heard an orderly, whose ear was jammed to a phone, inquire, "Is there a Peter Conroy in Emergency?"

In the Emergency Room there were six booths, all occupied. From behind the green curtain of Compartment 4, Doctor Sullivan heard the gruff voice of Doctor Whittaker, his assistant, "Where the devil's the portable X ray? I ordered it ten minutes ago."

The orderly raised his voice. "Can anyone tell me if Mr. Conroy is in Emergency? And if so, what is Mr. Conroy's condition, please?"

"Undetermined!" Doctor Whittaker snapped. "Where is my portable X ray?"

Into the phone, the orderly said politely, "Mr. Conroy is doing as well as can be expected. You're welcome, sir. . . . Hello, Emergency Room, Jacksonville Medical Hospital ——"

The hands on the large clock moved a little closer to midnight. On the day-by-day calendar, hanging nearby, some printed letters warned in red, ONLY EIGHT MORE SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS.

It had been quiet, right up to eleven o'clock. Then, quite abruptly, it had become one of those dreadful nights of frenetic activity. The mercury, contrary to predictions, plunged to thirty-one degrees. Rain fell. Ice formed. Unalerted, unsuspecting North Florida motorists were skidding into drainage ditches, crashing into utility poles and colliding with one another. In Florida, normally ice belongs only in refrigerators and freezer boxes.

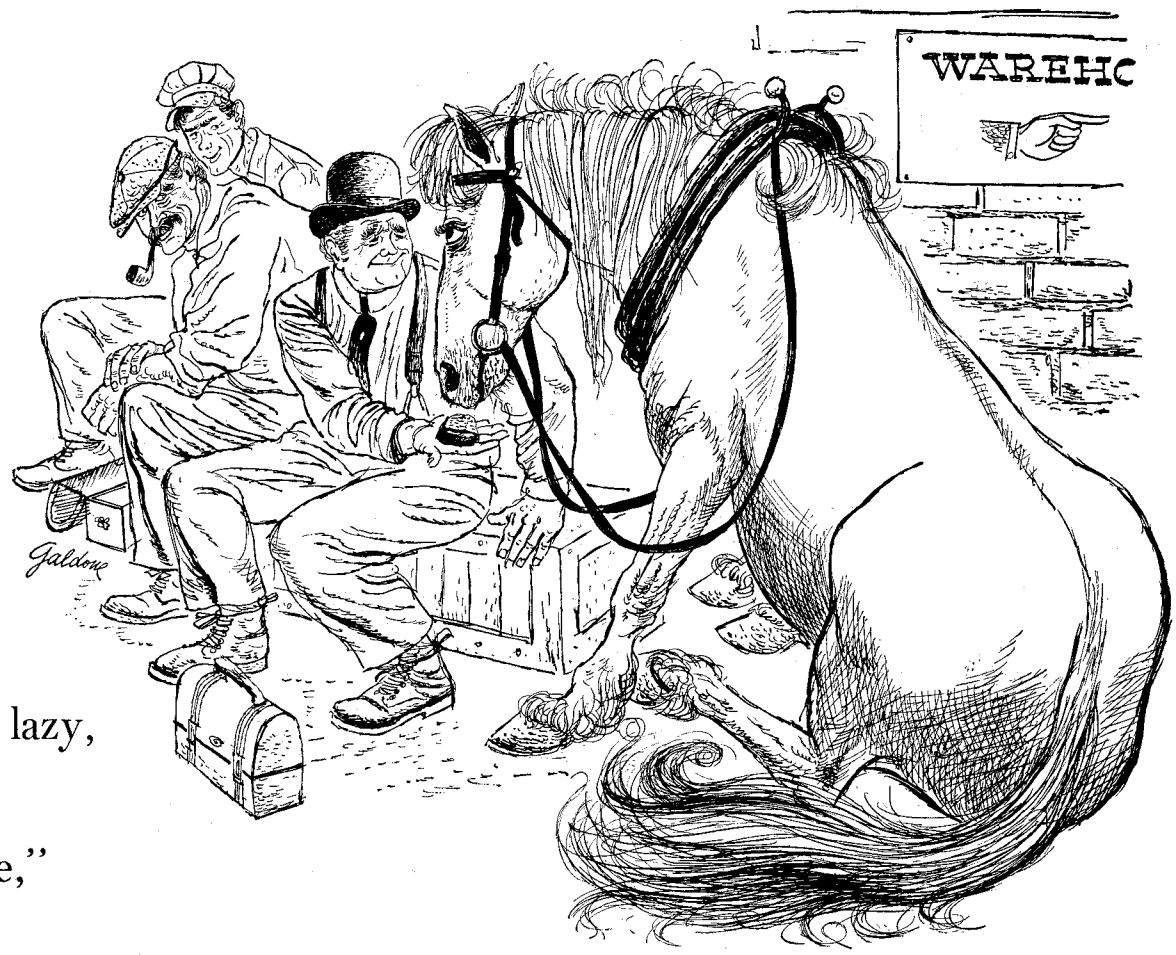
Doctor Sullivan, holding his hands shoulder high, joined Doctor Whittaker. A nurse powdered his hands and (Continued on Page 94)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Horse That was Hard to Believe

By JAN DICKSON SKINNER

To the family he was ingenious, temperamental and monumentally lazy, at best. But to everyone else he was "John Dickson's fool horse," one of the most eccentric animals ever hitched to a buggy.



"When he found a man about to eat a slice of cake, Jerry sat down, sighed and stared at him."

My grandmother had spun-gold hair and made the best yeast bread in Indiana. Garnet earrings swung and flirted from her ears and she shuddered whenever she thought that someday she might have to go to the polls and vote. But when it came to driving fast trotting horses, she was any man's equal, and she knew it.

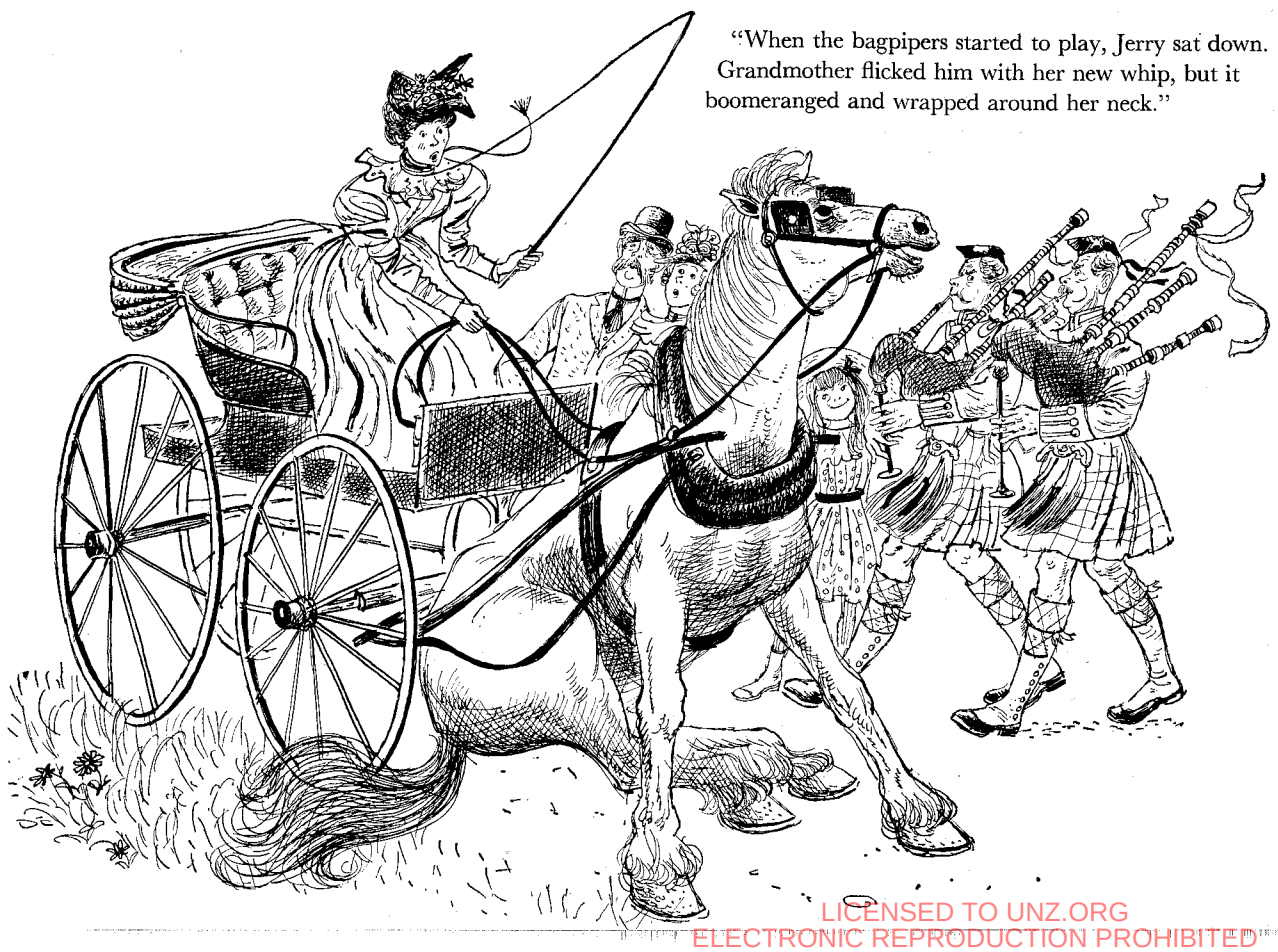
Her father was responsible for it. His 200-acre farm near Needham, Indiana, produced corn and colts. Corn may have been the more profitable harvest, but it was the spring crop of long-legged, purebred Hambletonian colts that he doted on. And grandmother shared all his enthusiasm and much of his skill with them.

At fifteen, she was driving Tade Jefferson, a bay Jeffersonian mare with a trot that seemed to skim the roads. At seventeen, she picked up the reins of Hamp, her father's Hambletonian stallion, and together they sent the summer dust billowing back from her yellow-wheeled buggy. Grandmother was twenty-six before she met her match in Old Jerry, a big, gray, sleepy-eyed gelding whose fastest gait was a reluctant amble.

But long before she ever saw Jerry, she met grandfather. One May morning in 1895 she and her brother were driving home from the Pisgah church with Hamp held down to a sedate Sunday-morning trot. They were three miles from home when a strange buggy came tearing up the road behind them and swung past them with a flourish. As the road dust settled on her best sprigged muslin dress, grandmother slapped the reins over Hamp's back and shouted, "Ya, you Hamp, you! Take out there!"

And Hamp, whose piston action was a thing of local wonder, stretched out in a fast free trot. Grandmother had her feet braced against the dashboard and was leaning forward, alternately yelling threats and endearments at Hamp, when they drew abreast of the offending buggy.

(Continued on Page 83)



"When the bagpipers started to play, Jerry sat down. Grandmother flicked him with her new whip, but it boomeranged and wrapped around her neck."

Unlike the old-fashioned characters she writes about, the author (above) is as modern as a New York fashion model, which is what she was before she began writing—on her husband's dare.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Story Behind Quemoy:

How We Drifted Close to War

A Post editor traces the Alice-in-Wonderland processes which led us to the edge of an Oriental abyss— and may yet push us in.

By Stewart Alsop

The island of Quemoy is a block of land about the size of the District of Columbia, nestled up against the coast of China. Five years ago, not one American in ten thousand had ever heard of Quemoy. Yet twice in the last four years we have come close to war with Communist China because of Quemoy, and the danger of war over the little island has by no means ended yet.

Surely this is a situation which needs some explaining. For no one pretends that Quemoy, or the other small Nationalist-held islands off the China coast, are important pieces of land. Quemoy has been ruled of little or no military value by such competent military authorities as Dwight D. Eisenhower and Douglas MacArthur. There is not a responsible official in Washington, from John Foster Dulles on down, who thinks the islands, as real estate, are worth a plugged nickel. "If only," one very high official has remarked, "the damned islands would sink below the sea."

And yet, if the Communists tried to take Quemoy or the other islands by direct assault—which they could conceivably do before these words are printed—the United States would probably intervene with force, risking a global nuclear war in the process. In-

The U.S. cruiser Helena, its guns at the ready, escorts Chinese Nationalist supply ships to beleaguered Quemoy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deed, as things now stand, the United States would have no honorable alternative.

How, then, did the American Government get into a situation where it has already twice come close to war, and may yet in the future go to war, for some islands the American Government devoutly wishes did not exist?

A great many thoughtful people must have been asking themselves that question in recent months. It is the purpose of this report to try to provide a partial answer. The answer must of necessity be incomplete, for the record of our China policy is remarkably murky, complex and passion-laden, and two honest men can and often do violently disagree about past events in which both have participated. The story of the offshore islands is, moreover, a story without a villain or a hero, and like most real-life stories it has a wandering, illogical plot, without a beginning or an end. But it is a fascinating story all the same, with much meaning for our past and future, and it is worth trying to understand its main outlines.

A good place to start the story is at a meeting in the office of Allen Dulles, able director of the Central Intelligence Agency, and brother of John Foster Dulles. The meeting was convened on a cold and dreary morning late in March, 1952, to hear John Foster Dulles expound his ideas on American policy in Asia, where he had spent some months successfully negotiating the Japanese Peace Treaty.

John Foster Dulles was then about to shed his carapace as "consultant" to Dean Acheson, to become chief campaign strategist for the Republicans on foreign-policy issues. A certain chilliness had inevitably grown up between him and the highest-level Democratic policy makers, like Acheson. Thus the meeting was attended largely by the second level of officials—men like his brother Allen, then number-two man in the CIA; Charles Bohlen, then State Department Counselor; John Allison, then Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East; General Merrill, of Merrill's Marauders fame; John Ferguson and C. Burton Marshall, of the State Department Policy Planning Staff, and a number of others.

No doubt, buried somewhere in the bowels of the State Department or the CIA, there is an official record of what was said that Saturday morning. But what follows is accurate in substance, for the even tenor of bureaucratic life was broken that morning by a moment of passion and anger, and as a result certain of those present remember vividly what happened. John Foster Dulles led off, and in his lucid, carefully worded manner, he made two main points. The first was that Truman's order of June, 1950, interposing the Seventh Fleet between Formosa and the mainland, had led to an "anomalous" situation. For the result was that the Seventh Fleet was "protecting" the Chinese Communists, our enemy in Korea, from attack by the Nationalists. He had discussed this point with Chiang Kai-shek, Dulles said, and Chiang thoroughly agreed that this anomalous situation should be changed.

There were, Dulles continued, "certain islands," close to (Continued on Page 86)

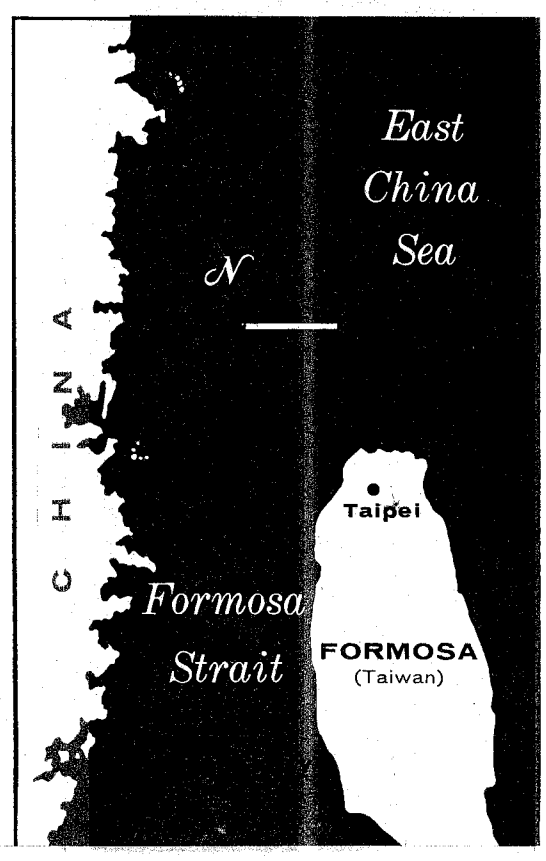
State Department planner C. B. Marshall six years ago warned that an American commitment on these islands might drag the U.S. into war.

Admiral Radford (left, above) and the State Department's Robertson, Chiang admirers, were assigned to steer him away from the offshore islands. They failed.

MacArthur's 1950 meeting with Chiang which led Truman eventually to dismiss the general for insubordination. The whole U.S. apparently became emotionally involved in the China issue.

Victim of Red artillery fire. In the first six weeks of siege, 474,907 shells plastered the Quemoy outpost.

Map below shows Quemoy's precarious location, only a stone's throw from the Red Chinese port of Amoy.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARRIAGEABLE AGE

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Out of all the eligible young men, she picked one who wasn't even in the running.

On her eighteenth birthday, Candace Minot was eating boiled lizard in a Guatemalan jungle with her father, their Indian guides and Bing Aiken. Her three previous birthdays had occurred in equally unconventional spots. Seventeen had been in Peru, sixteen and fifteen in Asia Minor. Now, in the dappled, bottle-green light of the clearing, she was trying to remember her fourteenth birthday, back in Virginia.

She finished her lizard, picked up a banana, started to peel it, and stopped. For a moment, she sat completely still, looking at it as though it were some rare and beautiful artifact, unearthed after hundreds of years.

"Do you remember the banana ice cream Martha used to make for Sundays and birthdays?" she asked her father.

Wayne Minot said, "No." For the first years of their wanderings, he had concentrated on forgetting everything about the house where he had lived with Candy's mother; now the forgetfulness had become ingrained. He added, "I don't remember."

Bing Aiken's blue eyes were bright against his tanned face. "Today isn't Sunday," he said. "Is it your birthday, Candy?"

She nodded, and her father's head jerked up.

"How old are you?" he demanded.

She laughed. "Don't you really know? I'm eighteen."

"Eighteen!" he echoed. "Good heavens! I remember ——" He stopped speaking, abruptly, but he could not stop remembering. He remembered the day she was born, his first sight of her small head against Martha's black arm, the radiance of her mother's face against the square, embroidered pillows of the bed. Candy and Bing watched his head turn, as though he were looking for something, a bell rope to pull, a button to press, a broad hall down which servants would walk softly, carrying silver bowls of banana ice cream, lighted birthday cakes, presents. "You should come out," he told Candy. "You should have come out today."

"Out where?" she asked.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed her father again. "You tell her, Bing."

Bing grinned. "Wayne means that you should make your debut," he explained. "Be presented to society."

Candy blinked her long brown lashes. "Why?"

"That," said Bing, "is for Wayne to answer."

Her father did not answer. Letting himself remember had turned him into a stranger. It seemed to Candy that he sat differently on the straw mat, held his head in a different way. Her dark violet eyes moved to Bing's face questioningly, and he shrugged.

Wayne Minot had still not answered in the morning when they struck camp and turned back toward the coast. Walking beside him, when the trail permitted, or as close behind him as she could without stepping on his heels, Candy might as well have addressed the trees, or better, the bright parrots screeching from their branches.

"What if I don't want to come out, Wayne?" she asked.

"Every girl comes out," he said. "Every girl in your position."

An overhanging vine knocked off her sun helmet. She picked it up, stumbled over a root, and hurried after him. "What is my position?"

"You'll find out," he told her.

For four years, he had patiently and intelligently answered her questions, and his answers and her questions had constituted an education superior to any she would have received in a school for young ladies. History and literature and mathematics, some Latin and Greek. Spanish had become a second tongue to her; in her fifteenth year, they had conversed entirely in French.

(Continued on Page 69)

Illustrated by Kurt Ard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They Can't Wait to Grow Old

Here are some of the tricks dishonest citizens pull to cash in on Social Security benefits before they become eligible.

By ROBERT M. YODER

There are people who see right to the very gizzard of a situation, grasping in a flash what is essentially right or wrong. In a burst of such clairvoyance a fellow named Sam saw what is wrong with Social Security. Those old-age-retirement benefits are fine, but you don't get them until you are old.

He figured that could be fixed.

Sam was fifty. Most people would say that a man of fifty has fifteen long years to go before he can get those Government checks the third day of every month. But Sam went down and applied with no waiting. It's a shame that beef, whisky and shade trees can't be aged as rapidly as Sam did it. Inventing instant age, he went from middle age to superannuation at a youthful sprint. The self-made gaffer put himself down as seventy-two.

He didn't look it, but the fact is, a lot of our oldsters don't show their mileage. And don't act their age, either, or you wouldn't find old gentlemen and ladies trying to put the slug on the United States Government when they are supposed to be rocking or knitting or sitting in the park.

Sam had gone easy on toil, rarely earning more than eighty dollars a month, and taking things easy could have accounted for his unworn look. Then, too, Sam offered evidence. Not a birth certificate. He didn't have one of those, he explained. In lieu, he offered a census list compiled in 1920. There was Sam's name, all right. Sam was shown as being thirty-eight when the census taker called.

Social Security accepted this evidence. After all, can't we believe our own census? In due course, benefit checks, the comfort and solace of the twilight years, went out to Sam. Nothing fancy, but fifty-five dollars a month which wasn't due for another decade and a half.

Sam had spit in time's eye; also that of the Social Security Act. But the trouble with schemes such as his is that a lot of people object to seeing gold-brickers getting money for which authentic workers are taxed. In a couple of months, Social Security got a letter.

"That Sam," said the anonymous informant, "is getting money he isn't supposed to. The man Sam says he is, isn't Sam at all but Sam's uncle, or used to be. Go to such and such an address and ask for Sam's mother. She'll tell you."

Sure enough, Sam had borrowed records pertaining to a late uncle of the same name. The year Sam had said he was born, his mother was only two years old. Sam was charged with fraud, put on probation after conviction in Federal court, and told to give back the $110 he had received.

Work, for most of us, is our daily portion, and inescapable. If we didn't work, the man would come and get the television set and the car; and the landlord or the mortgage people would put us out in the street. Inseparable, the nose and the grindstone.

So it may occasion some surprise to hear that a great many men and women covet this working status. Not the work itself. They don't yearn for an oar in the galley. What they want are the credits which workers store up for Social Security retirement benefits.

Sir William Osler, who was sitting down at the time, wrote that "work" is "the master word . . . the open-sesame to every portal." That's as may be. But it's clearly the master word in Social Security. There are two stern, inflexible conditions for getting retirement benefits: You must have attained the age of sixty-five or, in the case of women, sixty-two. And you must have devoted a certain portion of your life to gainful employment. How much work Social Security requires in your history depends on your age. Most of us will have to have at least 10 years of toil behind us—actually "forty quarters," chalked up one year or another—to be present when that roll is called up yonder in Washington. That goes for men born any year since 1906 or in 1906 itself, women born any time since 1909, or in 1909.

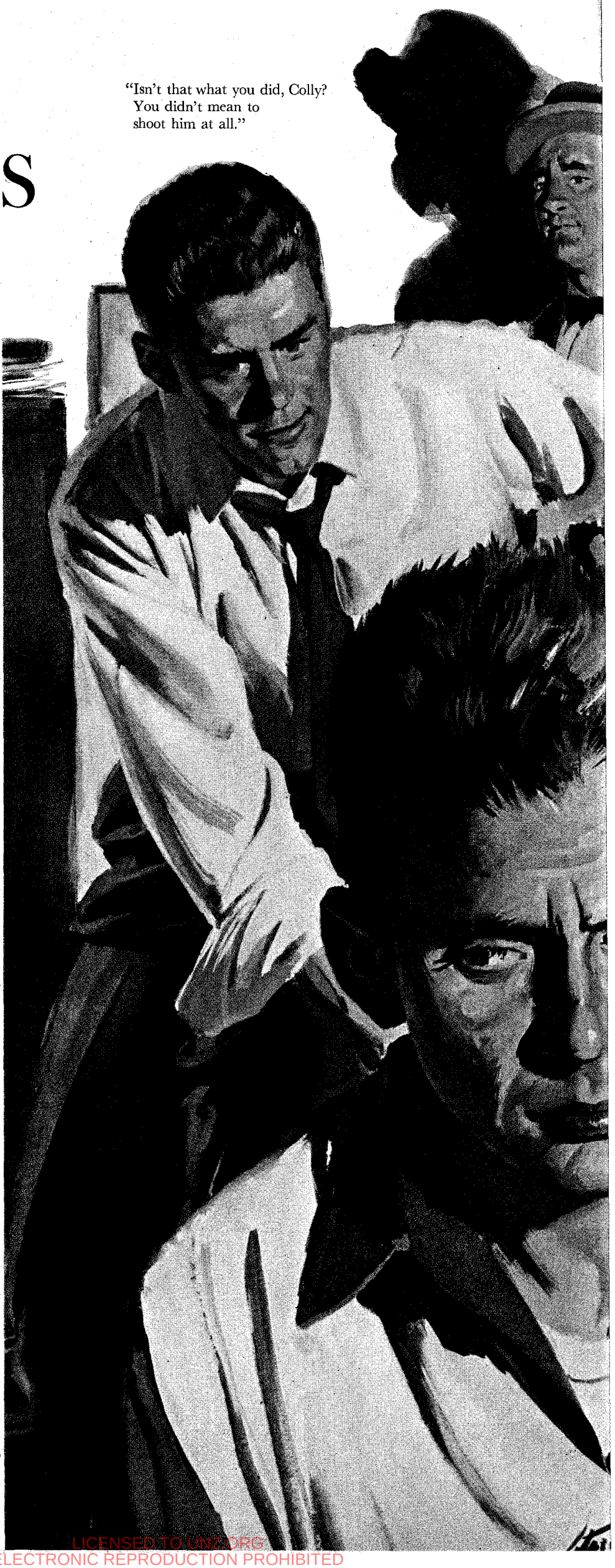
Requirements for the elderly are lighter, and graduated by age. They slim down to a year and a half for the oldest among us. Those who reached retirement age before July 1 of 1954 qualify if they have six quarters of work on record, any time since 1936, or in the case of the the self-employed, since 1950. (Continued on Page 108)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMBITIOUS COP

By JACK DILLON

Jack Scott was a cop who wanted to get ahead—even if it meant forcing an innocent man to confess murder.



"Isn't that what you did, Colly? You didn't mean to shoot him at all."

"This one smells funny," I said. I'm Jim Grady, detective sergeant.

"Jim, do you mind letting me run this?" Jack Scott was thirty-five now, but he still looked like a kid. Especially after the weight he'd lost. The strain was getting to him.

He'd been on a quick-arrest binge for a month, ever since his name came up for the D.A.'s staff. If he made it, and the D.A. went on to mayor or commissioner, he'd jump from lieutenant to deputy inspector. D.A.'s bring their cops up with them.

But I didn't like it. He was risking the sure way up for this quick crack at the big time—and it was my daughter that he was engaged to. "What if you boot one?" I'd asked him.

"I won't," he'd said grimly. He was banking on the percentages. Most homicides are pushovers. Passion murders, kid-gang jobs, jealous psychos—there's always a relative or neighbor who remembers "the funny guy who sent Mabel the dead mice." In spite of the movies, the real thing only has one guy who "fits." Find him and you're halfway home.

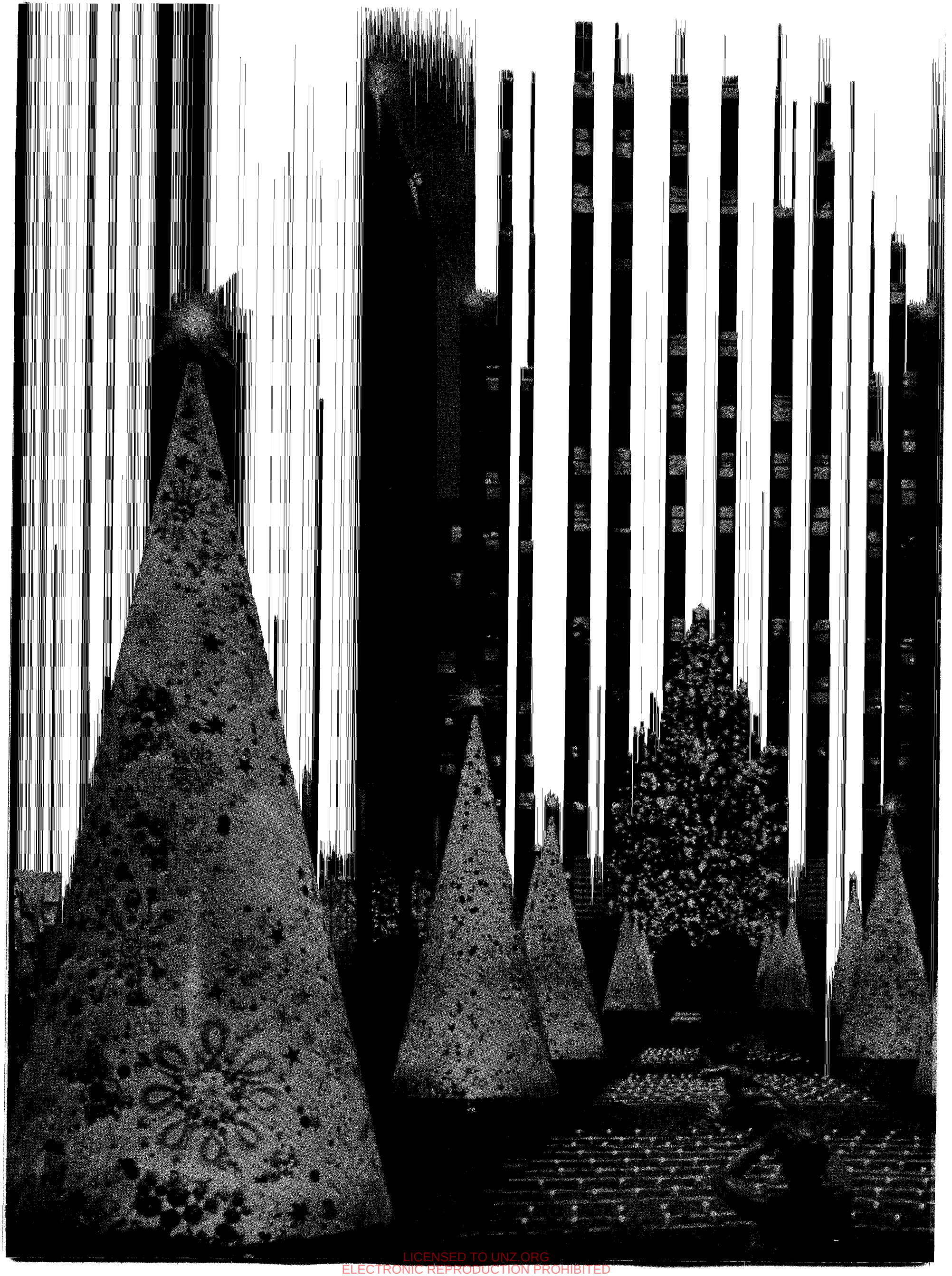
But Jack was cutting it too close for comfort. And now we had the case I'd been afraid of, the one where the percentages had goofed. My daughter, Lois, had said, "Take care of my hero-type for me, dad." But her hero-type just wasn't listening to me these days.

The dead guy's name was Howard Peterson. He had a face like an owl with a humped-over nose, turned-down mouth and shiny bald dome. His secretary said he'd been a sarcastic sort and she must have been right. Somebody had shot him five times. Now I sat there and watched Jack try to pin it on a kid called Colly.

Colly was an oddball, a skinny young guy with a lot of hair and a snob way of talking. I pegged him for a nut and Jack did too.

Peterson's secretary had found Colly standing over her (Continued on Page 44)

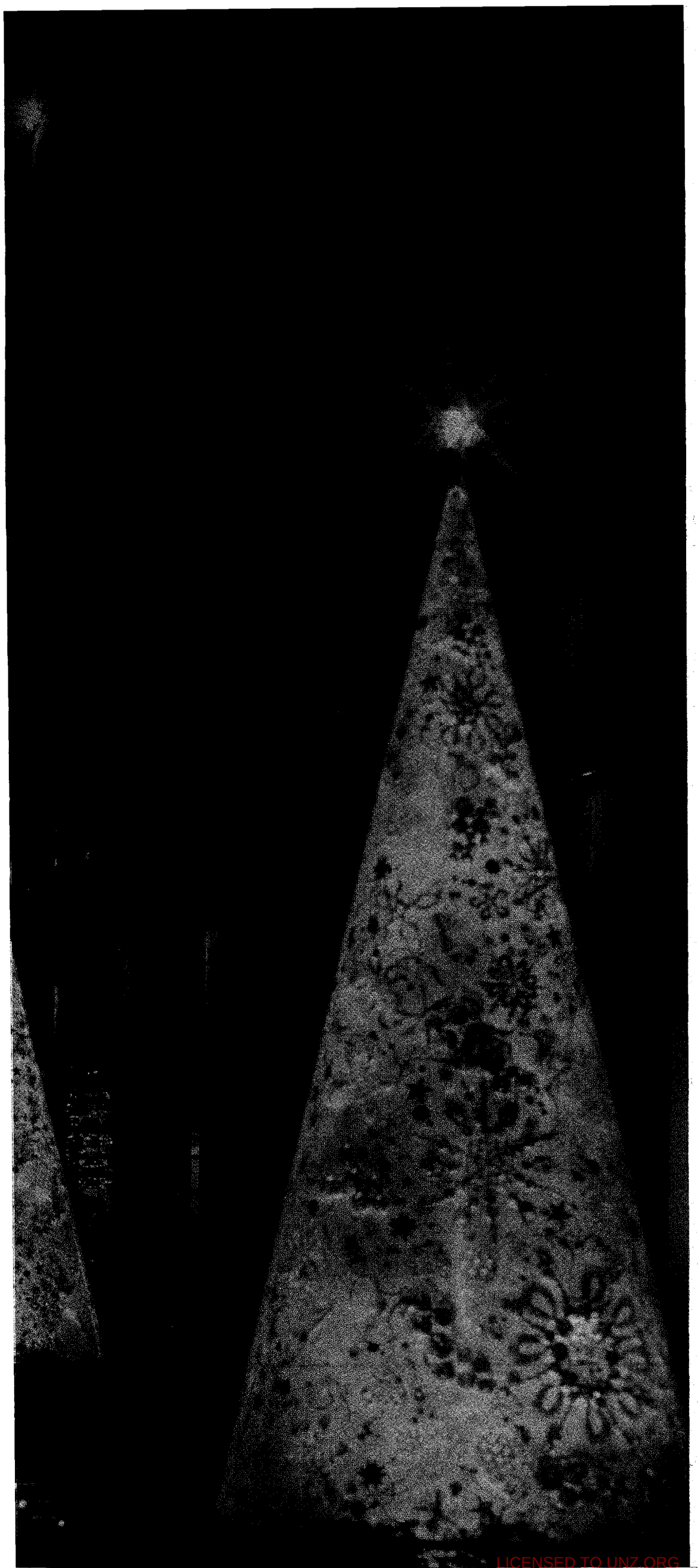
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

Big City's Big Tree



Twenty-seven years ago as New York quavered helplessly in the grip of the depression, a group of workmen, excavating for the foundations of Rockefeller Center, erected a scraggly Christmas tree on the site and tossed on some tinsel and ornaments. Thus was born a new, sentimental tradition in a sentimental old town. Last year's version of Christmas in Rockefeller Center is pictured at left. Twenty skilled electricians spent a week arranging the "firefly" lights on an avenue of twelve-foot plastic trees. The hardy soil of Vermont contributed the core of the exhibit, a perfect sixty-five-foot white spruce. At five-thirty P.M. on Thursday of this week an entirely new wonderland will be lighted in the Plaza and the Channel Gardens. Ever-increasing throngs will be drawn to the display. And the traffic cops will steel themselves for the Sunday before Christmas when, they estimate, a million strollers and drivers will jam Fifth Avenue to "see the tree."

● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Power Holders in the American Economy

By SUMNER H. SLICHTER

In the revolutionary age in which we are living, when economic life is being molded by the opening of the space age, by a multitude of technological discoveries, by great shifts of political power and by a historic cultural conflict between the free world and Russia, what is happening to power in the American economy? Thinkers about economic evolution have always had a penchant for predicting that economic or political power was about to be concentrated in the hands of some one part of the community—the workers, the managers, the engineers, or the government. The rise of big business, of big labor, of big government has led many people to believe that prophecies of an ever-growing concentration of power are being fulfilled.

The prophets of greater and greater concentration of power, however, have misjudged the course of history, and widespread acceptance of this mistake has caused the public to overlook the outstanding practical problem confronting our economy. This outstanding problem is not how to check excessive concentration of power, but how to improve the decision-making processes of the economy so that the economy may better develop policies and institutions which reflect interests common to most of the population.

Excessive concentration of power at some points in the economy is not incompatible with a general diffusion of power. Furthermore, some groups may be gaining (or losing) power in the market place while losing (or gaining) political power. The dominant course of development in the United States for over a century and a half has been for power to become more and more diffused, partly through an increase in the number of important power-holding groups in the community and partly through a tendency for the centers of power to break up into more or less independent parts.

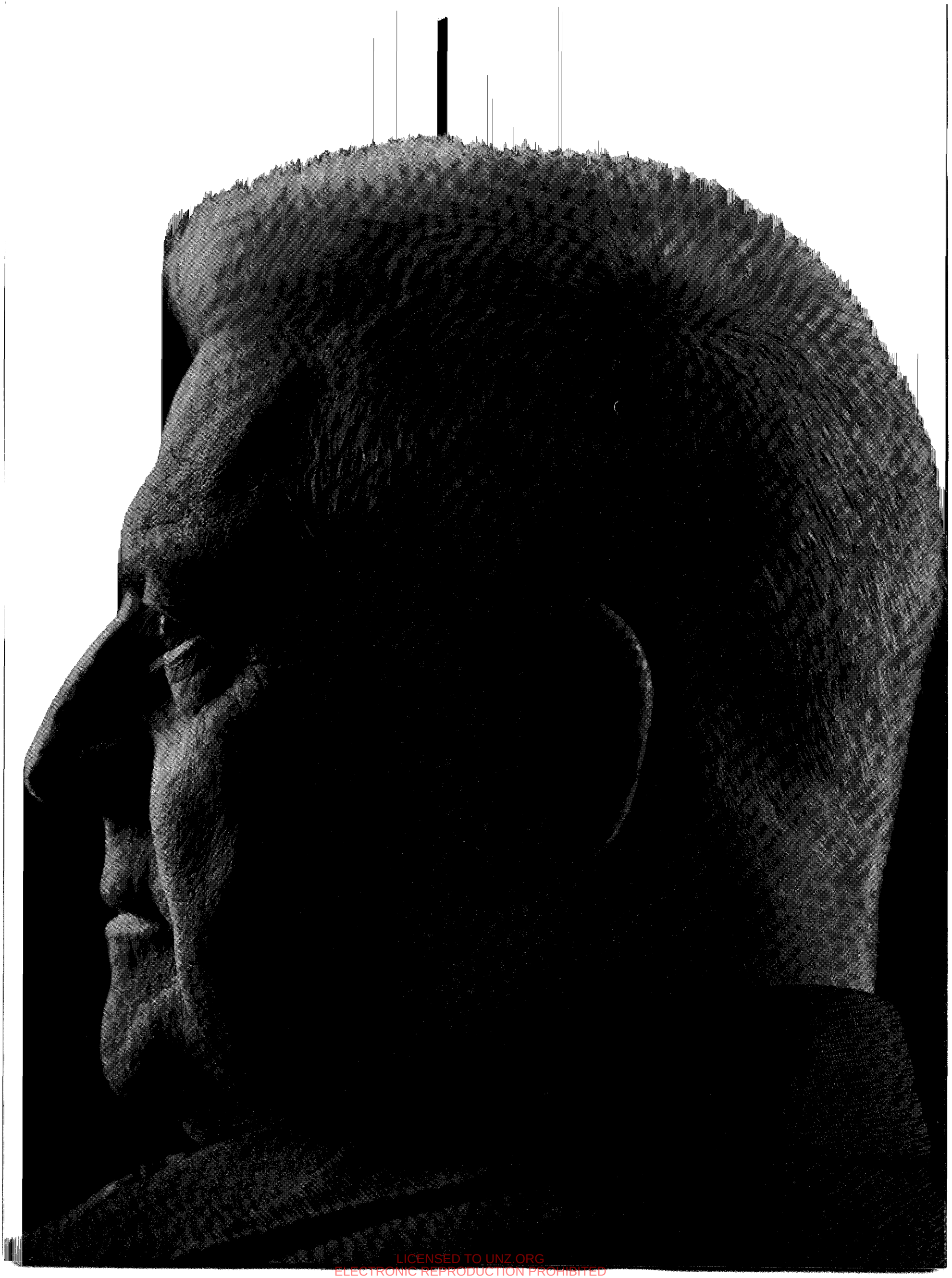
The growth in the number of power centers and the diffusion of power have important advantages—these changes strengthen democratic ideals, make for a rich and variegated life and help the economy deal with many special problems. But the diffusion of power often reduces the capacity of the economy to pursue national *CONTINUED ON PAGE 99*

About the Author

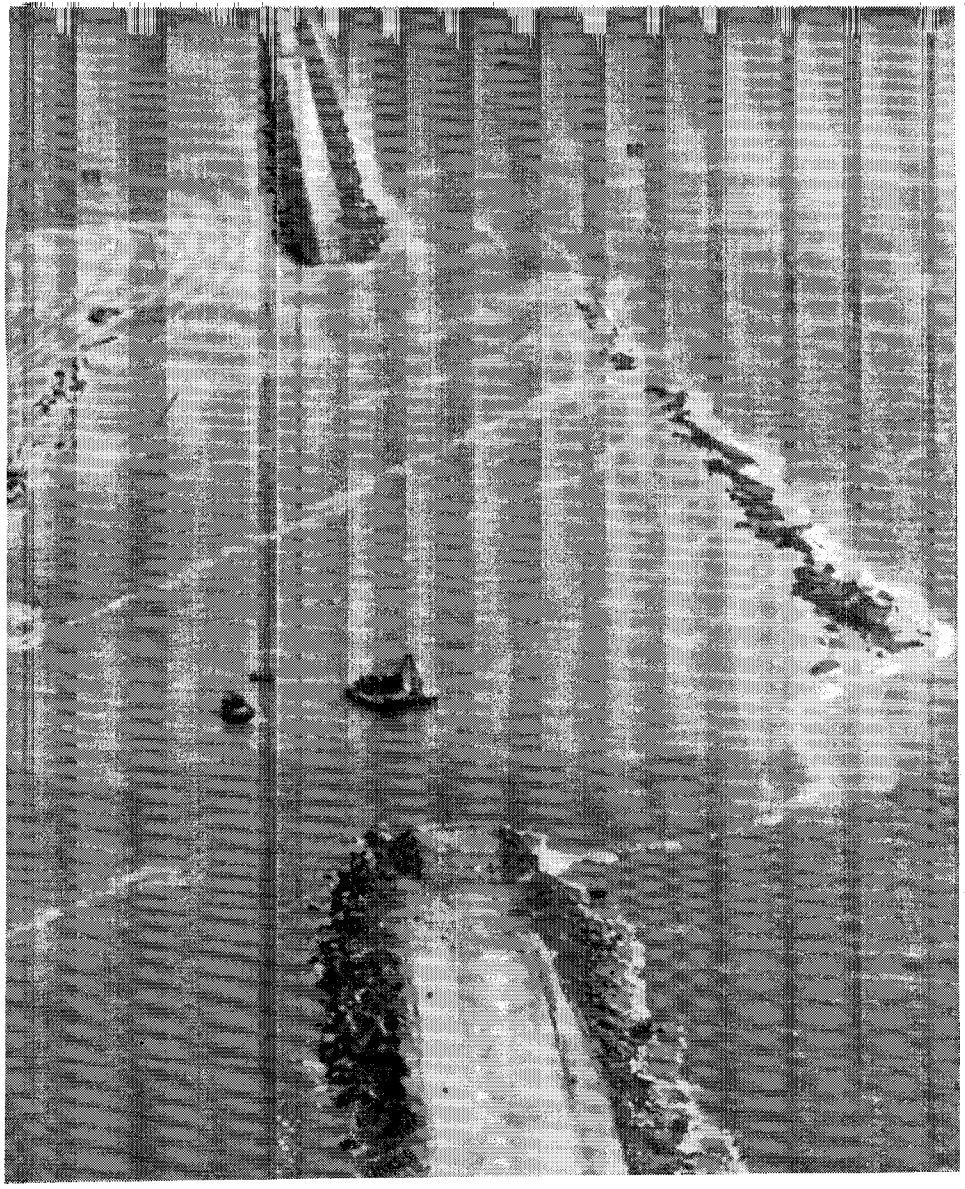
"Not only does he rank in the top flight of American economists," said a New York Herald Tribune editorial writer of Sumner Huber Slichter, "but he has built up over the years a reputation for objective judgments in industrial relations second to none." He is Lamont University Professor at Harvard and an adviser to corporations and economic institutions.

Photograph by Arnold Newman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pictured above is one of the seven cave-ins which have occurred during the pouring of 13 miles of earth fill onto the lake's treacherous shrimp-clay bottom.

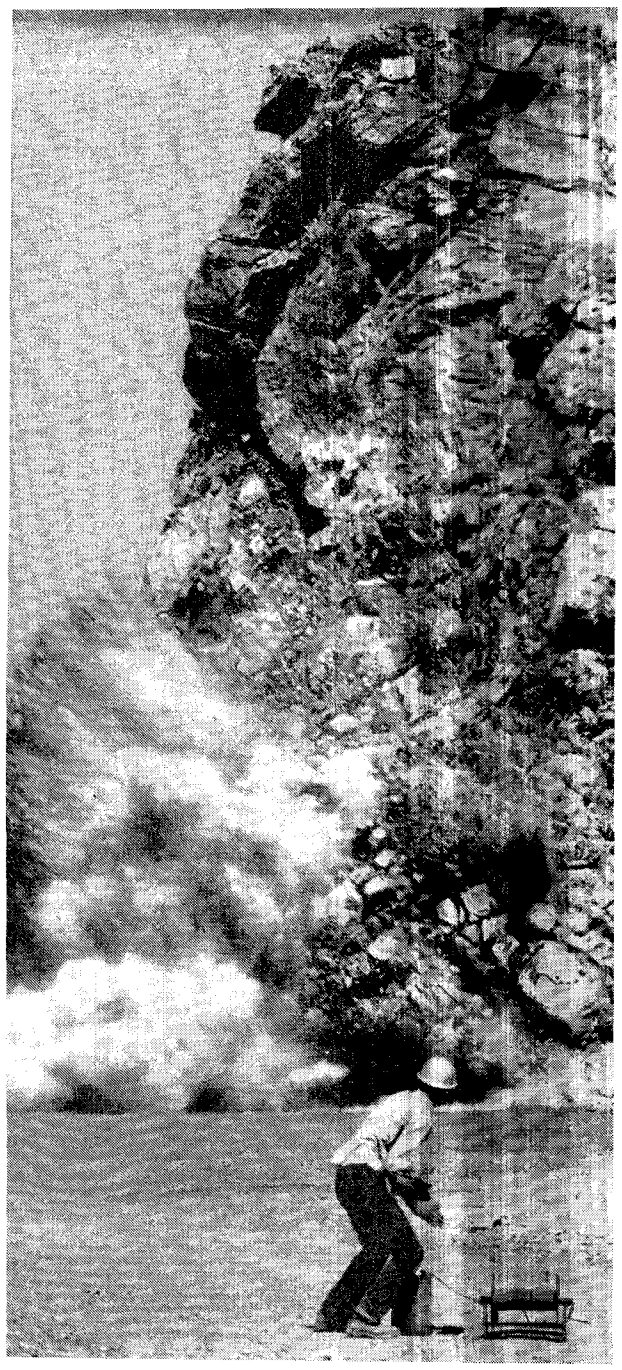
Battle Against the Lake

In a fantastically difficult
and expensive feat of engineering,
the Southern Pacific railroad is
laying a roadbed across the Great Salt Lake,
replacing the tired old trestle at last.

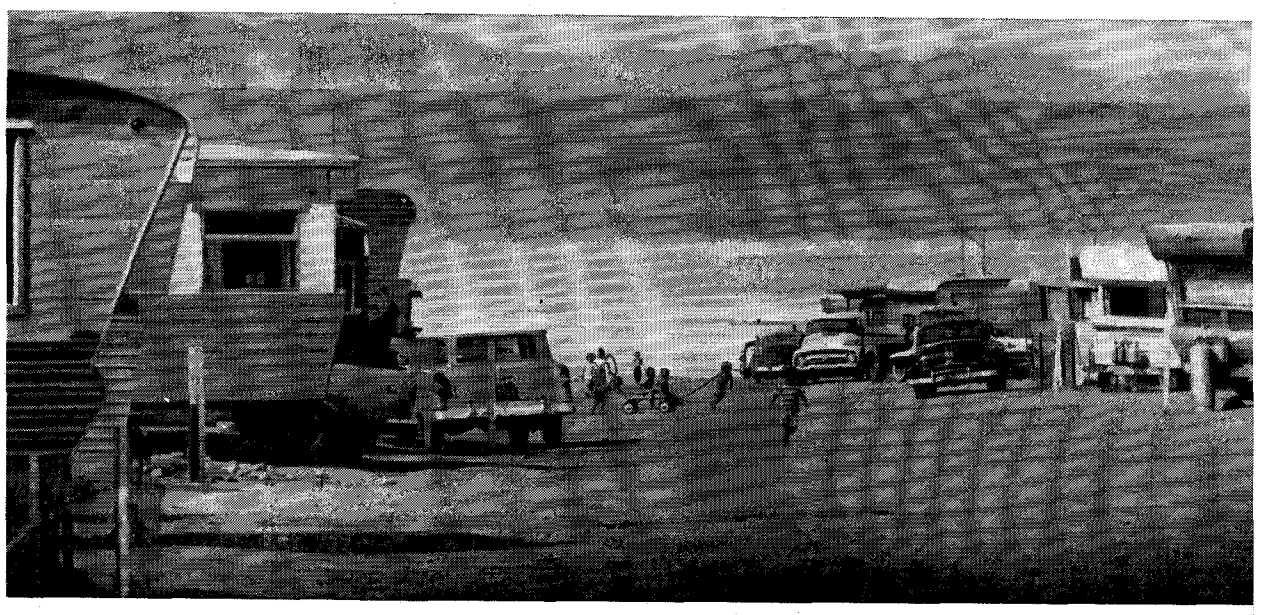
By ARTHUR W. BAUM

Below, a freight train completes its transit of the old trestle within the 20-mile-an-hour speed limit. On the new dike (at left) SP's trains will be able to run at full speed—79 m.p.h.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At Rattlesnake Point, a 1500-pound shot dislodges boulders that will be placed on the sides of the causeway.



Trailers are home for most of the 2000 workers and their families in Little Valley, one of the project's two temporary towns. Because lake salt ruined the town's water system, fresh water now comes in by truck.

Afternoon trailer party: While their husbands are at work on the crossing, Little Valley wives gather for coffee in the 45-foot-long home of Mrs. Alan Leisk (foreground, right). She is the wife of a labor-relations executive.

Within the next six months the Southern Pacific Company, a railroad that blankets much of the West, will complete a most gigantic pickling job. The railroad will have sunk about $50,000,000 in brine, the super-salty water of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, sixth largest of the nation's lakes. This expenditure will provide a thirteen-mile earth isthmus closing the last open water gap across the middle of Salt Lake's buoyant blue water.

Completion of the present embankment will see a man-made ribbon of earth, old and new fill, carrying the SP's main line across thirty miles of Salt Lake, with one short land anchor. About a third of the way across on a westbound trip, the rails rest briefly on the tip of a mountainous natural promontory jutting down from the north. Then the last twenty miles of crossing begin. The total span is vital to SP. Every train on the Overland Route from Chicago to San Francisco must cross here. No alternative exists.

Railroaders will rejoice in the new and final section of earthen dike. Tourists will not. Passengers on SP trains have been entertained for thirteen miles by passage over the old wooden trestle which the new dike will replace. But the trestle is living on borrowed time. At the age of fifty-four it is years past its calculated service period. Freight trains may cross it at no more than twenty miles per hour and passenger trains at no more than thirty.

A slow train is an expensive train. A trestle that is overage must be supplanted. For a decade the SP has been studying ways of solving this salty problem. Should the trestle, which is vulnerable to accident, be repaired, rebuilt, replaced by a new wooden or concrete trestle or some combination of trestle, fill or bridge? Or should the railroad plunk for a solid fill of land across all those miles? Construction costs were not the sole determinant. It was important to lift existing speed restrictions on crossing traffic. It was important to protect the crossing from potential sabotage or accidental disaster. It was important to keep the interest to be paid on the money investment within repayable limits. Nine plans were compared. For practicality, best service, and in the long run least expense, the earth isthmus won.

An almost microscopic form of animal life entered quite seriously into all calculations on the new earth span. This is the tiny, leaf-footed brine shrimp, the phyllopod *Artemia*. It is the only form of animal life, lonely but abundant, that exists in the Great Salt Lake. Most of us can take that news with unbroken poise, but partisans in the shrimp matter do exist. C. C. Sanders, of Salt Lake City, is happy about the little phyllopods. For weeks at a time Sanders lives in a tent on the desolate west shore of the lake (Continued on Page 78)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Midtown Bomber

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

His first bomb took one victim. His next would kill wholesale. "I have no conscience," he said.

"I want one hundred thousand dollars," the strange voice threatened in a phone call to Barney Strand, head of the security force at Gale's Department Store. "If I'm not paid, another, much bigger bomb will explode in the store in one of the busiest sections during one of the busiest hours."

Earlier in the day, an innocuous-looking little man had slipped into Barney's office and left a package. His name was Roy Clark. But no one saw him come; no one saw him leave. Moments later a searing explosion gutted the office, horribly maiming Lacey Evans, Barney's secretary and bride-to-be. Now Barney, shaken by the terrifying sequence of events, reported the new danger to store president Cramer, who then called an emergency meeting with the police department's top brass.

II

The meeting took place in John Paul Cramer's penthouse offices at ten-thirty P.M. Chief of Police Myron Brandon was there, big and impressive, gray of hair, heavy of face. He had brought his aide, Lieutenant Jeffers, a lean, dark man of forty. The district attorney, Ford Summers, soft, florid and extremely clever, also was present. Capt. Paul Gabrino had put aside the interrogation of bomber suspects to appear, tired but attentive. A young male police stenographer and Mrs. Baker were ready to report what was said.

John Paul Cramer was the dominant personality in the room. He spent a moment staring at his desk, then spread his hands and looked up.

"I want one thing understood," he said. "No report of what we say or do here will appear in the newspapers. The Christmas season is a critical time for a department store. It has been said that if a store can break even for the rest of the year, Christmas buying will put it solidly in the black. That's very close to the truth. Any sort of publicity will disturb that buying. This must not happen. Is that clear?"

"Clear to me," Chief Brandon said. His voice was deep. "That's why I didn't want the county police in here tonight. They'd leak it quick. My department won't, Mr. Cramer. You can be sure of that."

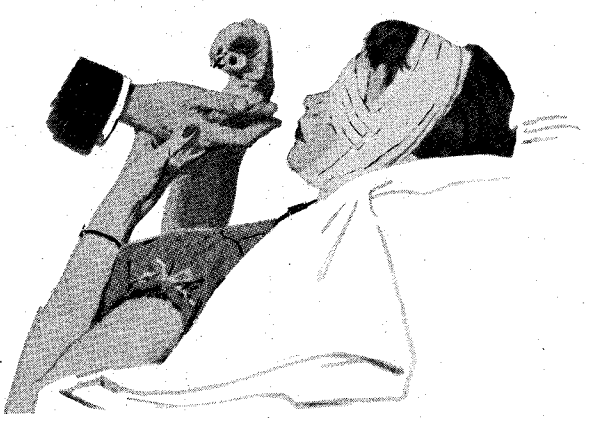
Cramer's eyes held the chief's for a moment, dark with doubt. He looked around the room, found Barney, and said, "All right, Strand. Step up here and tell us what you've got."

Barney left Paul Gabrino's side and moved forward to a position before Cramer's desk. "We've got an extortionist," he said.

He told them about the telephone call. He was prepared for the resentment he saw in their faces. Bad news is never welcome.

"I wish he'd sent a note," District Attorney Summers said. "It would have been easier all around."

"Too smart for that," Gabrino said in the background. "We can do a lot of things with a note in the lab—trace the paper, the handwriting, the typewriter. But what can anybody do with a telephone call, once the man's hung up?"



Lacey took his hand, turned it up, placed the ring in his palm and closed the fingers tightly.

"A point well taken," Summers said mildly.

"Strand." The speaker was Chief Brandon's aide, Lieutenant Jeffers. "I'm wondering why the extortionist didn't call Mr. Cramer. It would be the obvious thing to do."

"He told me he wanted to make the strongest possible show of force," Strand said. "A bomb in my office is proof that he's capable and deadly serious and not at all afraid."

"We were talking about the phone call," Cramer said.

"Since he'd begun with me," Strand said, "he continued with me—a logical progression. And that's not all. I was the bomber's original target because he knows me."

Brandon came forward in his chair. "What!"

"That's right."

"If he knows you, you must know him. Why in hell ——"

"Wait a minute," Barney said. He was sweating now. "I recognized his voice. I must know the man, must know his face. But I can't tell you his name."

"Why not?" Brandon demanded.

"I can't remember it," Barney said. "I can't call up the mental image of the man who fits the voice—not yet, anyway. It's on the edge of my mind, but it won't come through."

Brandon made a sound of huge disgust. "Oh, great!"

Cramer said, "Strand, are you completely serious?"

"I am, sir," Barney said.

"I can't believe it!"

"It happens," Barney said.

"I don't forget names," Cramer said coldly.

And that was true. He did not regard this ability as unusual; he preferred to consider the lack of it in another a flaw in character.

"Describe the voice, Strand," he said. His own voice had a brittle quality that spoke of fraying patience. "Perhaps that will help you to remember. Or perhaps one of us has heard it."

"A male voice," Barney said. "Neither high nor low—medium range. Educated. Maybe college-educated, maybe only a self-improved high-school graduate. A trace of what might be called a New England accent—the soft, broad 'a,' at any rate." He lifted his hands. "That's all I can tell you, and it isn't much."

"It helps a lot," Jeffers said. "Not because of the voice it describes, but because of the voices it eliminates. Ninety per cent of our suspects will be uneducated, poorly educated, or men with accents from other parts of the country. These can be eliminated quickly, cutting our work enormously."

"Right," Chief Brandon said.

"It's so right," Paul Gabrino said dryly, "that Barney passed it along to me five minutes after the bomber called. My men have been working on it for more than an hour."

Brandon hitched his huge bulk forward. "I want you to leave the thing in our hands, Mr. Cramer. We'll put a tap on Strand's telephones; we'll get a line on this extortionist. We'll blanket the city with squad cars ——"

"One moment," Summers said. He turned to Barney. "I don't remember any warning from the extortionist that you should not contact the police. Was there any such?"

"None at all," Barney said.

"That's strange—at least unordinary."

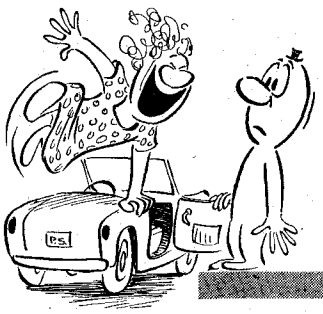
Gabrino said, "To me, it means he's damned confident. He's well hidden now, a man we've no cause to suspect, a man with no previous record. And he's got what he thinks is a foolproof method of delivery."

"A foolproof method may be invented," Jeffers said. "But I doubt that a police-proof

Illustrated by Mac Conner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Post Scripts

One-Man Show

Maple Street yesterday saw a hitherto unknown talent as Thomas Fenworth, Jr., nine, gave to the public some forty new drawings in a unique sidewalk exhibition. Working in a medium which the artist describes as "chalk, like teachers use," Fenworth aroused much heated discussion.

"His work has tremendous scope," commented Mrs. George Humbert, of Number 23. "All the way from Elm Road to Peony Avenue."

Disdaining any single school, young Fenworth's showing ranges from the representational and realistic—Spaceship Bumping into a Horse—to more abstract experiments in calligraphy, such as his Mr. Garbel Has FALSE TEETH.

Much of the credit was due Miss Irma Henderson, Fenworth's teacher, who urged him to draw more. Fenworth acknowledges her guidance with a portrait in blue chalk on a green porch, Lady in a Bear Trap.

"This shows what modern education can do," says Mrs. Thomas Fenworth, Sr., who told interviewers young Fenworth had done a mural on the dining-room wall last month, Atom Bomb Falling on all the Indians and Bad Guys. Immediately thereafter, Mrs. Fenworth urged him to "go out where his talent had more room to develop."

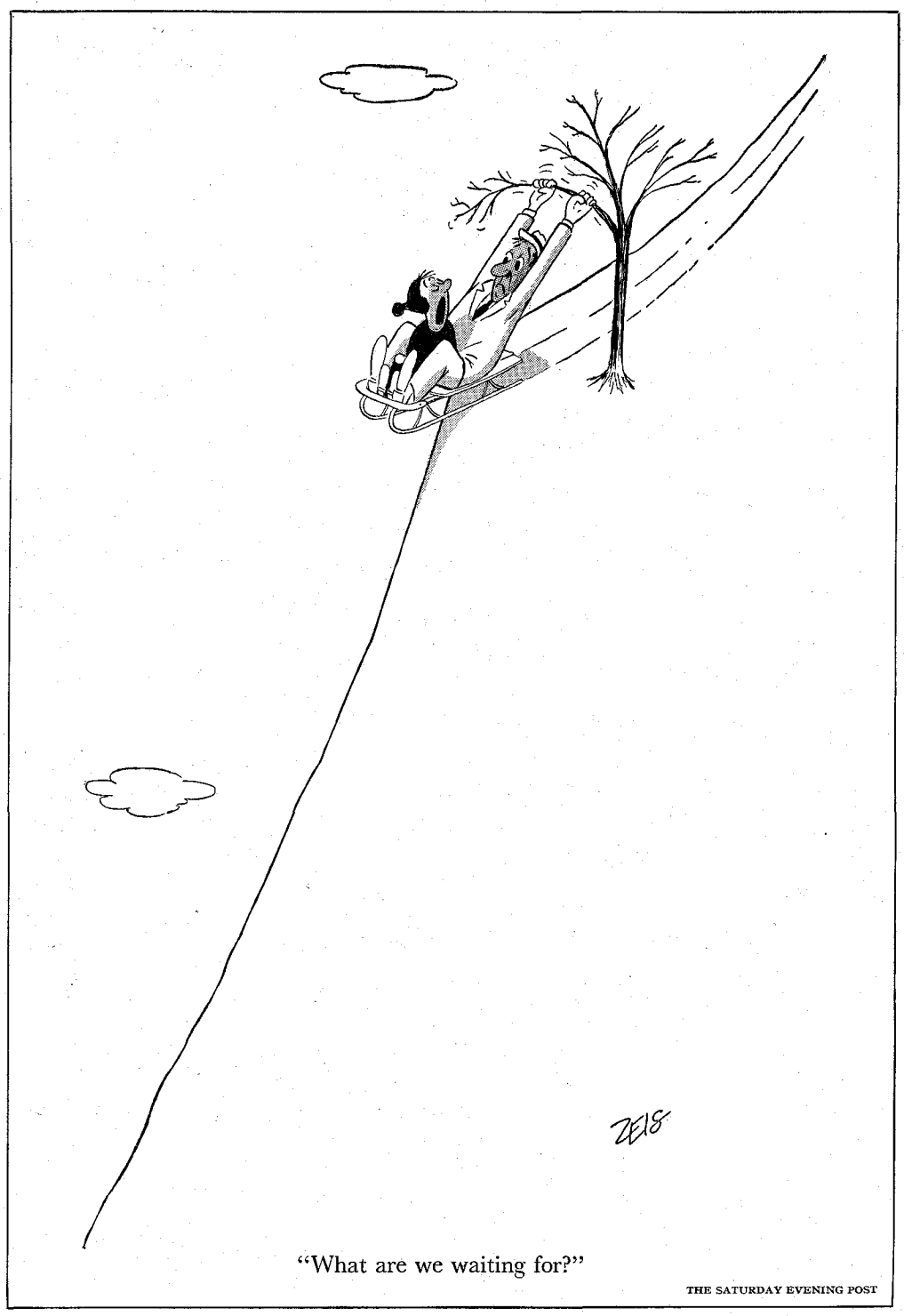
General critical appraisal was typified by that of Mr. Benjamin Callahan, of Number 37, who was found standing with his broom, apparently deeply moved. "This boy's work," he said, "may prove to be very enduring."

"Oh, no," said the artist, when told of the opinion. "It comes right off with water."

It is rumored that local art lovers have already raised funds for drawing pads and a box of crayons, in order that Fenworth may continue his work in the privacy of his studio.

The artist was unavailable for comment on this gift. "He said something," reported Mrs. Fenworth, Sr., "about they were pouring cement over on Poplar Street."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH



"What are we waiting for?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Man of Action

In spite of the work which he faces each day,
And the numerous tasks which are his,
You'll find that he's never too busy to stop
And tell you how busy he is!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

"Go right home to bed . . . what you have is . . . . . . very contagious."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I Caught Myself Just in Time—I Think

"We wouldn't be selling the house at all except the drainage—is so good the dry air in the cellar bothers my sinus."

"Boss, that's the same story you told me—you were going to tell me sometime."

"If that deduction isn't allowable, my tax returns for the previous ten years must—not have taken it."

"I wouldn't be asking for the loan in the first place if our budget—didn't include paying it off."

"Ordinarily I don't trade a car that is only two years old, but this one is falling—below the standard for the income bracket I'm in now."

JOHN QUILL

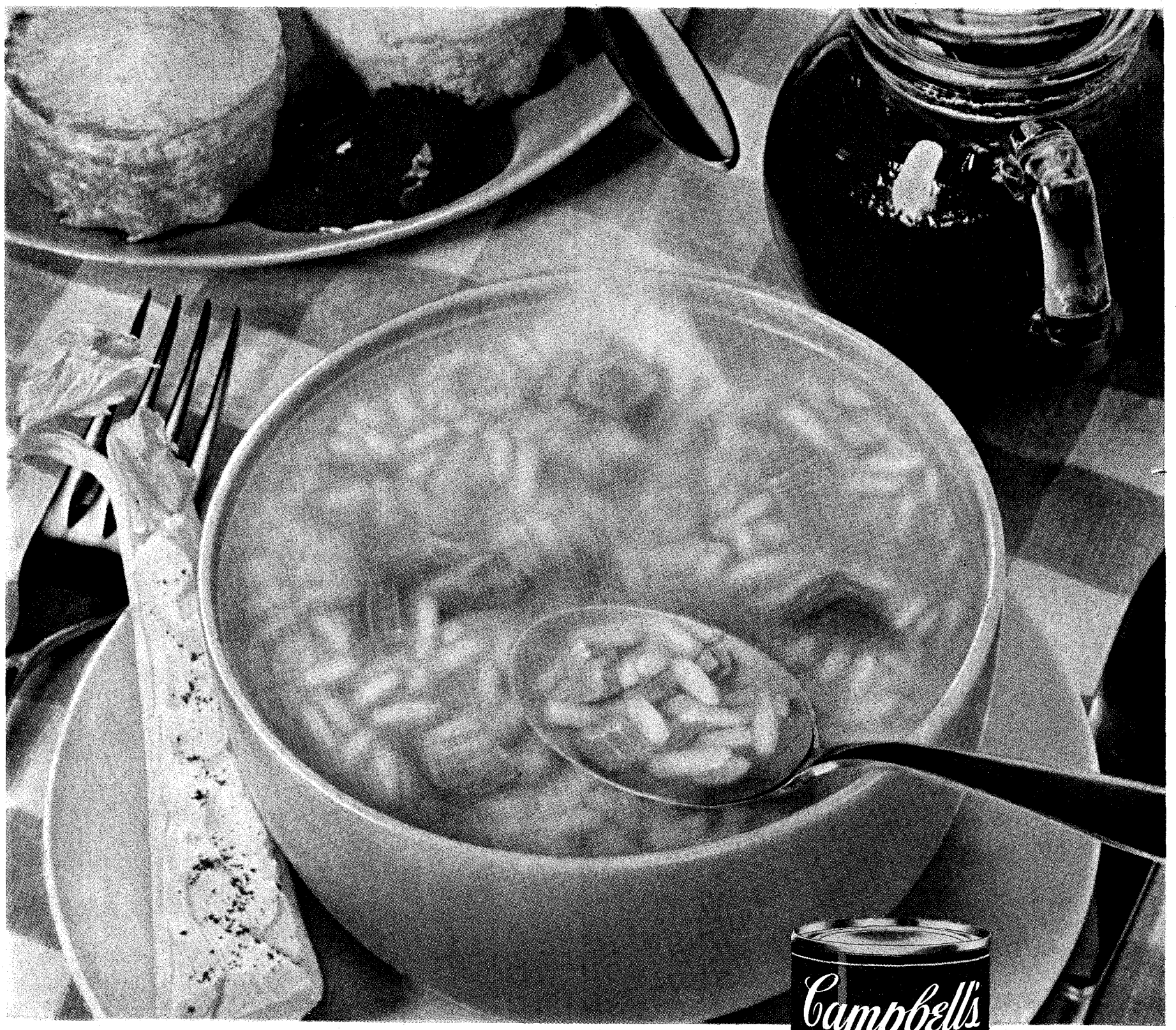
This Creature is Not Stirring

Dear helpmate, let's get one thing clear:
I will not play St. Nick this year.
No pillows at the waist, no whiskers,
No jumps from roofs or other riskers;
Last year when I dressed like St. Nicholas
The neighbors said I looked ridicholas;
I will not be the Jolly Elf,
I'd rather be my surly self;
You can't coerce me, love, because,
Our contract has no Santa clause.

DICK EMMONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quick and easy! Thrifty, too!
Campbell's Soups are <u>good</u> for you!



TASTES SO GOOD...YOU'LL ENJOY IT TIME AND TIME AGAIN! Every sunny bowlful gives you fragrant, golden broth . . . tender pieces of the best parts of the chicken . . . fluffy, long-grain rice. All delicately seasoned the Campbell way for that delicious flavor. Treat yourself to a generous helping of Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup. And remember, there are 21 delicious Campbell's Soups to help you enjoy the happy habit. . . .

ONCE A DAY...<u>EVERY</u> DAY...SOUP!

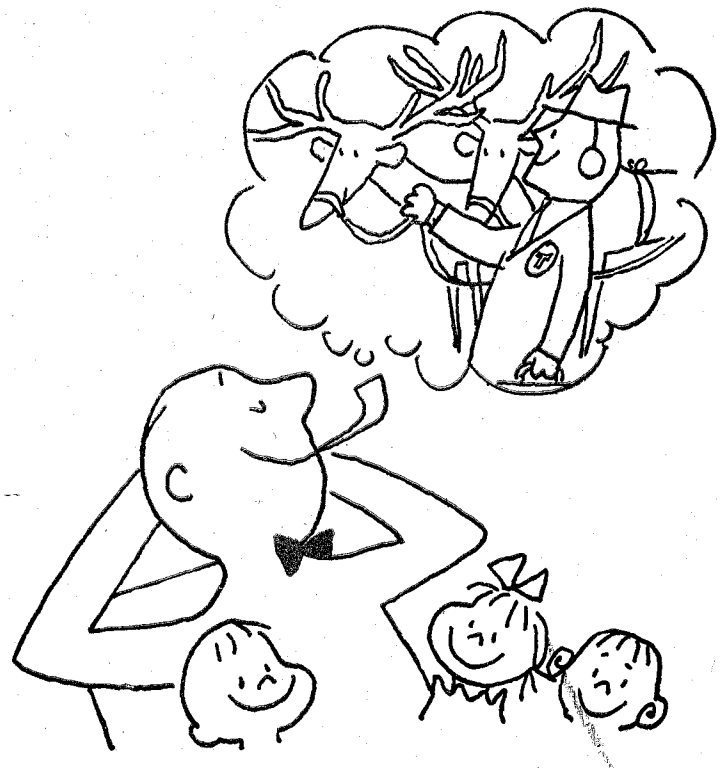
Have <u>you</u> had your soup today?

M'm! Good!
Nourishing
good
every time
...'cause it's
Campbell's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

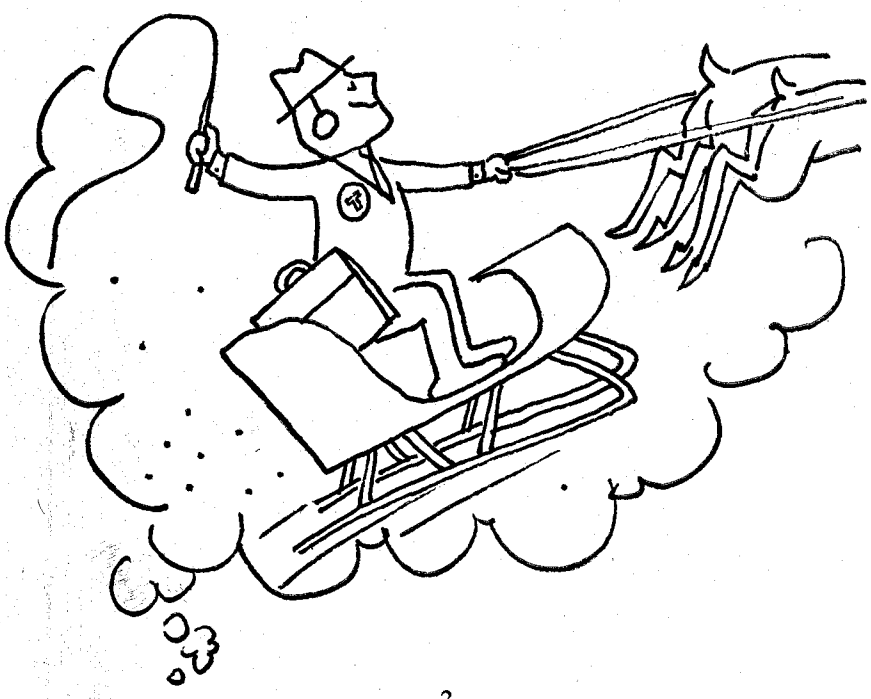
1.

Surrounded by the Christmas tree, his wife and seven nippers,
Herb Kramer puffed contentedly and nestled in his slippers.
With seven kids to launch in life a man might slip his trolley.
Not Herb. Insured by Travelers, he's like Santa—always jolly.



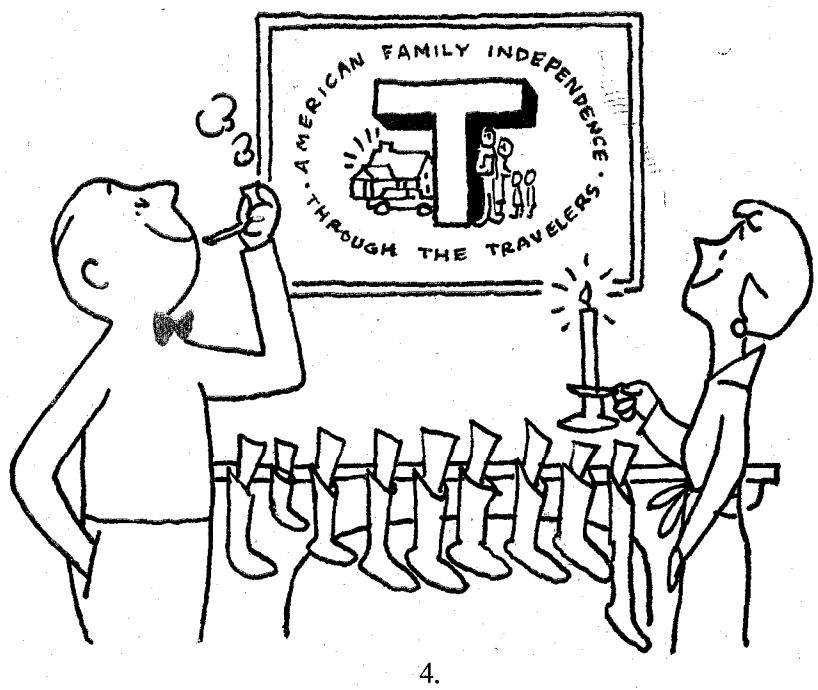
2.

"Who wouldn't rest serene," Herb sighed, "Oh apples of my eye—
You're catered to by Travelers life insurance if I die.
My Travelers plan can handle dowries, grubstakes, any college—
Ensconce you all on Easy Street. What happy-making knowledge!



3.

"My Travelers program forms a moat around our domicile—
No wind, fire, theft or damage suit can wipe away our smile.
My car, my life, my home and health—in one low monthly payment,
One trusty man to take my part if ever I'm a claimant."



4.

And there among the Christmas gifts the Kramer kids discovered
American Family Independence (they were *really* covered!)
Could Santa Claus himself have done more nobly by Herb's clan?
Say "Merry Christmas" evermore—just call *your* Travelers man.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

THE TRAVELERS
Insurance Companies
HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of the GREEDY GRANDPA

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Two shots were fired. One killed Mervin Selkirk— but what happened to the other one?

"That's the woman!" cried Millicent Bailey, pointing to the accused, Norda Allison. With this startling declaration, the state's star witness identified Norda as the murderer of Mervin Selkirk.

Millicent's unexpected testimony, coming as the climax to Prosecutor Manley Marshall's mounting case against Norda, gravely threatened Perry Mason's chances of freeing his client.

But the dead man's father, Horace Livermore Selkirk, offered another solution to the slaying. The wealthy banker claimed that his grandson, Robert, accidentally shot his own parent. The elder Selkirk believed that Robert's mother, Lorraine, and her second husband, Barton Jennings, duped the little boy in order to gain control of the large estate to which he was heir.

Now, as Perry Mason cross-examined Millicent, District Attorney Hamilton Burger was convinced that the state would win its case.

CONCLUSION

Millicent Bailey waited confidently for Mason's next question.

"But you did notice the license number of the car which drove up?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Why?"

"I thought—well, my boy friend said, 'My God, that's my wife,' and—well, I looked the car over, looked at the license plate, and I told him that it wasn't his wife's car."

"You know his wife's car?"

"Yes, I've seen it."

"When you and your friend drove into the San Sebastian Country Club parking place you turned the car around so that if you saw headlights coming you could get out of there fast?"

"Yes."

"But when you saw headlights coming, you didn't get out of there immediately. You waited until after the other car had come to a stop and a woman had got out."

"Well—yes."

"And you got in the driving seat and the man who was with you remained on the floor in the rear."

"Yes."

(Continued on Page 56)

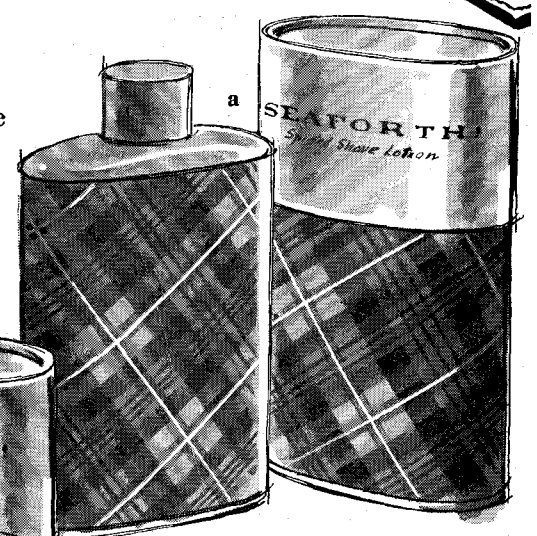
"You were the one who knew that Mervin Selkirk was to be at the San Sebastian Country Club, and you went out there to kill him."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gifts for Men!

Inspired by Scotland's famous Seaforth Highland Regiment

This year give months of pleasure to the men on your list . . . give handsome gift sets by Seaforth! See the new Seaforth Spiced toiletries for men, attractively presented in colorful plaid.



a) Seaforth Spiced After-Shave Lotion: Brisk and bracing . . . **$1.25**

b) Seaforth Spiced Lotion and Solid Deodorant . . . $2.75

c) Seaforth Spiced Lotion and Men's Cologne . . . $2.75

d) Seaforth Spiced Plaid Threesome: After-Shave Lotion, Men's Cologne and Talc . . . **$2**

Seaforth!

Grooming Aids For Men

Ambitious Cop (Continued from Page 31)

boss's body when she came back from lunch. "No, sir," she'd told Jack. "He didn't seem upset at all. He seemed kinda funny, you know? Calm-like. I asked him, 'What's the matter with Mr. Peterson?' and he says, 'Good news, Zelda; we seem to be fresh out of tyrants.'"

Jack asked her if Colly had had any trouble with Peterson and she said, "He fired him this morning."

Well, there's one thing you have to give Jack credit for. When he works on you, you find yourself saying things you wouldn't even tell yourself. In the first ten minutes, he'd found out that Colly had been fired from two other jobs in the last four months. Both companies were close by and I'd already checked them.

One guy said Colly was arrogant and couldn't stand criticism. The other said he resented being told what to do. By the time I got back, Jack had something else.

"And you just happen to own a thirty-eight?"

"That's right."

"That you just happen to have mislaid?"

"Precisely. I just precisely happen to have precisely mislaid a thirty-eight."

I could see the headlines now. AD MAN MURDERED BY PSYCHOPATH. Just the way Jack would like them.

Lois didn't see anything wrong with all this. "He's just ambitious, dad." But I'd seen guys get the "wants" before. Great guys—until they saw a chance to be somebody. Then don't get in front of them!

I was the one who broke Jack in, ten years ago, when he was a detective third grade. I showed him all he had to know to make second and first. Even after they transferred him to homicide in Brooklyn as sergeant, I gave him pointers at night when he came over to see Lois. In fact, until this D.A. thing came up, he was the steadiest cop I knew.

But he was jumpy now. I had one taste of it on our last case. Somebody had knocked off a bookie. We were stumped for days. Then we got a tip that a small-time crook named Wilkes was in on it. We went over to this Wilkes' apartment to pick him up.

Wilkes was the wisecracking type and he grinned at Jack and said, "You know me, lieutenant. I don't know nothing from nothing."

"No?" said Jack. Then, before I could stop him, he gave Wilkes one in the chops that dumped him over a chair. "Think again, mister."

"Jack!" I yelled. "Are you nuts?"

"Do you want him to talk or don't you?"

He pulled back his fist again and I grabbed him. "Do you want to get thrown off the force?"

It was Wilkes' voice that stopped us. "Don't move—either of you." He had had a pistol cached under the cushion of the chair. "Let's have your cuffs, sergeant."

He handcuffed us to his radiator and left. We never found him again. Back at the station, I thought the inspector would cough up his liver. "Next time I'll send a couple of kids."

Now I could see from the way Jack was working on Colly that he was hell-bent on making up for the Wilkes deal.

"So you say Peterson fired you just before lunch?"

"Instead of lunch. It ruined my appetite."

"How was he—pleasant about it?"

"Pleasant? Peterson?" Colly's voice had a wild note.

"But he helped you in your work, didn't he? Took an interest in you?"

"I hope," Colly said sarcastically, "that you haven't put all your eggs in detective work, lieutenant."

Well, I'd promised Lois I'd watch out for him, so it was now or never. I said, "Jack?"

He looked at me impatiently. "Yeah?"

"See you outside for a sec?"

Annoyance flashed across his face. The strain was getting to him, all right. He went out to the hall with quick, angry strides and waited for me.

I took my time. I'm almost fifty and getting a little heavy. Most people don't even know I'm on the force, because I wear a Homburg and $150 suits. As I told my friends at headquarters, "I'm a professional man in this business and I'm not afraid to dress like it."

"Well?" said Jack when I caught up with him.

"Hurrying it a little, aren't you, son?"

"Meaning?"

"What if Colly didn't do it?"

"What if Jack the Ripper didn't do it?"

"All right, maybe the guy *is* psycho."

"Maybe!"

"Jack," I said, "just because he fits, it doesn't mean he did it. Besides, he's no dope. He'd have a better story about the gun if he was lying."

Jack said impatiently, "He's being cute. That's what he wants us to think."

What the head of the house really needs for Christmas is a sock full of money.

IMOGENE FEY

I didn't know what to say. My hunches aren't guesses. They're signals from twenty years on the force. A bright boy like Colly would have had a tricky story. They all do. A month ago Jack would have realized it himself. I said, "That's fine if you're right, but what if you aren't?"

"That's not my worry. That's what juries are for."

I said, "You know what the D.A.'d do with a guy like this. He could get Colly convicted for shooting Lincoln. Now is the time to clear this guy."

Jack ran his fingers through his hair. "Aren't you the guy who taught me to go by the evidence?" He tried to sound good-natured, but he was getting sore.

I said, "But it doesn't figure. No witnesses? No gun? Would a guy leave himself open to a conviction on circumstantial evidence after a clean job like that?"

"He's a nut! His boss just canned him and he blew up. What do you want to do, mess up this one like you did the Wilkes case?"

He went back inside and left me there.

Well, I couldn't let the fellow Lois was going to marry arrest the wrong guy—especially one who'd practically send himself to the chair if they ever got him in court. That left it up to me.

I walked down to the end of the hall. It was an ordinary office corridor: frosted doors, buff walls, tiny diamond-shaped tiles in the floor. I rang for the elevator.

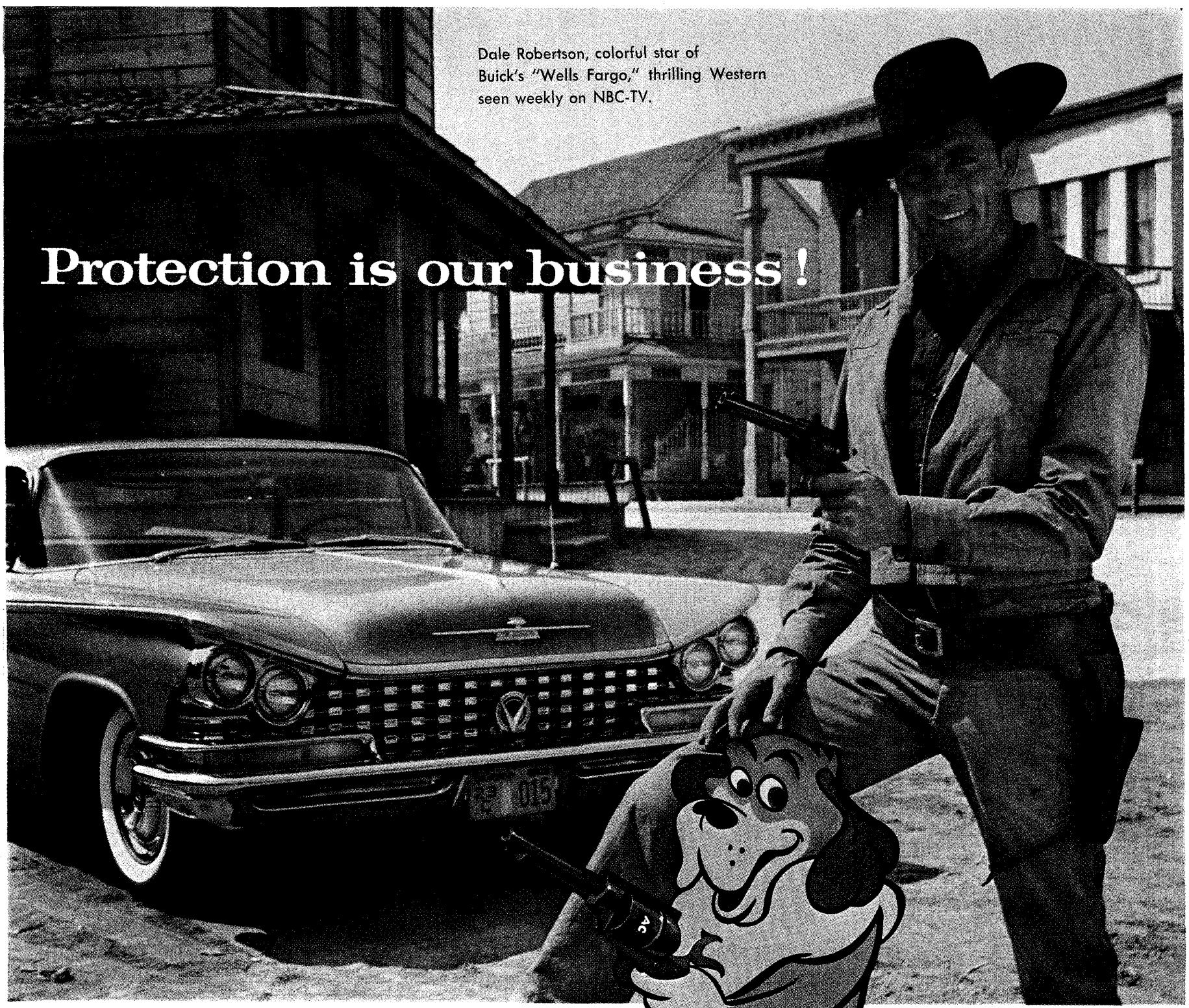
The operator was a sullen-looking man with tiny eyes and raw-hamburger-colored skin. I said, "Police. You bring up anybody you didn't know this noon?"

"What am I supposed to do, ask for references?"

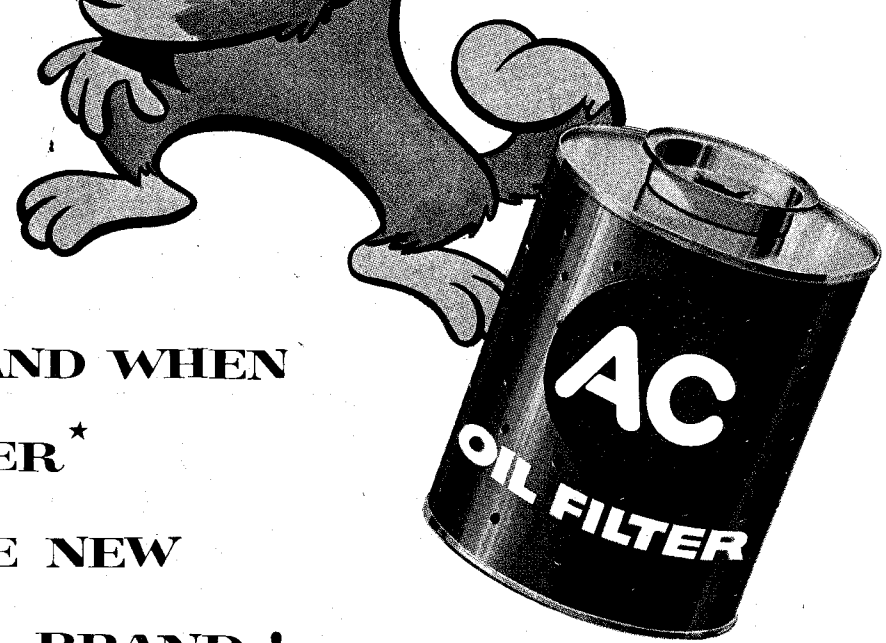
"Did you or didn't you?"

"Sure." (*Continued on Page 46*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Trapper," AC's friendly cartoon dog, rescues cars on
Walt Disney Studios' "Zorro," weekly on ABC-TV.



WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL, CHANGE THE FILTER, TOO... AND WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR FILTER* ASK FOR AC... USED ON MORE NEW CARS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

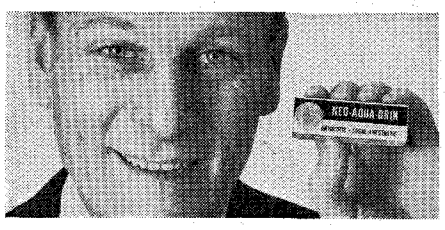
*To protect your engine from excessive wear — we recommend a change to a new AC Oil Filter at least every 5,000 miles.

AC SPARK PLUG ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WET FEET

SORE THROAT



NEO-AQUA-DRIN QUICK!

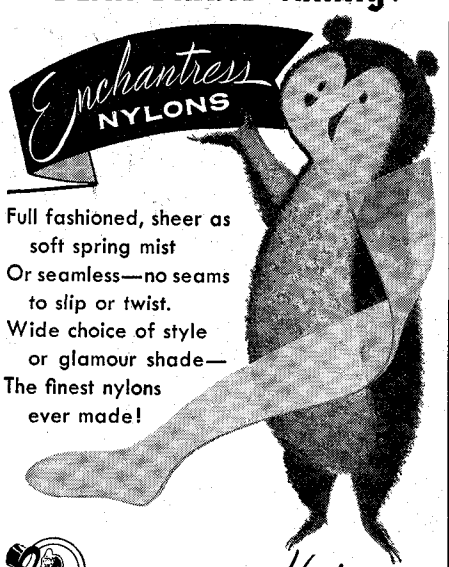
Feel soothing relief in 9 seconds from sore-throat pain of colds. These pleasant lozenges contain an antibiotic that kills many irritation-causing germs. If pain persists, see your doctor.

NEO-AQUA-DRIN
12 THROAT LOZENGES
ANTIBIOTIC · LOCAL ANESTHETIC
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

BETTER ... by McKESSON

GIFT FOR MILADY

"Bear-est" Member of the BEAR BRAND family!



Full fashioned, sheer as soft spring mist
Or seamless—no seams to slip or twist.
Wide choice of style or glamour shade—
The finest nylons ever made!

BEAR BRAND Hosiery CO
CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS
Guaranteed Quality Hosiery Since 1893

next to

YOUR BANK BOOK

...this can be the most helpful book of all, in planning to make your money grow—384 pages of basic facts and pointers: INVESTMENT COMPANIES. You can consult it *free* at your public library, many banks. For more information about it, write to Arthur Wiesenberger & Co., Dept. S-2, 41 Trinity Place, New York 6, N.Y.

(*Continued from Page 44*)

"Remember who it was?"

"They come and they go. How can you remember?"

"Doesn't traffic fall off when everybody's out to lunch?"

"Not here it doesn't."

"Anybody go out to lunch twice?"

"Come again?"

"Did you see anybody in here go out and come in twice?"

"Who's to know?"

I checked the other offices on the floor. There were four of them. Typist after typist.

"What time did you get back from lunch?"

"I dunno. One, I guess."

"Thank you."

Or, if one of them had got back before: "Meet anybody in the hall?"

"No, not that I remember. No. No, I didn't."

Back inside, Jack was still working on Colly. "You know what I'd have done in your shoes? If a fellow fired me that way, I'd want to give him a dose of his own medicine—throw a good scare into him. Isn't that what you did, Colly? You didn't mean to shoot him at all. You just came in to scare him and he grabbed the gun."

"Tell me," Colly said, "does anybody really fall for that?"

"O.K., Colly. Let's go over to the barn and talk about it some more. Ready, Jim?"

Colly said, "What? No handcuffs? No irons?"

"No; but we might just find a chair for you."

Well, I thought, I tried, but that wouldn't be good enough for Lois. She had the idea that Jack was the poor boy making good. He had no family and had been on his own since he was fifteen. After four years with the marines in the Pacific, he'd put himself through law school. "You have to understand him, dad." she'd said once. "He's just trying to get ahead."

"Does he have to do it overnight?" I didn't get it. For a girl who waited five years for him to make lieutenant, she was sure casual about this. "Don't you realize he's risking the security he has now?"

"But this could be his big chance, dad. Who wouldn't want to get to the top after what he's been through?"

"What do you think—he has the franchise on tough luck? The night you were born I was lying in a loft on Canal Street with a hole in my leg. I grew up on the Lower East Side, took baths in a coal scuttle and went out on the fire escape for my summer vacations. The world is full of guys trying to get ahead."

"Well, you might give him credit for not turning into a juvenile delinquent," she said huffily. But then, what can you expect from a psychologist? That's what Lois is. Works at a settlement house. "Somebody has to do it," she says.

When we got Colly to the station, I said, "Jack, it just doesn't feel right."

He gave me a real grin this time. "Still at it, Jim?"

He was sure of Colly now. The kid had gone berserk when he realized he was being booked.

"No, you don't!" he'd yelled. "You don't pin this on me!"

He made a try for the door and it took two of us to hold him. The police psychiatrist was going to see him that night, and the inspector himself had stopped by Jack's desk.

"We'll be calling you 'Three-hour Scott' now," he grinned. A quick arrest was good for him too.

I said, "You can't try a guy for what he is. I'm telling you he didn't do it."

"And I'm telling you he did. He's made to order for it."

I said, "Well, he's made to order for you, at least."

Jack's eyes narrowed almost to slits. "Maybe you'd better go home and play with your paint set for a while, Jim."

I looked at him. That's my hobby—oil painting. "Maybe I'd better," I said. "At least I won't be railroading anybody."

It was seven-thirty when I got to the apartment, and Lois had a cool drink waiting. "Hi," she said. "How naughty was the world today?"

"Naughty enough."

"If you're going to get any painting in, you'd better hurry. Dinner will be ready in forty-five minutes."

"It smells like it's ready now. What is it?"

"Chicken tetrazzini."

"Well, that's a nice Irish dish." I brought my glass into the bedroom, took off my Homburg, took a specially built, aluminum-frame .32 from a spring mount in its crown and changed into dungarees and a big straw sombrero that I called my Winston Churchill hat.

I took a cigar from the breast pocket of my suit jacket, got my palette and paraphernalia, and went back to the living room. Lois had already opened the glass door to the balcony and set up my easel for me.

"Ah," I said with a sigh, easing down behind my canvas. I took my brushes from their cloth, dipped one in my small bottle of linseed oil, then worked it into one of the stiffened mounds of paint on the palette. "Wonder why they call this chrome yellow? Chrome isn't yellow."

"What's the matter, Sir Winston?"

"M'm'm?"

"Something's wrong. What is it?"

"Are you seeing Jack tonight?"

Her eyes showed alarm at my tone. "Yes?"

"Listen, we just picked a guy up. On paper he looks guilty. I just don't think he did it."

"What does Jack think?"

"That's just it. Jack doesn't want to think about it. He wanted a quick arrest and he got it."

"Now just a minute, dad."

"It's all right. He isn't framing him or anything. He just won't listen."

"Dad, are you sure this man didn't do it?"

"That's not the point. I'm not sure he did do it. The thing is, the guy's psycho. He could have done it. He acts like he did it. And there isn't a jury in the world that will believe he didn't. Rough spot—for an innocent guy."

"Jack didn't get out of line with you, did he?"

"Oh, no. I guess I got out of line with him."

(*Continued on Page 48*)

THE GREENWOODS — **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A diamond coring bit may contain more than 500 carats

This "diamond ring" helps PURE discover new oil reserves

Diamond coring bits cut through hard rock when all other bits fail

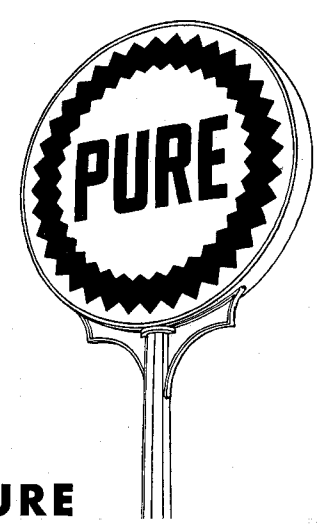
We can't go down ourselves and examine rock formations lying thousands of feet underground. But we can bring the rock up to the surface. That's where coring bits come in. Rotating slowly, they carve out cylinders of rock called cores which our geologists examine for the presence of oil or gas.

If evidence of oil is found, we determine what production methods will be used from a study of the type and depth of the rock, its porosity and other characteristics.

But some rock is so hard that it chews up ordinary coring bits in a few minutes. Then we use the ring-shaped bit you see above, studded with sharp-edged industrial diamonds. They're expensive, but they do the job when nothing else can.

The diamond bit is just one of the advanced tools PURE uses to find and produce more oil to meet America's growing demand. The same care that goes into finding and producing oil goes into making PURE gasolines and lubricants the finest money can buy. It's more reason to be *sure* with PURE—at any of the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 46*) "If the man you arrested didn't do it, do you know who did?"

"That's the tough part, honey. If I'm right, it's one of the hardest kind of cases to solve."

"What do you mean?"

"I think it was a mistake."

"What makes you think it was a mistake?"

"The way it was done. It has a gang smell. Somebody just walked into his office and let him have it with a thirty-eight. Five times. Neat and simple. Just the way the syndicate does it. They don't shoot you once. They empty a gun in you to make sure. My money's on an imported professional. It happened right after lunch. I'll bet the killer was supposed to pick up some guy who looked like Peterson at the restaurant where he ate. He just followed Peterson to his office where there wasn't anyone around and let him have it."

"The killer could be halfway to Mexico by now, then."

"Yeah. It isn't the sort of thing Jack will go for—switching from a quick solution to none at all. It would ruin his chances for the D.A.'s staff. But I still wish you'd talk to him."

"I hope," she said, "that you realize you're sentencing me to a life of spinsterhood."

Jack picked her up at nine. He was polite, but cool, to me. "Hello, Jim."

"Hi, Jack." Then, because I wanted his co-operation: "Sorry about that crack this afternoon."

"That's all right." But his voice was cool, and I knew it wasn't all right.

"Anything more on Colly?" I asked.

"He refused to take a lie-detector test."

"He's probably afraid it'll look like he's lying when he's not."

"We provide for that."

"That's a little hard to believe from where he's standing," I said.

He gave me a thin smile, but didn't say anything else. Lois came out, and Jack said briskly, "We're a little late. Let's go."

At ten-thirty the front door opened and there was Lois, flushed and angry.

I said, "What are you doing home?"

"Oh, don't ask me now! The only words I can think of, nice girls aren't supposed to know."

I started to get up. "Jack didn't get fresh with you ——"

"What? Oh, heavens, no! He just politely told me to mind my own business and to kindly ask my father to do the same." She sat down and took off her shoes and began to rub one of her feet. "Well, I told the great man what you thought about its being a syndicate job."

"Yeah?"

"He's going to give you a book on criminal patterns to read!"

"Criminal patterns! All right, if that's the way he wants it. We'll just see what he has to say after I pull a couple of his chestnuts out of the fire for him."

"What do you mean, dad?"

"Oh, your old man's got an idea."

"You aren't going to stick your neck out for that stuffed shirt!"

I grinned at her. "Don't you want me to? Look, honey, if I'm right, Jack could be sending up an innocent man. If you're serious about the twerp, you won't want a thing like that hanging over him."

"But you said the syndicate was behind it. You can't fool around with them on your own."

"Don't worry; your old man wasn't born yesterday."

"Well, at least bring the department in on it."

"How can I? In the department, I answer to Jack. Criminal patterns, eh? Well, well, well!"

The next morning I signed in at the station and asked for one of my leave days. I also borrowed a department briefcase fitted out with a tape recorder. On my way out I met Jack in the squad room. He looked more boyish than ever.

"Good morning, Jack," I said. "Say, I have a leave day coming, so I thought I'd take it today, as long as nothing's cooking."

"Yeah, sure. Look, Jim, I—well, I said a couple of things to Lois last night that I didn't mean. What I mean is—well, I mean I didn't ——"

I grinned. "What are you telling me for? It's Lois who's sore at you."

He nodded unhappily. "I guess I acted pretty starchy."

"Anything new on Colly yet?"

His face changed right away. "The psychiatrist's report is on my desk. Don't say I didn't tell you so."

"Oh, I'll take your word for it."

He was puzzled. "You've changed your mind?"

"Nope. I think he's as cuckoo as you do. That just doesn't happen to be what he's charged with."

Just before noon I got to the corner opposite the restaurant where Peterson's secretary said he'd had his last lunch. I suppose with my Homburg, silk suit and briefcase, I looked like a bewildered salesman searching for a street address.

I watched the restaurant for half an hour before I saw the guy I was looking for. He went into the restaurant and I crossed the street and looked through the window. He was sitting at a table. He had taken his hat off and was as bald as an egg. His humped-over nose and turned-down mouth gave him the look of an owl. You could have told the difference between him and Howard Peterson if you saw them side by side. But an imported hood with just a photo to go by couldn't. I began to whistle softly to myself.

When the guy came out, I stopped him on the sidewalk. "Excuse me, sir. I broke my glasses. Could you tell me what this address is?" I held out a business envelope. "I don't know why people insist on using that elite type. A fly couldn't read it."

The owl-faced guy took the envelope and looked at it. "Twenty-one twenty-nine Broadway," he said.

I said, "Thank you, sir," and let him walk off, then followed him to an office on Broadway at 54th. It was only t o blocks from Peterson's office.

It was two-thirty in the afternoon when I got back to the station. I gave the envelope to the guy on duty in Identification and said, "See if we have these fingerprints on file. Try Washington if we don't."

"Thought this was your day off," said Jack, coming up behind me. His voice sounded mean.

"Oh, hi, Jack. Oh, just a busman's holiday."

He didn't look as crisp and efficient as usual. His collar was open and his tie pulled loose and his hair rumpled. He was tired and edgy. "You aren't going off on your own on this."

"What's the matter, Jack? I thought it was open and shut."

His mouth tightened. "I don't want to pull rank on you, Jim, but I will if I have to. I'm getting just a little tired of this act of yours."

"This is my day off, Jack. I can do what I want with it. If your pigeon didn't confess, don't blame me."

"Don't worry about my pigeon. He already admitted he threw the gun in the river."

"He did?" I was surprised.

"Jim, I think you know what this means to me. I'd hate to think you were trying to foul me up."

"I know what it means to you, all right," I said. "How about what it means to Colly?"

Jack walked off.

I went back and talked to Colly for a while, then checked back in at Identification. "Anything on those prints yet?"

"Yeah. He's a syndicate guy named Paul Darni. Runs the Darni Realty on Broadway near 54th, but it's a blind. He's in the numbers end."

I said, "Well, it's cleaner than dope."

That night, Lois said, "Dad?"

I was sitting in the living room and had been looking absently at the sunset out the window. "M'm'm? Yes, honey?"

"Dad, you know I never butt in."

"Now you know better than to start that way with me."

"Well, I saw Jack this afternoon."

"Good. All made up now?"

"He says everybody in the station knows about your feud."

"I didn't tell anybody about it."

"They know you came in with one of the syndicate men's prints."

"No secret about that, I guess."

"They know you went back to talk to Colly too. Dad, Jack says there's no doubt about him now. He admitted throwing his gun in the river, and now even his girl friend said he was going to kill Peterson."

"Oh? I didn't know about his girl friend."

"Dad, listen to me. Jack says you're making a fool of yourself. Even the inspector's getting sore."

"Honey," I said, "I did talk to Colly this afternoon. He told them he threw the gun in the river to get them off his neck. They questioned him for fifteen hours."

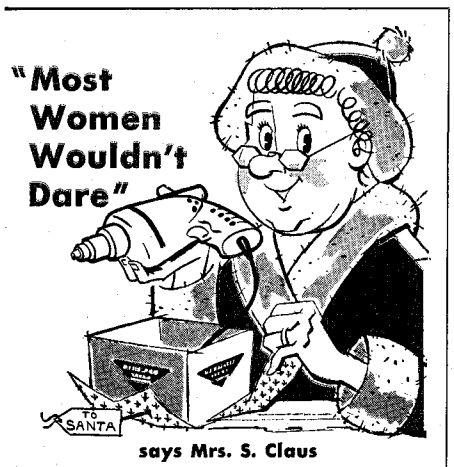
"But what about his girl friend? He told her he was going to kill Peterson."

"Everybody says he's going to kill his boss sometime or other. Say, it's nine o'clock. I have to be on my way."

"Where are you going?"

"Now, honey, your old man's a big boy now, so let's not start asking him to report in at this stage of the game."

(*Continued on Page 52*)

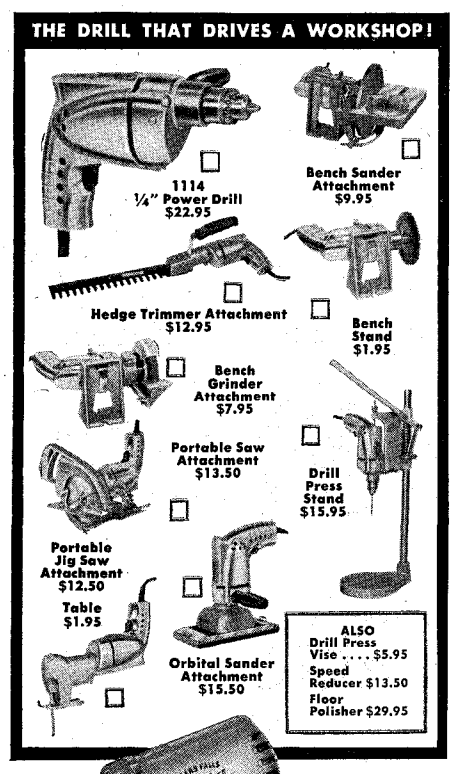


says Mrs. S. Claus
Giftway Drive, North Pole

Would your wife? Frankly, most women wouldn't dare pick out a tool for a Christmas present and feel sure it's the one that hubby really wants. Well, here's the perfect solution — for you, and for her. For you — it's the new 2.7 amp. 1114 Power Drill that drives a complete workshop with matched attachments. For her —it's a happy shoppers world if you get real "sneaky" and check the tools you want in this ad and leave it on her kitchen counter.

Christmas hints by

(Insert your name here)

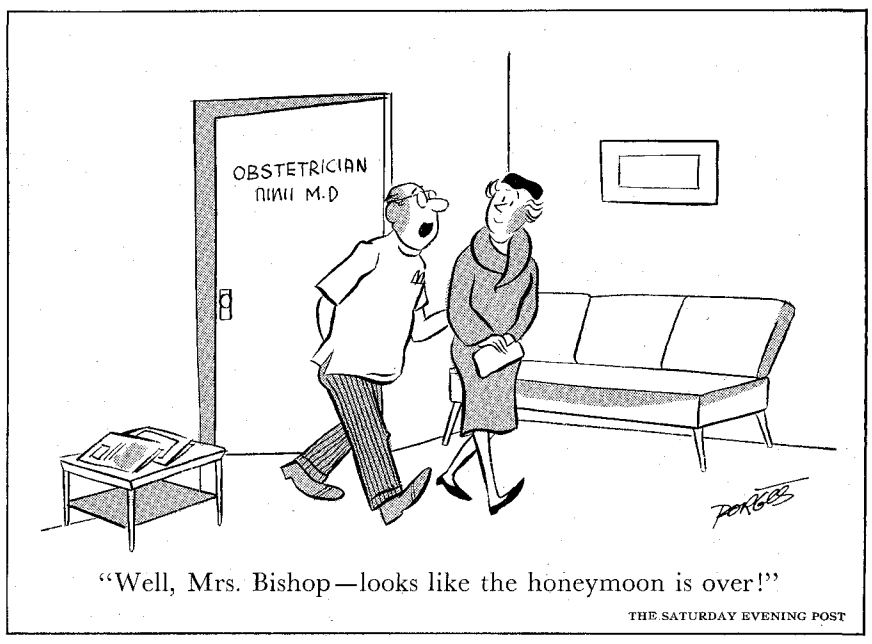

THE DRILL THAT DRIVES A WORKSHOP!
1114 ¼" Power Drill $22.95
Bench Sander Attachment $9.95
Hedge Trimmer Attachment $12.95
Bench Stand $1.95
Bench Grinder Attachment $7.95
Portable Saw Attachment $13.50
Drill Press Stand $15.95
Portable Jig Saw Attachment $12.50
Table $1.95
Orbital Sander Attachment $15.50
ALSO
Drill Press Vise $5.95
Speed Reducer $13.50
Floor Polisher $29.95

EXTRA Special GIFT

Famous "888" 1/3 H.P. Power Unit — "big brother" of the 1114 Drill. Drives attachments shown above and more besides. Equipped as ⅜" drill, 6" portable disc sander, 6" polisher, $39.95.

MILLERS FALLS TOOLS SINCE 1868

MILLERS FALLS CO.
Dept. P-25
Greenfield, Mass.



"Well, Mrs. Bishop—looks like the honeymoon is over!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pleasure up your holidays with America's Best Filter!

Enjoy and give new Hit Parade

This Christmas, give cartons of new Hit Parade. Its remarkable filter, with over 400,000 filter traps, takes no flavor toll from the world's finest tobaccos. It draws freely . . . delivers deep, full smoking enjoyment. And test after test* proves that new Hit Parade outfilters all leading filter brands.

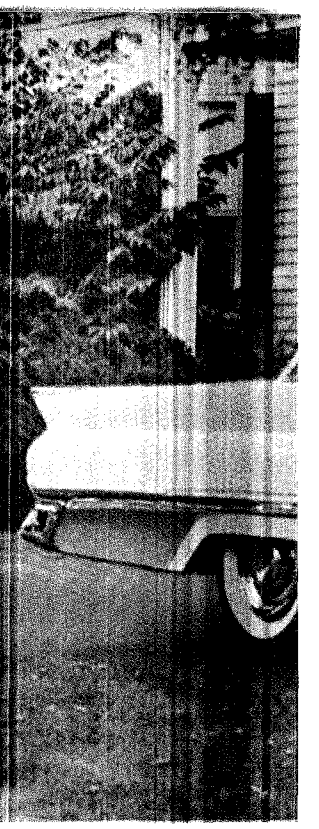
*By the entirely new and improved testing method of advanced accuracy that traps and weighs total smoke solids.

Choose either the familiar pack or crush-proof box in festive holiday cartons!

©A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* — "*Tobacco* IS OUR MIDDLE NAME"

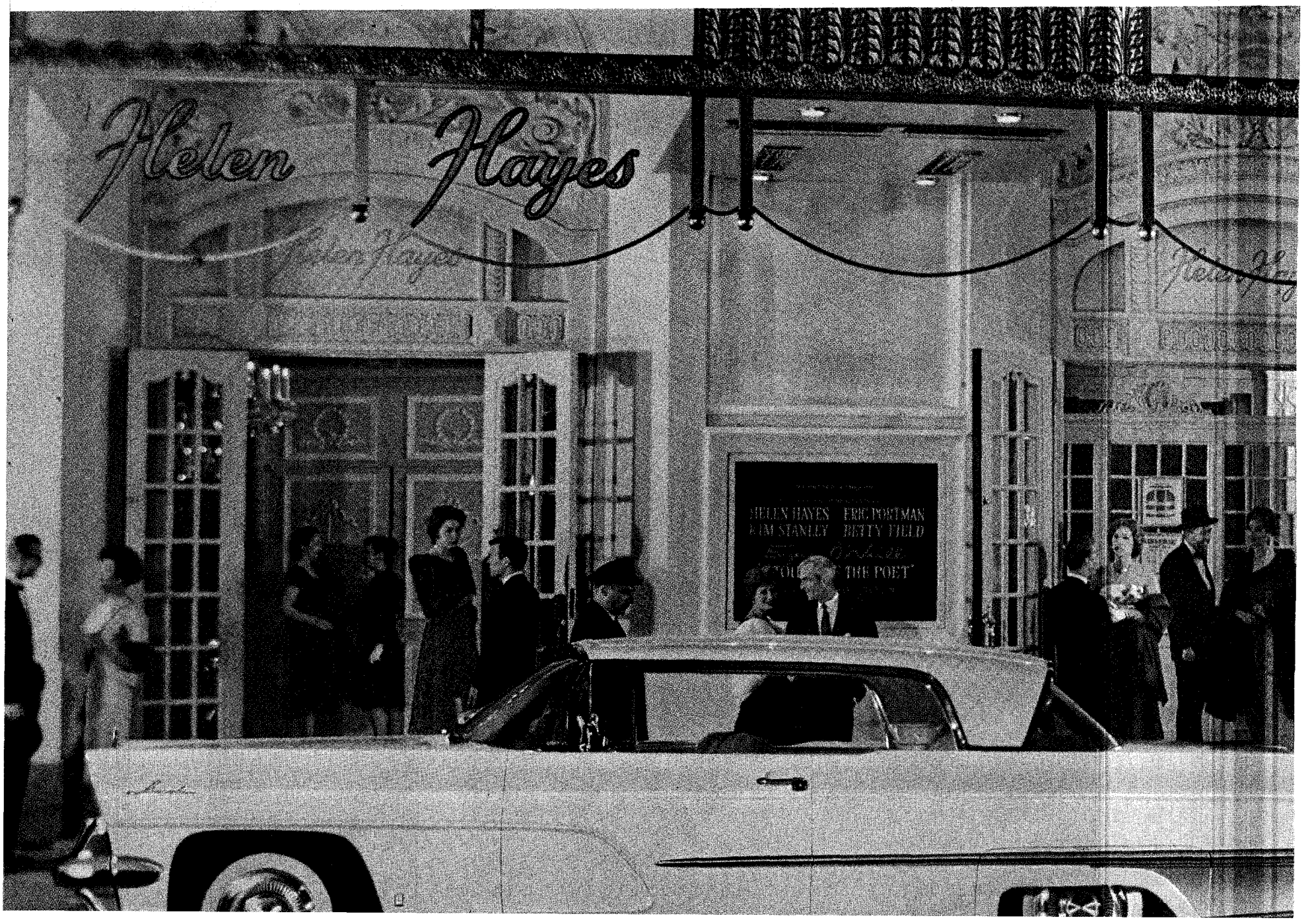
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Easiest role I ever played on the road: touring in my new Lincoln." Helen Hayes



"I'm only five feet, two inches tall," admits actress Helen Hayes. "Most big cars overpower me. But not my new Lincoln. It seems so gentle and easy I could almost drive it through a display of crystal and not break a single glass."

The 1959 Lincoln offers all the power and comfort you expect in a big car. Yet it handles like a fine sports car. Just a touch, and the Lincoln responds to your slightest whim. The new small steering wheel is easy to turn and easy to see over. Nothing gets between you and perfect visibility.



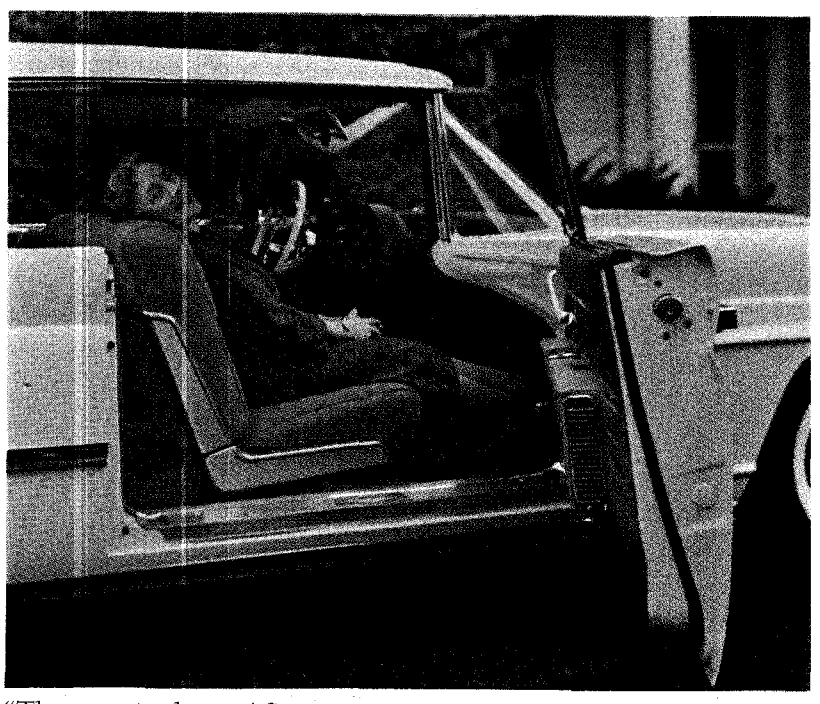
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lincoln Premiere Coupe

"I had so much fun decorating my new Lincoln. I chose the exact colors, fabrics and leathers I wanted."

You enjoy complete freedom of choice when ordering your new Lincoln. You select from ninety different color combinations, each more beautiful than the last. You choose from rich fabrics or imported leathers to complement the exterior. The result—a motorcar built especially for you . . . the 1959 Lincoln.

Helen Hayes, currently starring in Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet"



"The space in this car! Sit any way you like, it's simply impossible to feel cramped."

Among fine cars, only Lincoln provides beautiful classic styling without sacrificing interior space and comfort. Heads never touch the ceiling, feet never crowd the floor. Yet for all its spaciousness, tiny women maneuver the new Lincoln as easily as a shopping cart.

"When we drive up to the theater, people recognize the Lincoln first —then me. I'm not a bit jealous. It's such an elegant car!"

Whenever you see the 1959 Lincoln, expect to find people of exemplary taste. The new Lincoln's clean, uncluttered design speaks a classic language, understood by all who live with grace and elegance.

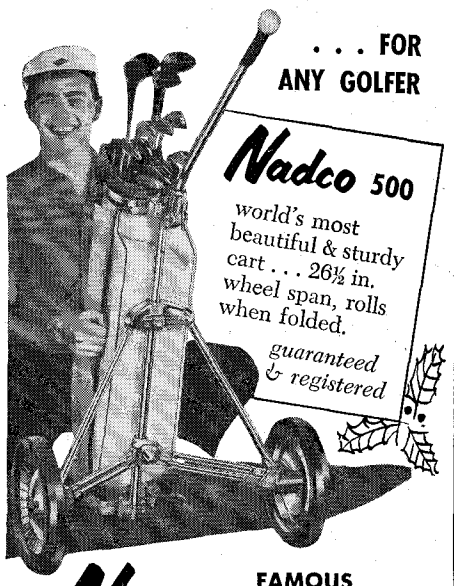
Lincoln for 1959

Classic beauty_unexcelled craftsmanship

LINCOLN DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Great Gift!

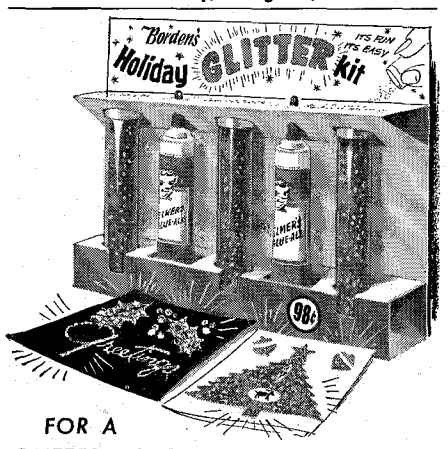


Nadco FAMOUS FOLDING GOLF CARTS

Nadco is the finest, most popular featured cart—and a cart is a gift that can't be wrong. Nadco is best for all size golf bags! Tip-proof! Big, non-corrosive wheels! Exclusive golf ball grip! Give Nadco—it's a lifetime of fun and savings . . . at sport and dept. stores.

Men's and Ladies' Models $17.50 to $29.95

NADCO SPORTING GOODS COMPANY
3635 W. Touhy, Chicago 45, Illinois



FOR A GLITTERING CHRISTMAS

Decorate Cards, Gifts, Ornaments

It's fun, it's easy—each kit contains ***Elmer's Glue-All*** with pencil-tip applicators, shaker-top vials of colored glitter and suggestions for use.

only 98¢

IF IT'S *Borden's* IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Helps You Overcome
FALSE TEETH
Looseness and Worry

No longer be annoyed or feel ill-at-ease because of loose, wobbly false teeth. FASTEETH, an improved alkaline (non-acid) powder, sprinkled on your plates holds them firmer so they feel more comfortable. Avoid embarrassment caused by loose plates. Get FASTEETH at drug counters everywhere.

MORE CASH FOR YOU!
YES, you can have more cash in your pocket if you put your spare time to work. Write for our money-making plan. No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 468 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

Rex Wheat Germ Oil-25yrs.
DOGS — CATS — BIRDS
STOP Misery! Itch, Eczema, Dry coat due to lack SKIN VITAMIN—Linoleic oil (50% in Rex). Add to food. Give Beauty, Brilliant Sheen to Coat or Feathers.
Write for free folder. REX, Monticello, Illinois.

(*Continued from Page 48*) On my way out, I met Jack in the lobby. He saw the department briefcase with a tape recorder, and flushed. "You're really asking for it, aren't you, Jim?"

I'd had all I could take of this young fellow's sass. I said, "Sonny boy, I was on the force when you were fifteen years old. Don't you think it's time you simmered down a little and listened to an old hand for a change?"

"Jim, they didn't make me a lieutenant so my own sergeant could take over my cases behind my back. If it wasn't for Lois, I'd have you up before the inspector now. But for her sake, I'm going to keep it just between you and me. Now I'm only going to tell you once—you get off this bandwagon of yours or I'll hand you your teeth."

I stared at him. These young kids with military training and judo. "Don't tempt me," I said, starting for the door.

"O.K.," he said suddenly, "if that's how you want it."

I turned around and his fist came sailing in out of nowhere and caught me in the eye. I fell back against the wall and he grabbed my lapels to pull me back again. I knocked his arms aside, sent a short one in under his ribs and swung my hand edge into his neck like a hatchet. He crumpled to his knees.

I said, "Now, go on upstairs and ask Lois to get out the liniment. After I teach you how to be a cop, maybe I'll teach you how to fight too."

When I reached Darni's office, the rest of the building seemed empty. I had learned he would be in now simply by phoning and asking for him that afternoon, but to keep from putting him on guard I had said that I would call him again tomorrow.

I opened the door to his office and found myself in a reception room. From the next room I heard footsteps coming. I took out my pistol, then opened the briefcase and turned the recorder on.

The inner door opened and there stood the owl-faced guy.

"Just hold it, buddy," I said.

"What is this, a holdup?" He didn't recognize me, although he had seen me that very morning.

"Back into your office, friend," I said. "I know this won't be easy, but everybody dies sooner or later. Sit down if you like. You might as well be comfortable."

He went white. "You don't mean you're—oh, no!"

"Sorry," I said. "Nothing personal. You know how it is." I pulled the hammer back on my gun.

"No, no! Wait a minute. Maybe we can make a deal."

"No can do," I said. "It would ruin me. Why don't you close your eyes? You won't even feel it."

"No! Please! Listen to me. I'll—I'll give you twice what they did." He shook. "Listen, I'll give you anything. Anything!"

I sat down in a chair with my pistol pointed at his stomach. "Tell me," I said, "how much is anything?"

"F—f—fifty grand?"

"Well, now, fifty, eh?"

"Cash! I'll give it to you in cash!" he said.

"I dunno," I said. "I'd have to know more about the setup."

"I'll get it for you tonight!" He'd begun to hope now.

"I mean this setup. How big is the guy I'd be crossing?"

"What do you mean?"

"They didn't tell me who I'm doing this for. Two guys met me at the plane this morning and brought me downtown and pointed you out. I can't spend fifty grand if I'm dead, friend. Who hired me to rub you?"

He started to sweat. "I'll make it sixty!"

"He's pretty big, eh?"

"You could get out of the country! They'd never find you!"

"Give me a name, friend. I have to know who I'm running from."

"Ben Larney."

Now I started to sweat. Ben Larney. In this league it was like double-crossing Khrushchev. I said, "What did you do to him?"

"He thinks I held out on him."

"Numbers?"

"Yes."

"Did you?"

He worried his lower lip with his teeth. "My brother did. I couldn't finger my own brother."

. . . . . .

In Loving Evidence

By Minnie Hite Moody

When I was young, with
little children bounding
Upstairs and down and up
and back again,
The welkin ringing, and the
house resounding
Beyond descriptive force of
tongue or pen,
I used to dream of how,
some distant day,
I would discard the frayed
and faded chintz
Slipcovers with their glaze
of modeling clay;
All articles with dents or
hammer prints;
Bedsteads initialed by small
convalescents;
The glass-topped table with
the three-pronged crack;
Yes, every scar of din or
effervescence—
But now I'm middle-aged
and looking back
And forward, too, I dare to
laugh at pride
And cherish what has taken
life in stride.

. . . . . .

"Why haven't you blown then?"

"I can't. My wife's in the hospital. They'd get her."

"Fifty grand, eh?" Then, "If you can pay me, why can't you pay him?"

"He'd kill me anyhow. You can't cross Larney."

Down the hall, the elevator door opened and shut.

I said, "O.K., where's the fifty?"

"You'll do it?" He started to grin in that nutty way a guy will when he's just been scared stiff. "I'll get ——"

He stopped. The door had opened behind me.

There were three of them. A dark, needle-shaped guy I didn't know, a heavier guy in a Tyrolean hat called Jack Tops, and a tall Joe-college type in a sweater and sports jacket. Ben Larney himself.

His two goons had me covered. Larney's hands were empty. Jack Tops said, "Drop it." I dropped my pistol.

Larney said, "Who's he?"

Jack Tops said, "He's a cop."

"Oh?" Larney's cool voice sent a chill down my back.

Darni said, "Ben, I didn't know he was a cop! Honest! He said you hired him!"

I said, "You got the wrong guy yesterday, didn't you, Larney?"

Jack Tops said, "Watch him, Ben. He's cute."

"He isn't going anywhere," Larney said. "You know, I was sorry about Peterson, cop. It was just one of those things. You know, mistaken identity?" He smiled. "O.K., Tops; shoot him."

"Wait a minute!" I said. "How about a trade?"

I wiped my face with my lapel handkerchief. "This guy's got fifty grand, Larney!" I said. "Let me have ten of it and I'll forget I ever saw you!"

Larney smiled and I took off my Homburg and wiped my forehead. "Sorry, cop," he said. He really did look sorry.

I reached into my Homburg and got my hand on the little .32. "Listen, I'll be your spy, Larney! I'll work in the department for you."

Then I shot Jack Tops through my hat and tried to get the needle-shaped guy too.

I missed, but he didn't. His bullet socked my arm and yanked me around. I fired again as Larney pulled his pistol. We fired at each other. Larney staggered. I dropped as though hit, angled another shot at the thin guy, tried to roll as Larney put one in the rug in front of my head. The needle-shaped guy shot me through the foot, and I put one into the bridge of his nose. He went over backward.

But there was Larney aiming at me coolly. I couldn't get my pistol around. I stared helplessly into the black bore of his revolver.

Then it came—a flash of light, a loud boom. Too loud a boom.

I stared at Larney blankly. I wasn't hit, but he seemed to be. He dropped his gun and stumbled backward. After three steps his legs quit. His face was as gray as cardboard as he went down.

"Jim! Jim! Are you all right?" Jack Scott stood in the doorway. Holding his Police Positive, he stepped into the room warily.

I said, "Over here. I've been hit."

"How bad is it?" He was on one knee beside me.

I said, "My arm and my foot. I thought he had me there."

"I fired just before he did," he said. "Wait'll I send for the troops." He phoned for more police and an ambulance while I told him who everybody was.

Darni, the owl-faced man, had not been hit. He seemed to have been frozen by shock and we ignored him. Jack said, "Lois sent me after you. I'd have got here sooner, but I had to find out where you'd gone first. Identification knew you were working on Darni, but it still took time to find his address." He hesitated, then said, "Jim, I guess there are a lot of things that I ought to say."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said. "Just check that briefcase and see if the tape recorder's still going. We'll get you in the D.A.'s office yet."

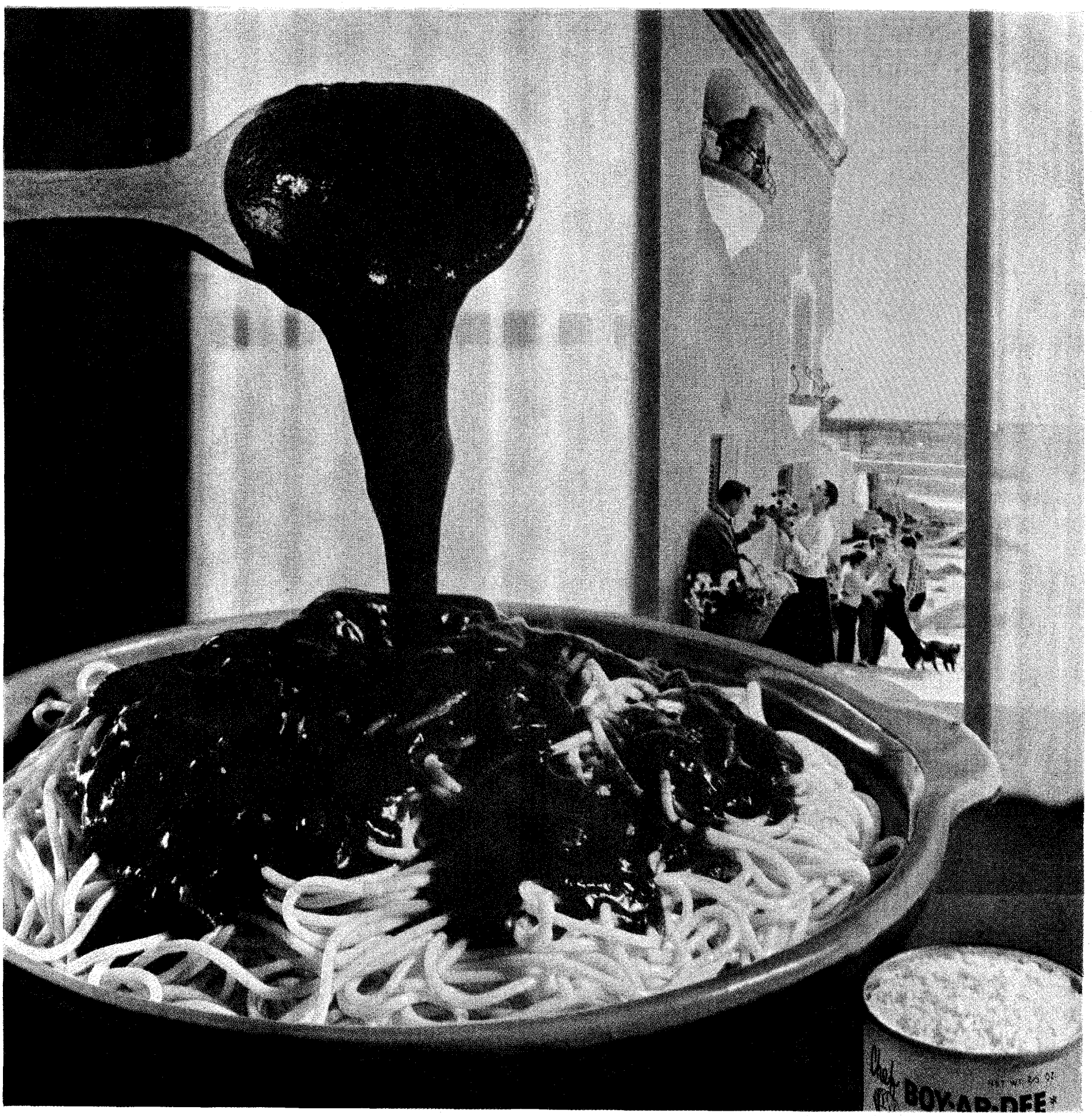
He stared at me. "I couldn't do that. You solved this case, not me."

"If I remember the department assignment correctly," I said, "we've been working together. Besides, the D.A. will let a lieutenant bring his sergeant with him, but I never heard of a sergeant's bringing a lieutenant anywhere." I grinned at him maliciously. "You can teach me all about criminal patterns."

He looked embarrassed. "Jim, I'm sorry about all that."

"If you think you're sorry now," I said, "just wait'll you have to eat Lois' chicken tetrazzini." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



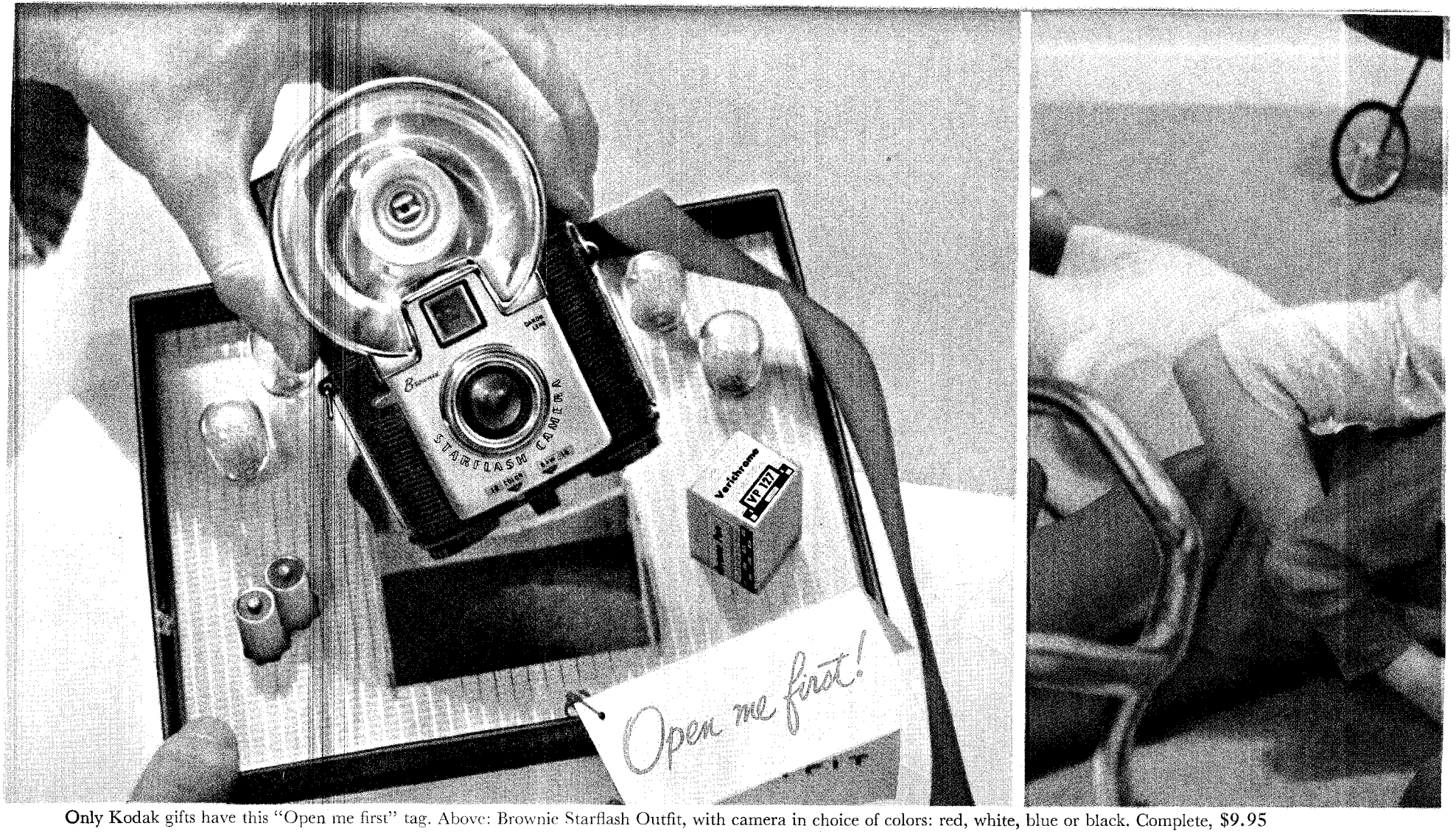
Banquet on a budget... real Italian-style CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Spaghetti Dinner

You'll take to these dinners as the *Italians* do to flowers. Spend just 12 minutes—and a few pennies—and you're serving tender spaghetti, topped with tangy meat or mushroom sauce and Italian-style cheese. All yours in one box, at only about 15¢ a serving.

Complete dinner in one box... including ready-to-use sauce and a generous can of cheese.

Now available in Canada.

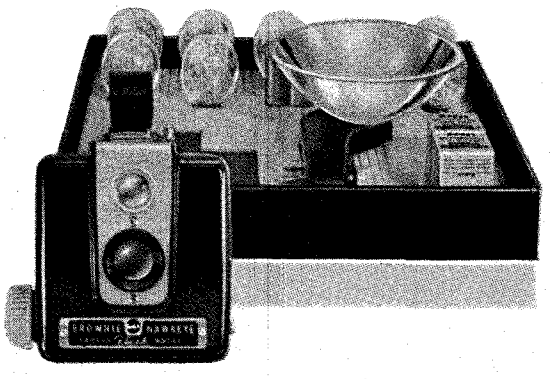
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



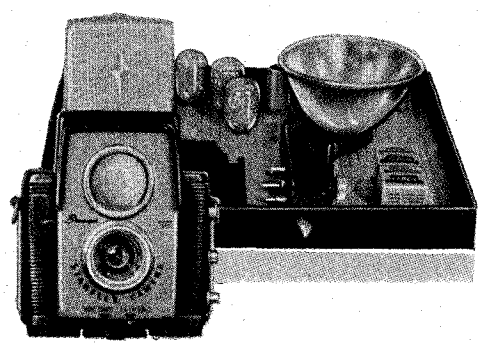
Only Kodak gifts have this "Open me first" tag. Above: Brownie Starflash Outfit, with camera in choice of colors: red, white, blue or black. Complete, $9.95

Kodak gifts say

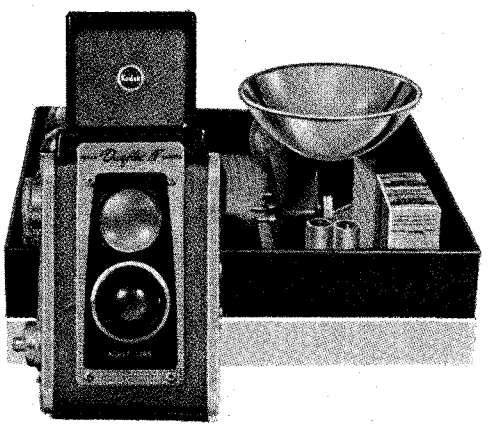
...and save all the fun of



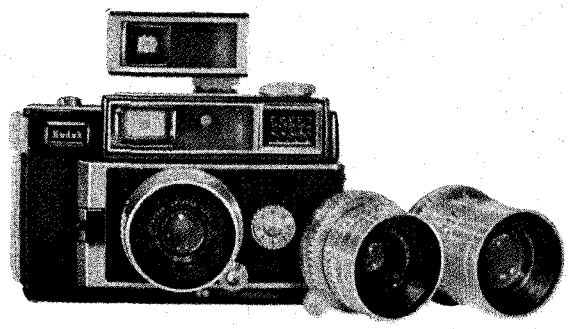
World's most popular snapshooter—Brownie Hawkeye Camera takes sharp, clear snapshots in black-and-white or color. Aim . . . and shoot. With flasholder, bulbs, batteries, film.... **$14.95**



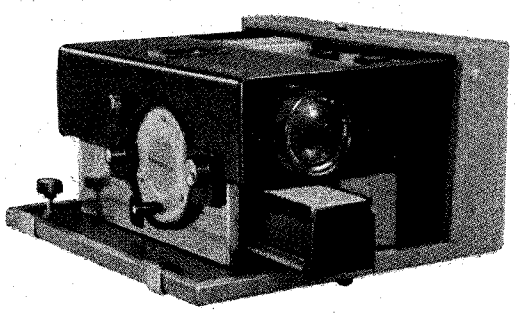
For snapshots and color slides, too—Brownie Starflex Camera takes them all. Shows your picture big—*before* you snap it. Complete with flasholder, bulbs, batteries and film..... **$16.50**



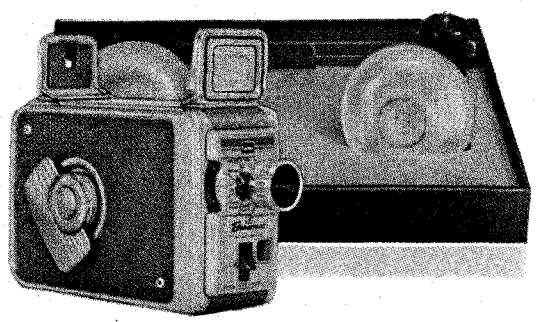
See your picture big—in the hooded viewfinder of the Kodak Duaflex IV Camera. No focusing. With flasholder, bulbs, batteries, film, **$24.95.** Also see Kodak Duaflex DeLuxe Outfit..... **$38.75**



An American Classic—new Kodak Signet 80 Camera has exposure meter, rangefinder, *f*/2.8 lens. Accepts wide-angle ($57.50), telephoto ($69.50) lenses, multiframe finder ($17.50). **$129.50**



You turn it on . . . it does the rest! New automatic Kodak Cavalcade Projector changes slides all by itself! Steel jackets protect slides. With remote-control cord. 500-watt; *f*/2.8 lens. **$149.50**



8mm color movies—indoors and out—snapshot easy! Brownie Movie Camera, *f*/2.3, requires only one setting! **$32.50.** Complete kit: camera, 2-lamp movie light, lamps, titler board..... **$39.95**

Many photo dealers offer terms as low as 10% down. Prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.

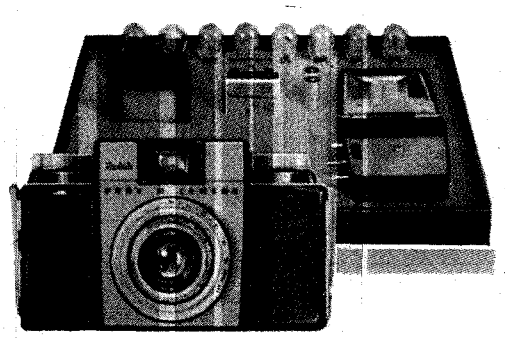
See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

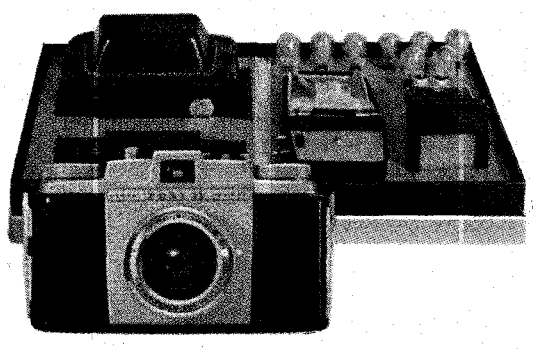
The moment you open your Kodak gift, you can start taking pictures of all your Christmas fun!

"Open me first"!

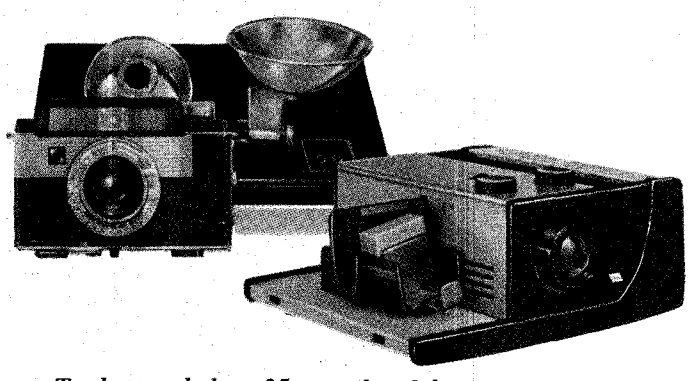
Christmas in pictures!



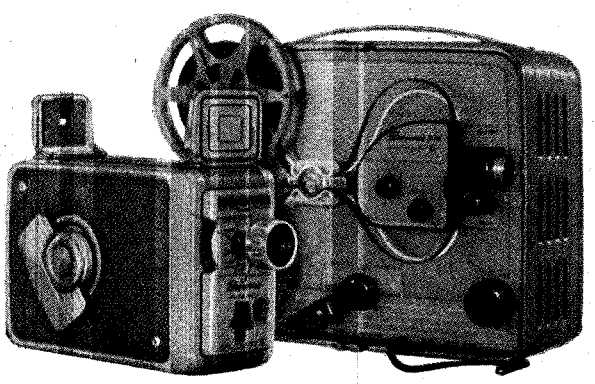
Easiest-to-use 35mm camera—Kodak Pony II has only one exposure setting to make, and built-in guide tells how. No-thread loading. With bulbs, batteries, pocket flasholder, film, viewer, **$39.95**



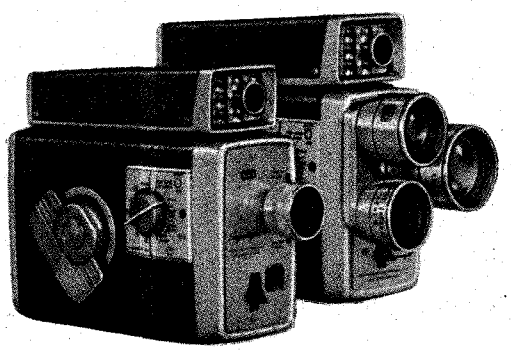
Simplifies 35mm color slides—Kodak Pony IV Camera has new system that tells proper exposure at a glance; no-thread loading; fast *f*/3.5 lens. With case, flasholder, slide viewer, bulbs, **$59.95**



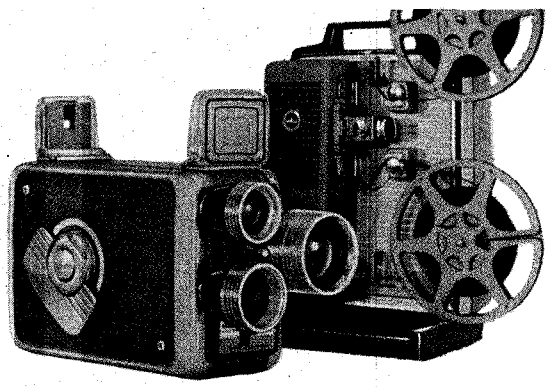
To shoot and show 35mm color slides—Kodak Signet 50 Camera has easy-to-use exposure meter, *f*/2.8 lens, quick drop-in loading. With flasholder, two reflectors, **$82.50.** Kodak 300 Projector **$64.50**



Movies for color and action—Brownie Movie Camera with fast *f*/2.3 lens shoots 8mm color movies. Brownie 300 Movie Projector **($64.95)** shows them up to 3 feet wide. Complete outfit **$97.45**



New! Scopesight Brownie Movie Cameras have built-in exposure meter; pointer in viewfinder automatically shows when exposure is correct. *f*/1.9 single-lens, **$79.50.** *f*/1.9 turret **$99.50**



Get 3 movie views—regular, wide-angle, and telephoto—with Brownie Movie Camera, Turret *f*/2.3. **$59.50.** 750-watt Kodak Showtime 8 Projector with built-in dry splicer **$174.50**

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW
Remington
POWER DRILL
GIFT KITS

One of these gift kits featuring Remington's Model 149DL de luxe ¼" drill—unmatched in its price class for power and styling—is right to give or receive this Christmas.

K-2. Drill and 9 high-speed drill bits...only $32.45.*

K-3. Drill with rubber backing pad, adapter, polishing bonnet, sanding discs plus 9 high-speed drill bits . . . only $34.45.*

K-4. Drill and jig-saw attachment... only $49.90.*

See these fine kits at your dealer's now. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut—famous DU PONT for quality since 1816.

*Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Speedry magic marker®
patented
CHRISTMAS IDEAS

FASCINATING CHRISTMAS IDEAS* YOU CAN USE.

CHRISTMAS CARDS & DECORATIONS
with that personal touch mean so much...and they're *easy* to make with colorful MAGIC MARKERS.

Write–Sketch–Draw–Color *On Any Surface or Material*

WATERPROOF

The Original INSTANT DRY Marker with "NO LOOSE INK"

*Free! Pick up your free "Christmas Ideas" booklet at a nearby Stationery, Variety, Hardware or Art Supply Store. Or, write:

SPEEDRY PRODUCTS, INC.
Dept. SP-6 RICHMOND HILL 18, N.Y.

The Case of the Greedy Grandpa

(Continued from Page 43)

"Now, when you identified the defendant, you pointed a finger and said that the woman you had seen was the defendant at whom you were pointing. Now, that identification had been carefully rehearsed, hadn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"You had been talking with the deputy district attorney, Manley Marshall, about how you were to make that identification, and he told you, 'Now, when I ask you if you can see that woman in the courtroom, you are to point at the defendant. Just point right straight at her and say, "That's the woman, sitting right there."' Didn't he say that?"

"Well, he told me to point at her."

"And did he tell you to put some feeling in your voice?"

"No, sir. He did not."

"Didn't anyone tell you to put some feeling in your voice and be dramatic and say, 'That's the woman, sitting right there,' or words to that effect?"

"You asked me if Mr. Marshall had said that."

"Oh, it was someone else that told you that?"

"Well, someone else told me to put some feeling in my voice when I said it; to make it dramatic, was the way he expressed it."

"And who was that?"

"Mr. Hamilton Burger, the district attorney. He told me this was the dramatic highlight of the trial and that I had to be dramatic about it."

Mason smiled. "That," he said, "is all."

"No questions," Hamilton Burger said, his face flushed an angry red.

The witness left the stand.

"I will now call Barton Jennings to the stand," Hamilton Burger said.

Barton Jennings, still using his cane, came forward, took the oath, and settled back in the witness chair, his stiff leg out in front of him. His hands clasped the head of the cane.

Hamilton Burger examined the witness and brought out the story from the time he had met Norda Allison at the airport to the time they had gone home. He got the witness to tell about Norda Allison and Perry Mason coming to the house, of Norda Allison's claim that she had seen the printing press in the storeroom. He had Barton Jennings identify the gun, and the witness testified that it was usually kept in the drawer of a dresser in the guest bedroom which was occupied that night by Norda Allison.

"Cross-examine," Hamilton Burger said to Mason.

Mason arose to stand in front of the witness. "I'm going to ask a few questions, Mr. Jennings," he said. "The answers to some of these questions may prove to be embarrassing, but I want to clear up certain matters. Now, your wife had been married to Mervin Selkirk, the decedent?"

"Yes, sir."

"And there was a child, the issue of said marriage, Robert Selkirk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Robert lived with you and your wife from time to time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Robert Selkirk was staying with you the night of the seventeenth and the morning of the eighteenth?"

"Yes, sir."

"You drove him away early on the morning of the eighteenth?"

"I took him away. Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"He was going to a gathering of young people."

"But he didn't go?"

"No."

"Why?"

"The dramatic events of the day made it inadvisable for him to go."

"But you didn't know that Mervin Selkirk was dead until quite a bit later than that, did you?"

"Later than what?"

"Later than when you took Robert away from your house."

"No, sir, I didn't."

"The young people were to rendezvous at about eleven o'clock?"

"I thought they were supposed to be there at seven o'clock. I now understand they didn't leave until eleven."

"What time was it when you took Robert away?"

"It was—quite early. I don't know. I didn't look at my watch."

"And where did you take him?"

"I object," Hamilton Burger said. "I have carefully refrained from asking this witness questions about Robert Selkirk, and counsel has no right to cross-examine him on that subject. The question is not proper cross-examination. It is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

"I think I will permit this question," Judge Kent said. "You may answer. Where did you take Robert?"

"To a friend."

"A friend of his or a friend of yours?" Mason asked.

"Both."

"Now why did you take him away that early in the morning?" Mason asked.

"Because—well, frankly, Mr. Mason, an action was to be brought and the object of that action was to get the sole custody of Robert—that is, my wife wanted to have his sole custody. Miss Allison, the defendant in this case, was going to testify as a witness; at least we hoped she would. I didn't want Robert to know anything about what was being planned until after the plans had been made. I didn't want him to hear the discussion."

"And that's your best explanation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know when you took Robert away that he claimed he had discharged a gun during the night?"

"Objected to," Hamilton Burger said, "as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, as calling for hearsay testimony, and as not proper cross-examination."

"In the present form of the question I will sustain the objection," Judge Kent said.

"Did you take him away," Mason said, "because he had claimed that he had fired a shot during the night?"

"Same objection," Hamilton Burger said.

Judge Kent shook his head. "The question in its present form is permissible."

"All right," Barton Jennings said defiantly. "That may have entered into it."

"When did you first know that he claimed he had fired a shot during the night?"

"Objected to, not proper cross-examination, incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," Burger said.

Judge Kent stroked the angle of his jaw, ran his hand around the back of his neck, rubbed the palm back and forth a few times and looked at Mason. "Aside from the technical rules of evidence, Mr. Mason," he said, "you must realize that the court and counsel have certain responsibilities. Your questions and the answers of the witness will doubtless be given some prominence in the press, and the court feels that the examination of the witness along these lines should be restricted to the legal issues, regardless of the technical rules of evidence."

"I am fully aware of that, if the court please. But I am representing a client who is charged with murder. I am going to protect her interests. I can assure the court that I am not merely asking questions for the purpose of clouding the issues. I have a very definite objective, which the court will see within a short time."

"Very well," Judge Kent said. "I am going to overrule the objection. The witness may answer the question."

Barton Jennings said, "I guess it was about midnight, something like that, that Robert came crying into the house. He said that he had had a bad dream and he had fired a shot."

"Did he say he had had a bad dream?"

"Well, from what he told me I certainly understood it was a bad dream."

"He thought someone had been in the tent?"

"He thought someone had been in the tent, groping along the bed. He had been awake at the time and it seems that this gun had been under his pillow."

"What gun?"

"The gun that has been introduced in evidence, the Colt Woodsman, the twenty-two automatic."

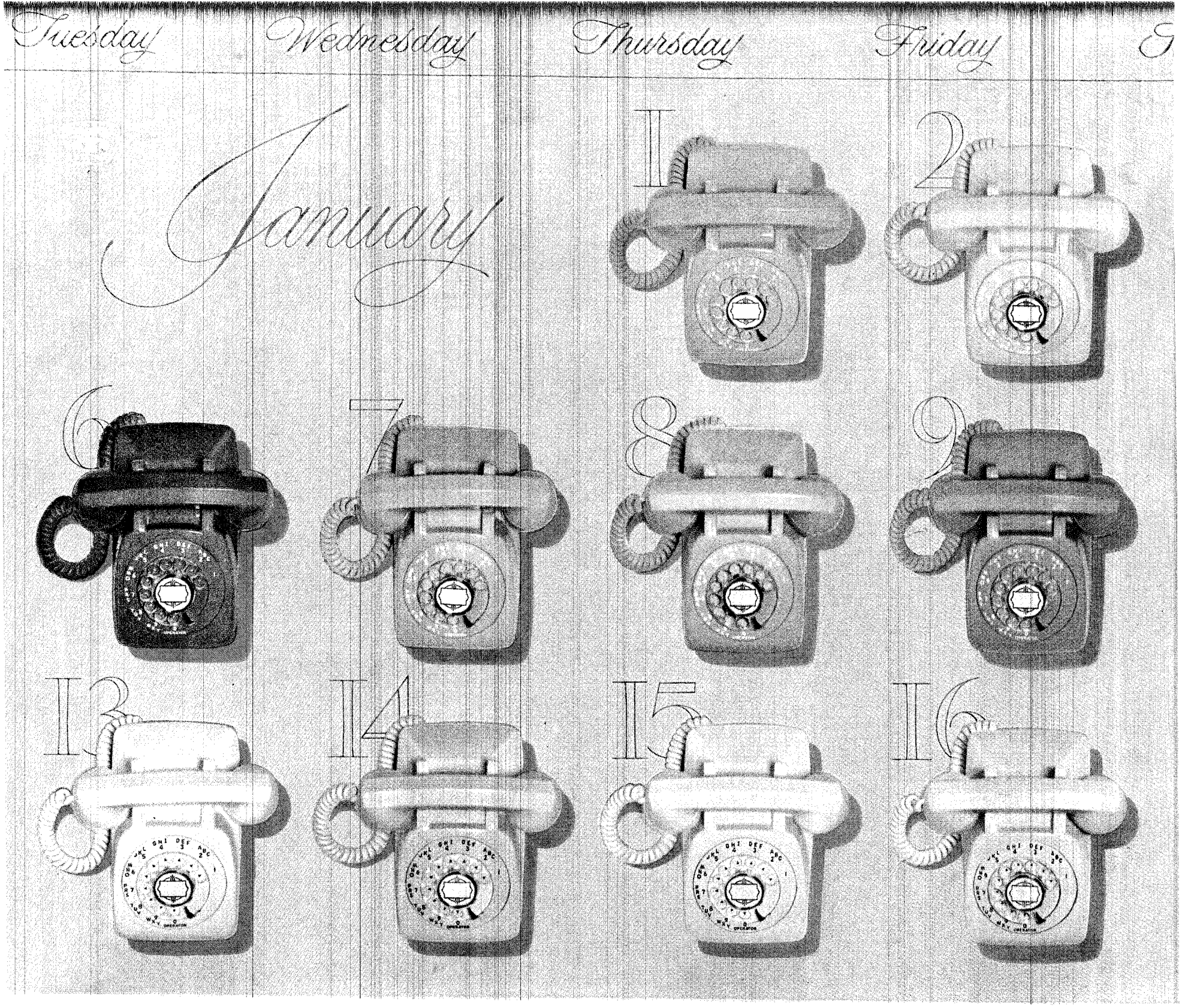
"And he had pulled the trigger?"

"He had, as he expressed it, 'played possum.' He was lying quietly and pretending to be asleep. He heard someone prowling around (*Continued on Page 60*)

"Care for a peanut?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



10 good reasons *why it looks like a bright New Year for America's second largest telephone system!*

Ring out the old, ring in the new! That's what General Telephone does every day. As fast as we can, we are providing our subscribers with the very latest telephone service and equipment.

For example, we offer phones in a full range of colors—10 in all. One to match any room.

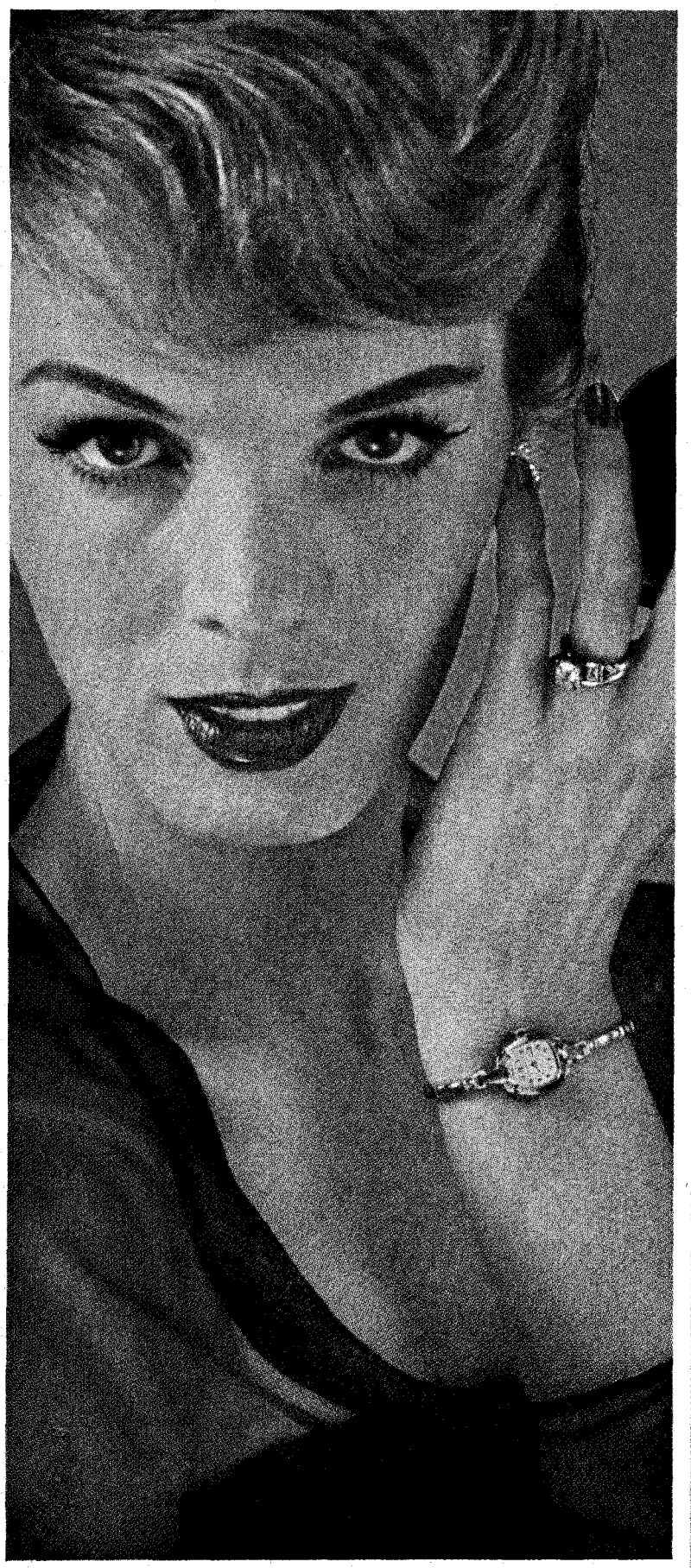
In other ways, large and small, we are working to make the telephone an even more convenient and economical "necessity" of modern life. Each month alone Gen Tel is installing 15,000 new phones and investing almost $16 million in new construction.

True, we are building fast. But we are building with stability, too. Our operating areas extend across 30 states; our manufacturing companies supply a wide range of industries.

In short, from where we stand the future seems to promise many happy new years.

General Telephone Corporation, 260 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



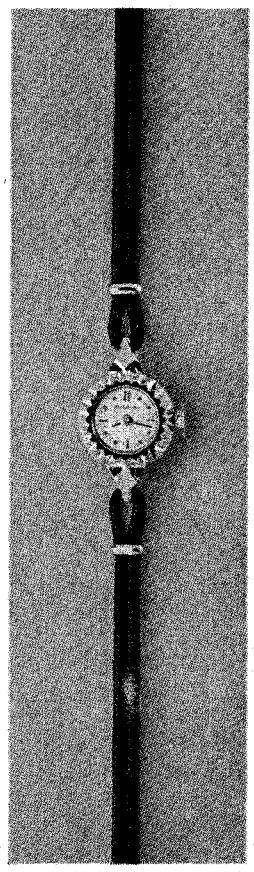
If she's all yours
and all woman

GIVE BULOVA

New 17-jewel Goddess of Time. Watch and bracelet flow together as one. $39.75

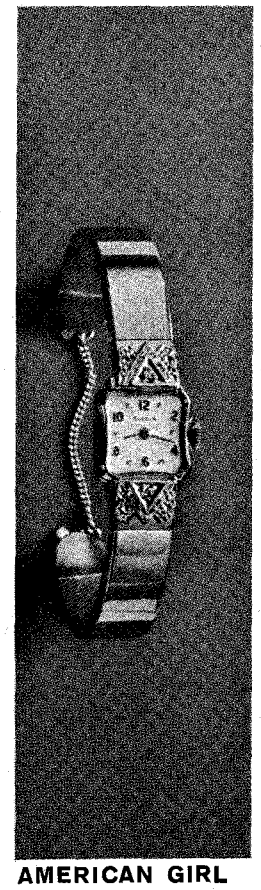
Give her shimmering golden beauty that curves around her wrist. Give her glamour, give her enchantment, give her the fire of diamonds. But know, too, that within each Bulova, the polished, glittering watch parts are set with lifetime working jewels to give them unfailing accuracy. That's why few gifts are as treasured as a Bulova. There's an elaborate choice at your authorized Bulova jeweler's; this Christmas give that Bulova difference. You can pay as much or as little as you choose: from $29.75 to $2500.

Dress her in gold—
she's worth it



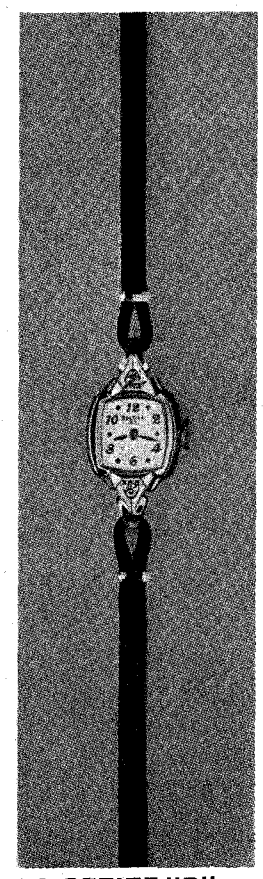
BALLERINA
17 jewels. 14K gold. $85
Also in white.

Give her
a bracelet as
well as a watch



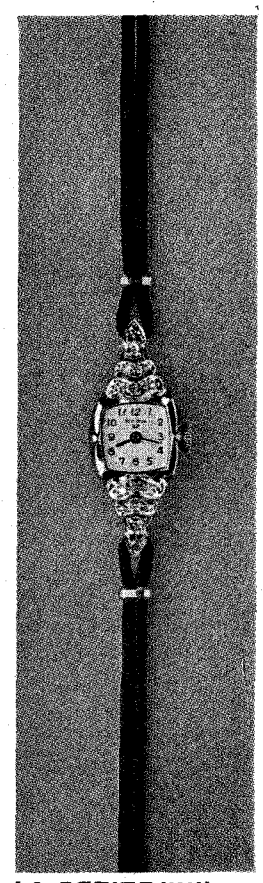
AMERICAN GIRL
21 jewels. 2 diamonds.
Also in white. $100

Deck her in
diamonds—
she's a dream



LA PETITE "B"
23 jewels. 2 diamonds.
Also in white. $59.50

She's more of
a dream—
twelve diamonds

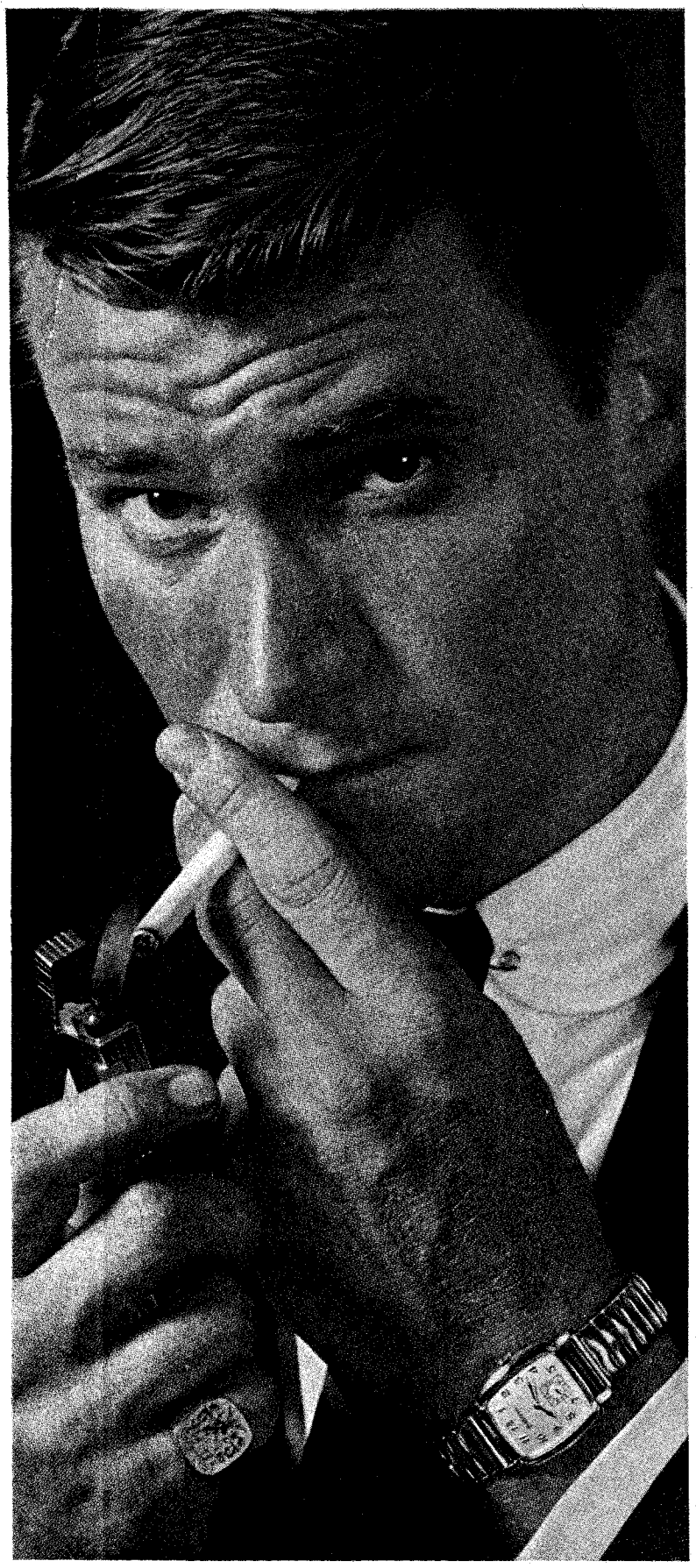


LA PETITE "N"
23 jewels. 12 diamonds.
Also in yellow.
14K gold. $135

LOOK FOR THAT BULOVA DIFFERENCE

All prices include Federal Tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He's wearing the 17-jewel Senator. $35.75

If he's all yours
and all man

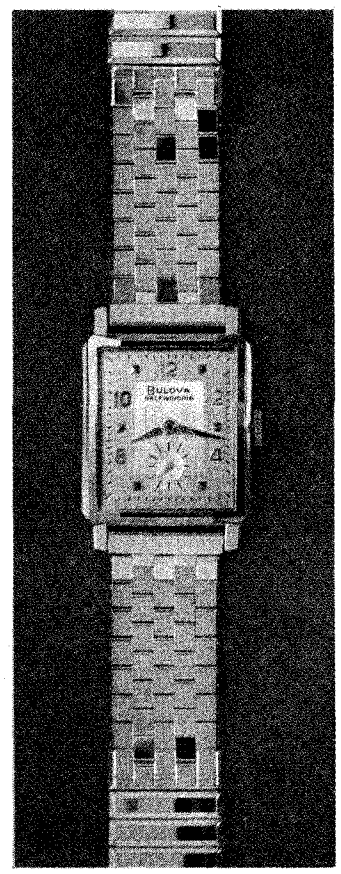
GIVE
BULOVA

Always, in every Bulova, a striking difference—a Bulova difference. Sometimes in the wafer-thin case. Sometimes in a heroic collection of features that makes the watch resist shock, dust, storms, water, sometimes in a smart, new band—an unusual dial—a distinctive appearance. And minute after minute, day after day, year after year—flawless Bulova performance. The price range is from $29.75 to $2500. Choose from the Christmas collection at your authorized Bulova jeweler's.

Miracle of thin, thin watch design

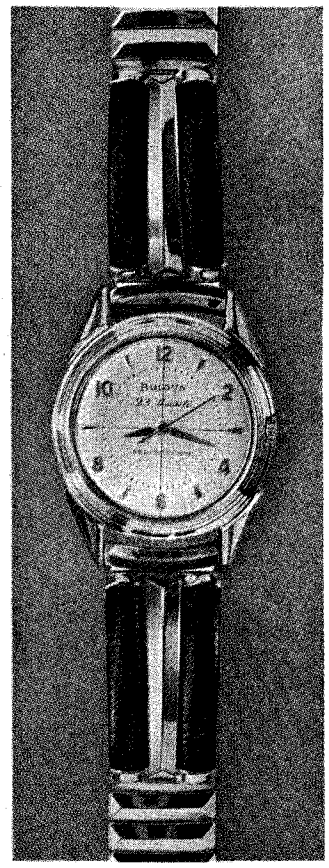
PRESIDENT
17 jewels. Tapered case.
Shock-resistant. $49.50
Also with charcoal dial.

Dynamic watch—distinctive band



AMBASSADOR
17 jewels. Self-winding.
Shock-resistant. $75
Also in white.

The watch that has everything



BULOVA "23"
23 jewels. Self-winding.
Waterproof*.
Shock-resistant. Anti-magnetic.
Sweep second hand. $95

LOOK FOR THAT BULOVA DIFFERENCE

*When case, crystal, and crown are intact. Certified waterproof by U. S. Testing Co., Inc.

All prices include Federal Tax. ©1958, Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 56*) the outside of the tent, or thought he did, and then he dreamt that this person entered the tent, and in some kind of a paroxysm of nervous nightmare he thought that he had discharged the weapon."

"You say that was a nightmare?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know he didn't discharge the weapon?"

"Because it was unloaded and because I examined it and it gave no indication of having been fired. The weapon was empty when it was given to Robert."

"Who gave it to him?"

"I did, but I desire to explain that answer."

"Go ahead," Judge Kent said, "explain it."

"I had found out very shortly before that date that one of the baby sitters who had been employed to sit with Robert had been letting him use or play with this empty gun. I hadn't found that out until just the day before the seventeenth. I think it was the evening of the sixteenth that I found that out."

"How did you find it out?"

"Robert told me."

"And how did you happen to let him take the weapon on the night of the seventeenth and eighteenth?"

"We had to go to the airport to meet the defendant in the case. We expected to be gone only a very short time. I telephoned the agency which usually supplies us with baby sitters, and it was impossible for either of our regular baby sitters to come that night. They were both engaged. Robert is very nervous and didn't want to be with a strange baby sitter. He is, in many ways, a very mature young man. I explained the situation to him. I told him he would be perfectly safe out there in his tent on the patio, and he said that it would be quite all right to leave him, provided he could have this gun under his pillow. It gave him a sense of security. In view of the fact that I had found out that he had been playing with the weapon, I made certain the gun was unloaded and let him have it."

"You yourself made certain that the gun was unloaded?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"Now then," Mason said, "when did you next see the gun?"

"Robert brought it in to his mother after the nightmare."

"And did you try to quiet him?"

"She did."

"Did he return to bed?"

"He was a little man. His mother offered to let him sleep in with us, but after he had become fully awakened he realized that he had probably had a nightmare, and he wanted to go back into the tent and go to sleep. As he expressed it, he wanted to be a 'real scout.'"

"And he did that?"

"Yes."

"And the weapon?"

"I retained it."

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it on the hall table, intending to take it to its regular place in the bedroom after Miss Allison had left the room. She was sleeping there that night."

"You left it on a stand in the hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you at any time tamper with the barrel? Did you run a rattail file or any other instrument through the barrel?"

"No, sir."

"Did you load the weapon?"

"I didn't load it. I will state this, however, Mr. Mason: When I gave the gun to Robert I simply slipped the loaded clip out of the gun and let Robert have it."

"How about the barrel? Do you know whether there was a shell in the barrel?"

"I told you, Mr. Mason, that I unloaded the gun."

"You mean by that, that you worked the mechanism so as to be sure there was no shell in the gun?"

"Yes, sir."

"And where was the gun the next time you saw it?"

"Under the pillow of the bed which had been occupied by the defendant."

"You were up rather early the morning of the eighteenth?"

"Yes, sir. I thought it advisable to take Robert away from the house. I have explained the reason for that."

"Now about washing the blood that was on the front lawn," Mason said. "What can you tell us about that?"

"That is objected to," Hamilton Burger said, "as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. It is not proper cross-examination. I didn't ask this witness a thing about his activities in regard to a blood trail or anything that was on the lawn."

"The court will overrule the objection," Judge Kent said. "This is a very interesting development in the case and the court wants to go into it. . . . Answer the question, Mr. Jennings."

"There was no blood trail," Jennings said.

"Didn't you get up early and wash the lawn?"

"I got up early. I took Robert to a friend. I came back, and no one seemed to be up in the house, so I took a hose and watered the lawn."

"And weren't you washing away a trail of blood?"

"Very definitely not."

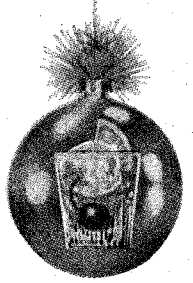
"Did you notice any reddish tinge to the water which floated across the side-

DuBouchett Cordials

(say doo-boo-shay)

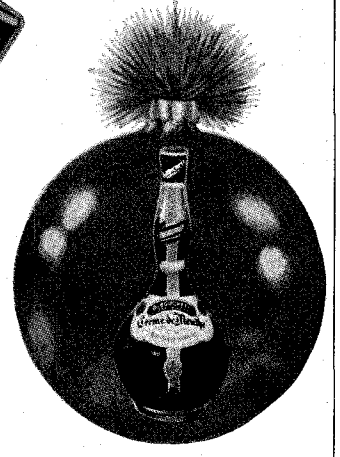
Bright idea for the holidays . . .
light up the season's giving and living
with famous DuBouchett Cordials.
27 delicious flavors!

A traditional straight favorite. Superlative as a hot toddy! 70 proof



Serve straight or as Alexander cocktail. Luscious topping for ice cream! 60 proof

70 proof



Delightful straight drink. With crushed ice, makes a delectable frappe! 60 proof

For your holiday pleasure: Now in distinctive gift decanters with handsome carton. Full fifth, no extra cost!

MANY, BLANC & CO., SCHENLEY, PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

walk and into the gutter while you were watering the lawn?"

"No, sir."

"Notice any red stains of blood in the gutter?"

"No, sir."

"Or at the curb?"

"No, sir."

"I notice that you are using a cane," Mason said.

"Yes, sir. I have trouble with my right knee."

"I take it you have consulted a physician?"

"Certainly."

"Can you give me the name of any physician you consulted recently?"

"I haven't been to a physician recently—not about this."

"If the court please," Hamilton Burger said, "I think this examination is getting far, far afield. I see no possible connection between this physical infirmity and the issues in this case."

"I do," Mason said. "I'd like to have the question answered."

"What is the connection, Mr. Mason?" Judge Kent asked.

"The connection is simply this," Mason said: "Barton Jennings went to the tent where Robert was sleeping. He listened in the doorway of the tent. Robert was feigning sleep. This witness thought Robert was fully asleep. He tiptoed into the tent, intending to get the weapon out from under Robert's pillow.

There's nothing like a living doll to bring out the Santa Claus in men.

CY N. PEACE

He didn't speak as he entered the tent. Robert was frightened, and in an ecstasy of terror, pointed the gun and pulled the trigger. There was one bullet in the barrel. That bullet penetrated Barton Jennings' leg. Barton Jennings hurried out of the tent and across the lawn to the curb. He left a trail of blood. Somewhere out on the curb, or perhaps in a car, he managed to bandage his leg and stop the flow of blood. He has, I believe, been afraid to go to a doctor, for fear that the doctor would be forced to report the gunshot wound. I have every reason to believe that the twenty-two bullet is still in his leg, embedded either in the knee or in the fleshy part of the leg. I believe that if that bullet is extracted and the ballistics experts check the striations, it will be readily apparent that that bullet was fired from the same weapon which killed Mervin Selkirk. That is the reason for my entire line of examination."

"Your honor! Your honor!" Hamilton Burger shouted, jumping to his feet, gesticulating angrily, "this is the plainest kind of grandstanding! This is the same old rigmarole, the same fourflushing tactics which counsel has employed in so many cases. This is a story which is made up out of whole cloth, something that has absolutely no support anywhere in the evidence."

"If you're so certain of that," Mason said, "let the witness pull up his trousers leg and let's look at that knee of his. Let's let the court see the nature of the injury."

Barton Jennings, on the stand, said quietly, "Take a look if you want to." He pulled up his trousers leg.

Judge Kent leaned forward. "There's no sign of a bullet wound or any other wound in that leg, Mr. Mason. The knee is swollen, but there is no sign of a wound."

Hamilton Burger threw back his head and laughed. Spectators echoed the district attorney's laughter.

Judge Kent, angered, shouted, "Order! Order or I'll clear the courtroom!" He turned to Perry Mason, who seemed as calmly serene as if nothing had happened. "Is that all, Mr. Mason?"

"No, your honor," Mason said. He turned to the witness. "I believe you own a very large dog. A great Dane."

"Yes, sir."

"That Dane was on the premises on the night of the seventeenth?"

"He was."

"What is his name?"

"Rover."

"Was he on the premises on the morning of the eighteenth?"

"No, sir, he was not."

"What happened to him?"

Barton Jennings shifted his position on the witness stand. "I have rather inquisitive neighbors. I wanted it to appear that I had taken Robert to this expedition on which he was to depart, and that I had taken Rover with him. Since, however, I was actually taking Robert to the apartment of Grace Hallum, I made other arrangements for the dog."

"What other arrangements?" Mason asked.

"I don't think I need to answer that question," Jennings said.

"If the court please," Hamilton Burger said, "this is all going very far afield. Surely what this witness did with his dog is not proper cross-examination and is not a part of the issues in this case."

"I think I will sustain that objection," Judge Kent said.

THE ZENITH "CITATION" HEARING AID

gives you natural fit...plus the quality of living sound!

Slimmer . . . Trimmer . . . Naturally More Comfortable to Wear! You get the advantages of a custom fit with the attractive new Zenith "Citation" —latest improvement in eyeglass hearing aids.* It's another superbly performing *living sound* hearing aid . . . quality product of electronics leadership from the famous makers of Zenith TV, Stereophonic Hi-Fi and Radio.

New *Custom-Contoured* temple bars on the "Citation" are adjustable to your own individual head shape... fit snugly but lightly behind the ears for greater wearing comfort, better appearance. Interchangeable for use with most sunglass frames or other eyeglasses. Only $210.00.

See it at your Zenith dealer, listed in the "Yellow Pages." Or phone him for a home demonstration.

ONLY ZENITH OFFERS YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

• Ten-day money-back guarantee • 1-Yr. warranty • Five-year after-purchase protection plan • Demonstration and adjustment by competent dealers • A model for every type of electronically correctable hearing loss

*Lenses, frame fronts, and related professional services in connection with all Zenith Eyeglass Hearing Aids are extra, and available only through your ophthalmologist, optometrist, or optician.

ZENITH "LIVING SOUND" HEARING AIDS

---How much do you know about your hearing?---

FREE Hearing Facts! Is there something you'd like to know about *your* hearing difficulty? Read *Better Hearing,* the informative magazine for the hard-of-hearing. For one year's free subscription, descriptive literature, and dealer list, send to:

Zenith Radio Corporation, Hearing Aid Div.
5801 Dickens Ave., Dept. 1ZB, Chicago 39, Ill.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Did you," Mason asked, "notice a pool of blood by the curb on the morning of the eighteenth?"

"I have told you I did not."

Mason said, "I show you a morning newspaper which indicates that it has been sprinkled with a reddish liquid."

"Yes, sir."

"Now then," Mason said, "I will state to the court and counsel that I expect to prove this liquid is a mixture of water and blood, and I now expect to be able to show by a precipitin test that this is dog blood. Now I am going to ask you if it isn't a fact that Robert actually did fire that weapon on the night of the seventeenth or the early morning of the eighteenth, if the bullet didn't hit your dog, Rover, and if Rover didn't lose large quantities of blood. I am going to ask you if you hadn't left your car parked at the curb and if you didn't take the bleeding Rover to your car, wrap him in a blanket so the blood wouldn't get on the car, and drive him hurriedly to a veterinarian."

Jennings again shifted his position. "I am not going to answer that question."

"The same objection," Hamilton Burger said. "This is getting at the same matter in a slightly different form of questioning. The court has already ruled on it."

"Well, the court is going to reverse its ruling," Judge Kent said. "The question as it is now framed by counsel certainly indicates a situation which should be inquired into and which may well be pertinent to the issues in this case. The witness will answer the question."

Jennings gave every evidence of uneasiness. "I found my dog had been hurt," he said. "I took him to a veterinarian."

"What veterinarian?" Mason asked.

"Doctor Canfield," Jennings said sullenly.

"At what time did you take him there?"

"About one o'clock in the morning, I guess."

"Now," Mason said, "let us assume for the sake of this question that young Robert woke up from a sound sleep, that he was startled, that he thought someone was about to attack him, that he had this weapon under his pillow and that the weapon in some manner had become loaded. He raised the weapon and pulled the trigger. He could very well have shot this dog, Rover, couldn't he?"

"I suppose he could have. I don't know. I found Rover bleeding. He evidently had been injured. I didn't know whether he'd been struck by an automobile or what had happened, so I took him to a veterinarian."

"And did the veterinarian work on the dog?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the veterinarian tell you what was wrong with the dog?"

"I don't know. I didn't wait to find out. I left the dog, told the veterinarian to do whatever was required and then returned home."

"Have you seen the dog since?"

Again Jennings hesitated, then said, "Yes, the dog is recovering."

"From a bullet wound?"

"I have not asked."

"Have you been informed?"

"I told the veterinarian I didn't care about the details; all I wanted was for the dog to get well."

"If the court please," Mason said, "an X ray can determine if a bullet is somewhere in the dog's body. If the bullet was fired from the same gun which killed Mervin Selkirk, the bullets will have the same characteristics. It can, therefore, be determined that the bullet which killed Mervin Selkirk was fired from the Jennings gun, despite the fact that the barrel has been mutilated so that it is impossible to get the characteristics of that barrel with a test bullet."

Jennings moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue. Hamilton Burger started to say something, then changed his mind.

"Now then," Mason went on, "Robert told you of the thing which you considered a dream, that a man was entering the tent?"

"Yes."

"But at that time the dog was there; that was before you had taken the dog to the veterinarian?"

"Yes."

"And that dog was a trained watchdog?"

"Yes."

"He would have guarded Robert with his life?"

"Yes."

"But the dog made no noise?"

"No. That's how I knew it was just a dream that Robert had," Barton Jennings said triumphantly.

"Yes," Mason said, "it could have been a dream or it could have been that the man who was entering the tent was one that the dog trusted. Suppose you yourself had decided you wanted that gun, Mr. Jennings. Suppose you went to the tent and listened. You heard Robert apparently sleeping peacefully, so you tiptoed your way into the tent without speaking, hoping to reach under his pillow and get the gun, and then suddenly there was the roar of an explosion. You heard the bullet hit the body of the dog; the dog ran from the tent and you ran after him. You saw that the dog was bleeding quite badly. You had left your car with the license number JYJ one-one-three parked at the curb. You hurriedly wrapped a blanket around the dog and rushed him to the veterinarian. Then you returned to the house, parked your car in front of the house and entered, to have your wife tell you about the story Robert had told of firing the gun."

"It didn't happen that way. I was asleep. I didn't hear about Robert's dream until much later."

"Tut-tut," Mason said. "A neighbor remembers hearing the sound of a shot at twelve-thirty-five on the morning of the eighteenth. You admit that you took the dog to Doctor Canfield, the veterinarian. We will check Doctor Canfield's records and I think we will find that those records show you arrived at his place with the wounded dog prior to one o'clock in the morning."

"Well, what if I did?"

"Then you couldn't have been asleep while Robert was relating his dream," Mason said.

"All right," Barton Jennings said, "I wasn't asleep. I had taken the dog to the veterinarian just as you suggest."

"You were wakened by the shot?"

Jennings hesitated, then said, "Yes, I was wakened by the shot."

"And dressed?"

"Yes."

"And then went out to the tent to see what had caused the shot?"

"No, I went to the wounded dog."

"And where was the wounded dog?"

"Lying by the car."

Mason smiled and shook his head. "You're wrong, Jennings. The wounded dog wouldn't have gone to the car unless you had taken him to the car. The wounded dog would have gone to the house, looking for help. The fact that the dog went directly to the car and that there was a trail of blood on the lawn leading to the car indicates that you were with the dog at the time he was shot."

"That question is argumentative, if the court please," Hamilton Burger said.

"It may be argumentative, but its logic is so forceful that the court will take judicial cognizance of it," Judge Kent said. He leaned forward. "Mr. Jennings."

"Yes, your honor."

"Look at me."

The witness turned to look at the court.

"You have already contradicted yourself upon two or three vital points. Those contradictions when a person is under oath constitute perjury, and perjury is punishable by imprisonment. Now I want to know what happened. Did you take the dog to the car after the dog was shot?"

Jennings hesitated, looked down at his feet, looked at Hamilton Burger, then hastily avoided his eyes, turned to Perry Mason, found no comfort there, and remained silent with his eyes downcast.

"Did you?" Judge Kent asked.

"Yes," Barton Jennings said after a moment.

"In other words," Mason said, "you went out to the tent to get that gun from under Robert's pillow, didn't you?"

"Well—all right, I did."

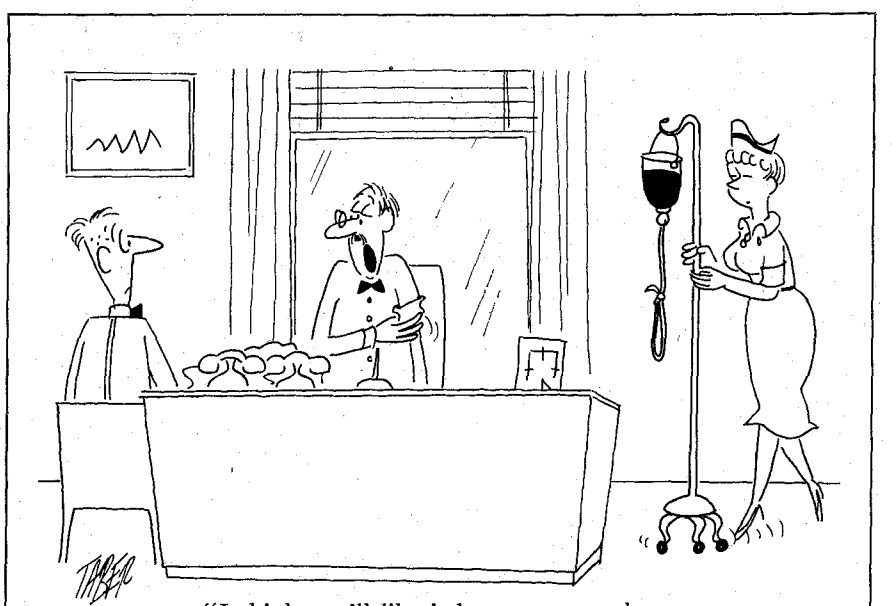
"You listened at the tent and heard Robert breathing regularly and thought he was sleeping?"

"Yes."

"You didn't realize until afterward that Robert, not recognizing you and utterly terrified, was feigning sleep, but had the gun in his hand?"

"I guess so, yes."

"So you entered the tent with the dog either at your heels or just in front of you. You reached out toward the pillow, and it was then that Robert shot."



"I think you'll like it here once you become accustomed to the office pressure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All right."

"And you heard the bullet hit the dog; you turned and raced out of the tent and saw that the dog was injured. You remembered that your automobile was parked there at the curb, and you raced toward the automobile with the dog following you. You were afraid that Robert might shoot again."

"I knew he couldn't shoot again because I had the magazine clip out of the gun. I evidently had forgotten to unload the barrel. There was one bullet in the barrel, and that was the one Robert fired."

"All right," Mason said. "But you raced to the automobile and the dog followed you. While you were getting the door of the automobile open, the dog stood there and there was a pool of blood at the curb where he stood. Then you wrapped the dog in a blanket, got him into the automobile and hurried to the veterinarian. You left the dog and then returned as fast as you could to your home. You found your wife had comforted Robert and had put him back to bed. Your wife had told Robert that you were sleeping in the bedroom, but actually she knew better."

Jennings was silent.

"Is that what happened?" Mason asked.

"Yes," Jennings said, "that's what happened."

"So then," Mason said, "you took the gun which your wife had taken from Robert. What did you do with it?"

"I—I put it on the hall stand and went back to bed."

"And when you put it on the hall stand you put the clip of ammunition back in the gun?"

"I guess I must have."

"And then went to bed?"

"Yes."

"And you believe that sometime during the night the defendant got up, left her bedroom, went down to the hall stand, got the gun, went out to the car which you had left parked at the curb, drove out to the San Sebastian Country Club and killed Mervin Selkirk?"

"She must have. There's no other explanation. The evidence shows she did."

"How did she know that Mervin Selkirk was to be at the San Sebastian Country Club?"

"I don't know."

"How did she know that your car was left at the curb with the key in it?"

"She saw me park the car there."

"And leave the key in it?"

"I don't know; I may have."

"And who used a rattail file to roughen up the barrel of the gun so that the ballistics experts could not tell what gun had fired the fatal bullet?"

"I presume she did."

"Why?"

"So that the gun couldn't be traced to her."

"Then, having done that, she deliberately left the gun under the pillow of the bed where she had been sleeping?"

"She probably did that inadvertently."

Mason smiled and shook his head. "The gun was registered in your name, Mr. Jennings. You were the one who would be more interested than anyone in making it impossible for the fatal bullet to be traced."

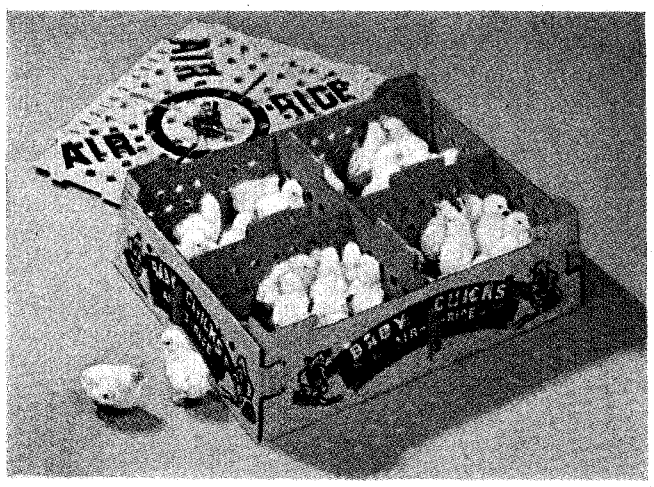
Jennings said nothing.

"Now, when your dog was shot at about twelve-thirty-five in the morning of the eighteenth, the barrel of the gun hadn't been tampered with, had it?"

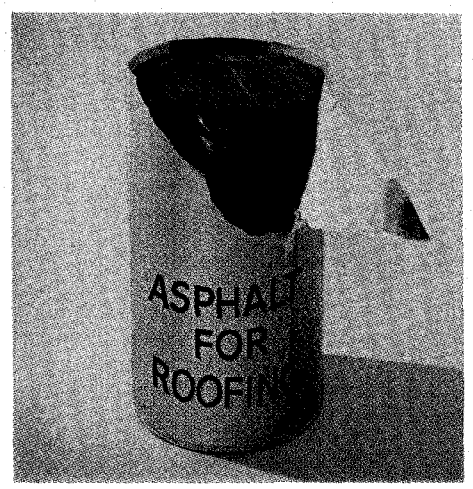
"No."

"Then, if the bullet is still in the dog, that bullet can be recovered by a surgical operation and the individual characteristics of the barrel of your gun can be determined just the same as though a test bullet had been (*Continued on Page 64*)

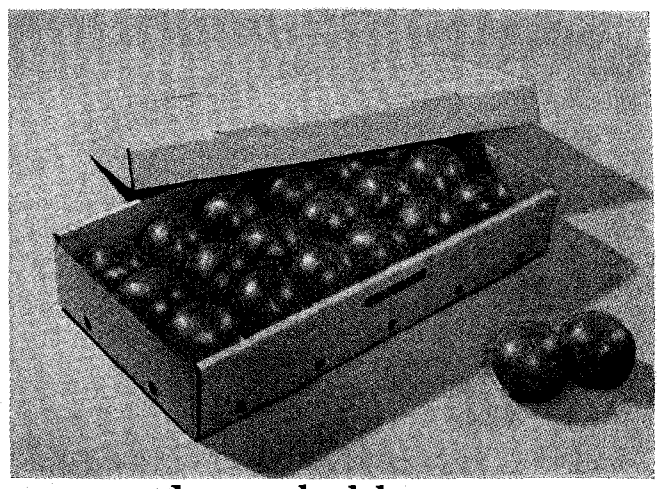
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



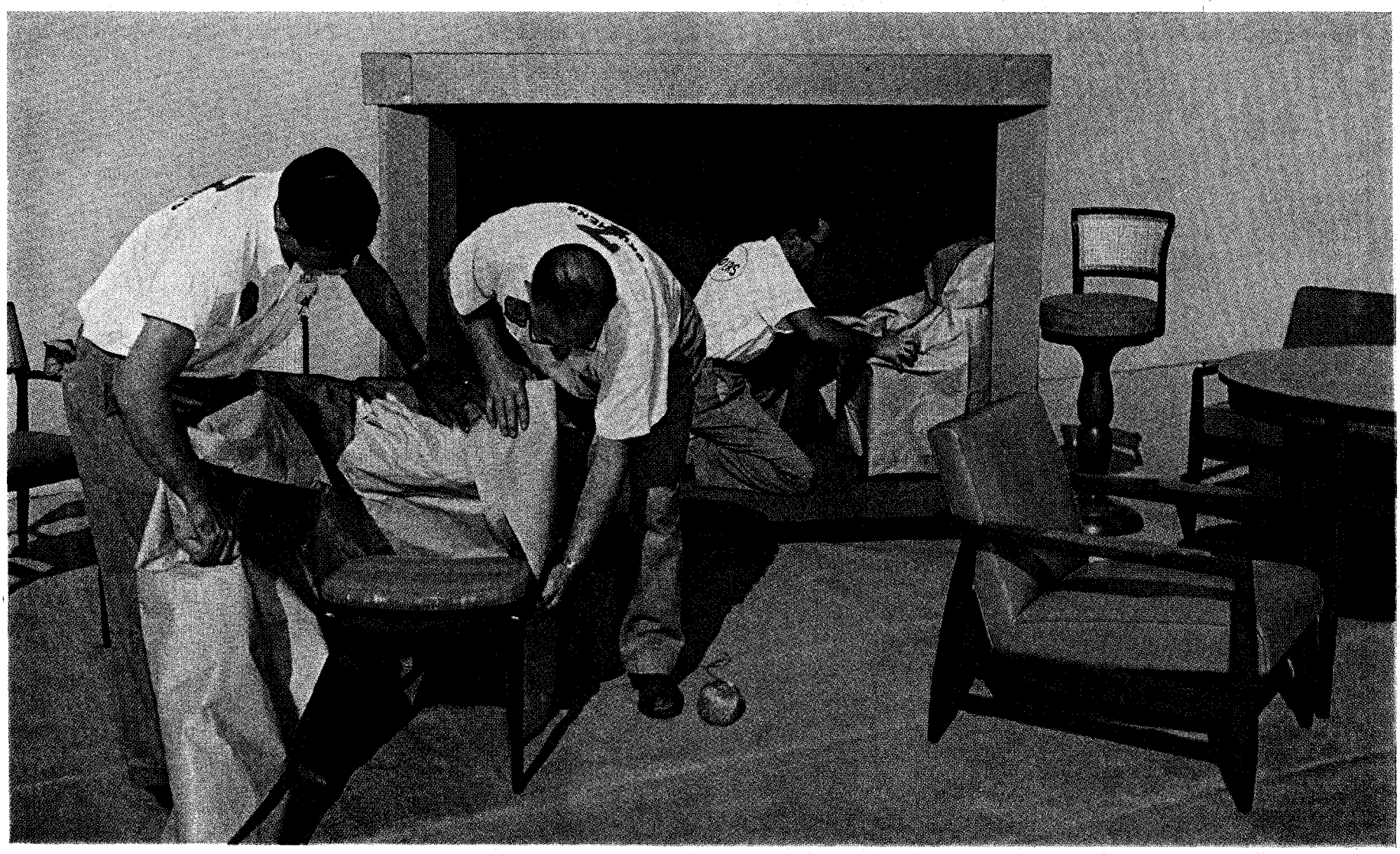
Alive and fragile . . .



hot and heavy . . .



ripe and perishable . . .



Even a roomful of furniture is boxed...sent air-freight... through the versatility of Owens-Illinois paper products

There seems to be no limit to the variety of products for which Owens-Illinois can devise corrugated or fiber paper shipping containers.

Live chicks are flown safely across country in O-I corrugated cartons. Asphalt is delivered to roofers in disposable O-I fiber boxes, treated to peel easily from the asphalt. (At the plant, the asphalt is poured in at 375°F.) Vine-ripened tomatoes reach Northern kitchens fresh from Southern farms in sturdy ventilated shippers.

In a huge Owens-Illinois corrugated box specifically designed for that purpose, you can even ship a complete 10-piece set of living-room furniture.

To solve shipper problems with corrugated, fiber or paper-plastic boxes is the job of the Paper Products Division of Owens-Illinois. The type of research and imagination that is behind O-I paper cartons is behind all of the Owens-Illinois product family.

CONTAINER	Duraglas bottles & jars • closures plastic containers • plastic fitments corrugated & fiber paper shipping boxes multiwall bags • kraft paper for boxes
INDUSTRIAL	Kimble glass TV bulbs • glass insulators glass tubing • glass pipe • glass rod
SCIENTIFIC	Kimble laboratory glass • vials • ampuls
TABLEWARE	Libbey Safedge tumblers & stemware
BUILDING	glass block • hardwood panels & doors

PAPER PRODUCTS DIVISION
FORMERLY NATIONAL CONTAINER

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 62*) fired from it. In other words, the bullet which was fired into the dog would then become a test bullet."

"I guess so."

"And how do you know that the barrel of the gun hadn't been tampered with at the time the dog was shot?"

"I—I don't know."

"Yes, you do," Mason said. "You know because you were the one who tampered with the barrel. You were the one who used the rattail file. You were the one who knew that Mervin Selkirk was to be at the San Sebastian Country Club, and you went out there to kill him."

"I didn't do any such thing," Barton Jennings said, "and you can't prove it."

"Then," Mason asked smilingly, "why did you go out to Robert's tent at twelve-thirty-five on the morning of the eighteenth to get the gun which was under Robert's pillow?"

"Because I didn't think it was a good thing for the boy to sleep there with a gun."

"Then why didn't you get the gun before you had gone to bed?"

"I didn't think of it."

"You knew he had the gun?"

"Well, yes."

"But you didn't think of it until after you went to bed?"

"Well, it wasn't until after I went to bed that I —— Well, that's right; I got up and dressed and went out to get the gun."

"Did you waken your wife when you dressed?"

"No, she was sound asleep."

"But she wakened when she heard the shot?"

"I don't think so. She wakened when Robert came running into the house, telling the story of his nightmare."

"Or what you have characterized as his nightmare," Mason said. "Actually, Robert told exactly what had happened: that he had wakened to find a man groping his way toward his bed; that he had instinctively thrown up the gun and pulled the trigger."

Barton Jennings was silent.

"I think," Mason said, "I have no further questions of this witness."

"I have no questions on redirect examination," Hamilton Burger said. "I may state to the court that while this cross-examination has revealed many unexpected developments, the fact remains that the positive identification of the defendant speaks for itself."

"I'm not certain it does," Judge Kent said.

"I would like to ask a few more questions of Millicent Bailey on cross-examination," Mason said.

"Very well. . . . Mrs. Bailey, you may return to the witness stand," Judge Kent ruled.

"Your honor, I object," Hamilton Burger said. "This is a piecemeal cross-examination and ——"

"And it is entirely within the control of the court," Judge Kent ruled. "Recent developments have made the testimony of this witness appear in an entirely different light. . . . Return to the stand, Mrs. Bailey. . . . Mr. Mason, you may proceed with your cross-examination."

Mason said, "Mrs. Bailey, you state that you saw the defendant at around two-thirty or three on the morning of the eighteenth?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you next see her?"

"On the morning of the nineteenth, at about ten o'clock."

"Where did you see her?"

"I picked her out of a line-up at police headquarters."

"Now that was the next time you had seen the defendant?"

"Yes."

"You hadn't seen her after that time when you saw her in the morning at about two-thirty or three, or somewhere in there?"

"Well, I—I had had a glimpse of her."

"Oh, you had had a glimpse of her? Where was that?"

"I saw her when she was being escorted into the show-up box."

"Were there any other people in the show-up box?"

"Not at that time, no."

"And you had a good look at her?"

"Yes."

"And then, afterward, four other women were brought into the show-up box?"

"Yes."

"And then the officers asked you to pick out the one that you had seen

Farm at Evening

By Helen Harrington

I have given the farm over to the night;
I have come with keys and I have closed tight
The door on sheep, forking them their hay,
Bedding them down. I have taken away,
With my shovel, sunset from the sky,
Throwing corn to cattle. I
Have petted the horse to be of a mind to stand
Through darkness coming down on the land.

I will go in, now, past each post and tree,
Each bush, and they will be
Ready, when the heavens are,
For a star.

out there at the San Sebastian Country Club?"

"Yes."

"And you unerringly picked the defendant?"

"Yes."

Mason said, "I am going to ask Mrs. Barton Jennings to please stand."

There was silence in the courtroom.

"Please stand, Mrs. Jennings," Mason said.

Lorraine Jennings made no move to get to her feet.

"Stand up, Mrs. Jennings," Judge Kent ordered.

Reluctantly Lorraine Jennings stood.

"Will you come forward, please?" Mason asked.

"Come forward," Judge Kent ruled.

"Now then," Mason said to Mrs. Bailey, "is there any chance that this is the person whom you saw getting out of the car and approaching the car that was parked at the San Sebastian Country Club?"

The witness studied Mrs. Jennings for a long moment, then said, "I—I don't think so."

"But it could have been?"

"Well, she's got very much the same build and complexion as the defendant, but I —— No, I don't think so."

"That's all, Mrs. Jennings," Mason said.

Lorraine Jennings turned abruptly and walked so rapidly that she was almost running.

"Wait! Wait!" the witness said.

"Wait, Mrs. Jennings," Mason said.

Mrs. Jennings paid no attention.

"Now that she walks rapidly," the witness said excitedly, "I know that it was this woman. There's a peculiar way she has when she walks; that hurrying walk, that was just the way she walked when we saw her."

Mason smiled and said to Hamilton Burger, "That, Mr. District Attorney, concludes my cross-examination. Do you have any redirect examination?"

Hamilton Burger slowly got to his feet. "If the court please," he said wearily, "I suggest that this matter should be adjourned until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. There are some things which I feel should be investigated."

"I think so too," Judge Kent said dryly. "The case is adjourned until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, and in the meantime this defendant is released on her own recognizance."

Mason and Della Street were in the lawyer's private office when Drake's code knock sounded on the door.

"Let Paul in," Mason said wearily.

Della Street opened the door.

Drake, grinning broadly, said, "Well, you did it, Perry."

"What happened?" Mason asked.

"Complete confessions," Drake said. "Also, you have a suit against Horace Livermore Selkirk. He filed a complaint charging you with kidnaping; then it turned out you had sent the boy to the place where his mother told him to go, and Hamilton Burger's face is red over that."

"But what about the case itself? What about the murder?" Mason asked.

"Mervin Selkirk was a cold-blooded, highly efficient individual. I guess he took after his dad as far as his efficiency and ruthlessness were concerned," Drake said. "When Lorraine left him and married Barton Jennings, Selkirk quietly proceeded to get all the information he could on Barton Jennings. It was plenty. He found that Jennings was treasurer and manager of a savings and loan corporation. Selkirk deliberately schemed to get Jennings to invest in some so-called sure things, and before Jennings knew it, he was hopelessly involved. Then Mervin Selkirk began to crack the whip. He owned Barton Jennings, body and soul. Lorraine had no idea.

"When Lorraine got together with Norda Allison and wanted to get sole custody of Robert, Selkirk cracked the whip. He had previously forced Barton Jennings to get a printing press and print the envelopes which had been used to mail the threatening letters to Norda Allison. Then, when Norda Allison went to Los Angeles to confer with Lorraine, Mervin Selkirk cracked the whip again. He ordered Barton to meet him at the San Sebastian Country Club at one-thirty in the morning. He gave Barton an ultimatum. Either Barton was to fix things so that Lorraine gave up all claim to Robert or Selkirk was going to expose Barton Jennings, have him sent to prison, and use that to defeat the application for custody of the child.

"That was when Jennings made up his mind to kill him, but the only gun that he could put his hands on was under Robert's pillow. He went out to get the gun. Robert was panic-stricken and fired the gun. He shot the dog. Jennings took the dog to the veterinarian, came back, found his wife had quieted Robert, tried to persuade them that it was all a nightmare, and then, after his wife got to sleep, got up and went out for a showdown with Mervin Selkirk. He pulled the gun and shot Selkirk. Then Jennings returned to the house, but found that his wife was waiting up for him. Lorraine had become suspicious. She hadn't been asleep when her husband had got up, taken the gun and slipped out to the automobile. She forced him to tell her everything that had happened.

"It was then that they decided to frame the crime on Norda Allison. She had Norda Allison's airplane ticket. She got into her car, went out to the place where the death car was parked and slipped Norda Allison's ticket into the pool of blood on the floor of the car, then put it in Selkirk's pocket. She didn't realize that Millicent Bailey and her boy friend were doing a little necking and that they saw her. When Millicent drove out, Lorraine drove back in a panic. But they still went ahead with their plans to frame the crime on Norda Allison, because that was the only thing left for them to do.

"Barton Jennings roughed up the barrel of the gun with a rattail file, then it was placed under Norda's pillow. In their anxiety to make the case look good they overdid it.

"However, the police played right into their hands. Having come to the conclusion that Norda Allison was guilty, they virtually forced Millicent Bailey's identification. After he had killed Selkirk and after Lorraine had planted the evidence, they heard Norda Allison getting up and prowling around the yard. It was then Barton Jennings suddenly remembered the printing press down in the spare room—the one he had used in printing the envelopes which he sent to Mervin Selkirk in San Francisco. After Norda Allison had left the house, he went down and got the printing press and took it out to a place where he felt certain the police would find it. The fact that Norda had left a fingerprint on the printing press was, he felt, just a lucky break."

"He's confessed?" Mason asked.

"They've both confessed," Drake said.

"What about Norda Allison?" Mason asked.

"You don't need to ask that one," Drake said. "She was released on her own recognizance, you'll remember, and she and this Nathan Benedict did quite a bit of dining and dancing at The Purple Swan Night Club. They drove away in Benedict's rented car, and somehow my operative, who was trying to tag along, got lost in the shuffle. That was about one-thirty. Norda Allison showed up in front of her hotel at three-forty-five this morning. She seemed to be walking on air. Nathan Benedict, who drove her to the hotel, escorted her in, and my man didn't have any trouble following him after that. He went directly to his hotel and went to bed."

"I see," Mason said dryly.

"So that's the case," Drake commented.

"Well, I'm sorry," Mason said. "I'm sorry for Robert—although, when you come right down to it, a jury isn't going to be too tough on Barton Jennings for killing a man who was blackmailing him, and —— I don't know but what a proper presentation of the case might get Lorraine Jennings out of it scot-free. After all, all she did was try to protect her husband and ——"

The phone rang. Della Street picked up the instrument and said to the receptionist, "Hello. What is it, Gertie?"

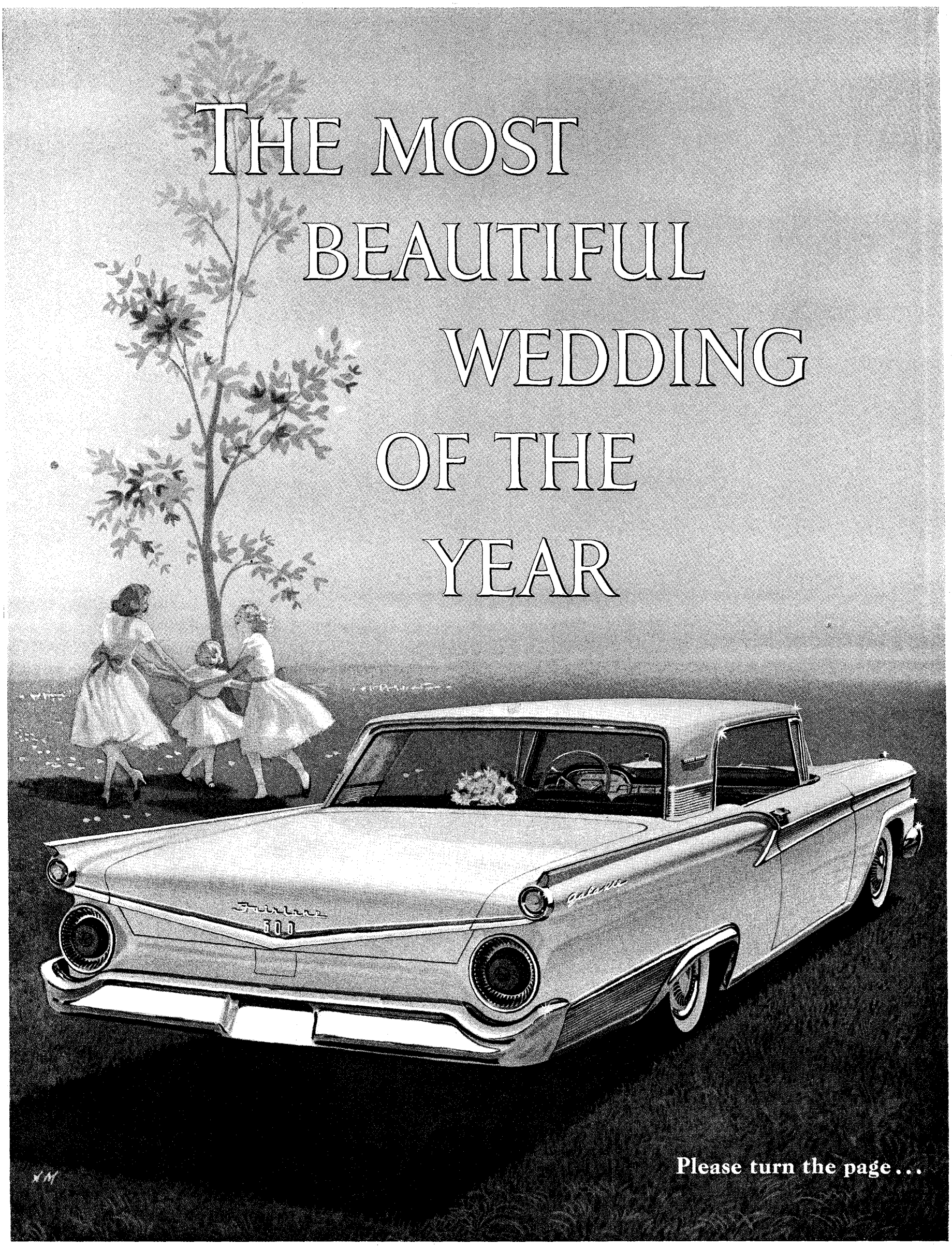
"Just a minute," she said.

Della Street turned to Perry Mason. "Lorraine Jennings is calling you. Gertie says she's absolutely frantic. She wants to know if you'll see her."

Mason hesitated for only a moment, then slowly nodded. "Tell her that I'll see her," he said. And then added, "For Robert's sake. I guess I owe them both that much."

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



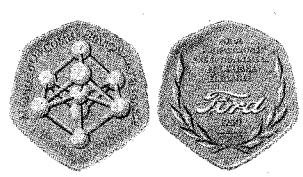
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORD MEMBERS OF THE WEDDING: FAIRLANE 500 TOWN SEDAN, SUNLINER, SKYLINER, COUNTRY SQUIRE.

Married in style and luxury! The 59 Thunderbird and the new Ford Galaxie

ANNOUNCING— THE

Brilliant wedding of Thunderbird elegance and the world's most beautifully proportioned cars



The 59 Fords awarded the Gold Medal of the Comité Francais de L'Elégance for beautiful proportions at the Brussels World's Fair.

Just married in style to the Thunderbird! It's the smartest, richest and most exciting of 59 Fords—the elegant new Galaxie. A bright new personality in cars—and more! The Galaxie is a full "fine car" 6-passenger expression of Thunderbird grace—spirit—style and luxury in an altogether-new line of Fords.

It's Thunderbird in looks! The Galaxie, as you'll quickly see, is as wonderfully all-the-way Thunderbird as a low-priced Ford can be. The smart straight-line

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

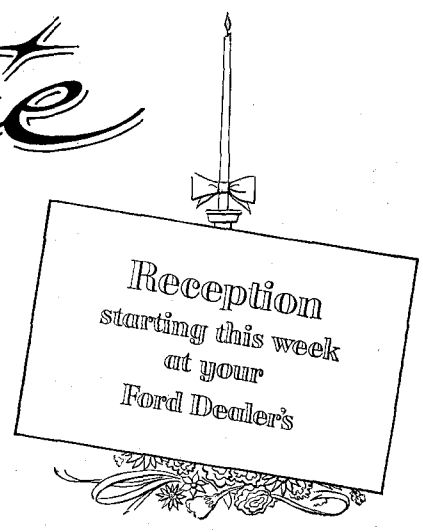
.FETY VISION GLASS IN EVERY FORD . . . *ALL AROUND*

NEW FORD *Galaxie*

laxie roof and dramatic see-it-all rear window say nderbird *unmistakably*. So do the clean, crisp, low-pt body lines. Here is the most perfect match yet of Thunderbird's silhouette—the most modern and most ited "new look" in cars today!

Thunderbird in luxury! New Galaxie appoint-its—like the plush, deep-pile carpets—are so very nderbird in taste. And just like the Thunderbird, the axie seats you in the tailored elegance of specially quilted and pleated fabrics. There's Thunderbird V-8 power, too. A surpassing luxury that tells you how superbly these newlyweds "GO" together.

Reception now—you are invited. Why not come in—this very week—see the new Galaxie and all the members of the year's most beautiful wedding. The experience, we bet, will please you proud. It might even set you to planning a second honeymoon—most elegantly—in the car that's Thunderbird in everything *except price!*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'tis the Season to be jolly

(BETTER GET ANOTHER CASE OF 7-UP!)

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!

Here's the drink that goes with *all* your Christmas fun! The special parties, the tree-trimming, the gift-wrapping, the cookie-baking, the surprise guests—all of it. Seven-Up has a wonderful, gay sparkle . . . and a fresh-as-all-outdoors taste. And it's one drink that can welcome everyone—from your visiting grandma to the three-year-old elf next door! Shouldn't you order some more right now?

Copyright 1958 by The Seven-Up Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marriageable Age (Continued from Page 29)

It was not like him to refuse to talk with her now, and her eyes were troubled and mystified as she looked up at his lean face, his mouth grim and somehow implacable.

"You act as though you were angry with me," she said.

"Not with you," he answered.

She caught up with Bing. "I don't understand this, and I don't like it!" she said. "What's happened to Wayne?"

He smiled. "Wayne," he said, "has reverted to type. A sort of inverse mutation. He has just remembered that he is a Southern gentleman, and that you are a ditto gentlewoman."

"I am not," contradicted Candy.

Bing looked down at her, amusedly. She did not, at the moment, bear much resemblance to a Southern gentlewoman. Her costume was identical with his and with Wayne's, a khaki shirt open at the throat, khaki shorts. She was as brown as either of them, her face as devoid of make-up, her haircut as ragged. "I'll give you ten to one that you will be, in no time flat," he said. Her underlip quivered, and he thought with surprise that in his five months with them, he had never seen her cry or heard her complain.

He had been appalled when he discovered that a teen-age girl was part of the expedition. He had not known Wayne Minot until they met by appointment in Puerto Barrios, the past November. The meeting had made Bing think of a blind date that paid off. In the hotel lobby they shook hands, and something was established between them which had grown steadily, respect and an increasing affection. The tall, red-haired Virginian was a man of parts, culture and courage and an innate delicacy. Candy had proved to be no problem at all.

"Look, kid," he told her gently. "This isn't going to be a punishment. Parties and pretty dresses and admiring young men ——"

"I'd rather stay here," she said. "Even Wayne admits that he thinks we've found the temple site." Her eyes were resentful. "If it's just occurred to him that I've reached marriageable age, he's been pretty slow finding it out!"

Bing laughed. "Marriageable age varies with different tribes," he told her pedantically. "Surely you remember that?"

"Funny," she muttered. "Very, very funny." She kicked at a stone. "Why didn't you put up a fight? We could have had at least another month, before the rains."

He would have liked another month too. The past week's digging had unearthed carvings neither Mayan nor Mexican. "It's his show," he said. "Apparently he cares a lot about this debut deal. Family tradition, tribal customs ——" He tried to imagine Candy wearing a white tulle dress, in a Virginia garden, surrounded by socially eligible young men.

"I don't see why there's such a rush," she said. "Wayne's acting as if I'd spoil—like fruit, or a dead body!"

"He had to go home sometime," Bing told her. "He's been putting it off for four years. Your birthday merely touched it off."

Candy stopped short. "Why can't I marry you, and get it over with?" she demanded.

He grinned. "For one thing, I haven't asked you; and for another, I'm engaged to a girl in Connecticut."

She stared at him. "You never told me that," she said, her voice unnaturally flat and thin.

"It never occurred to me to tell you," he retorted.

Her eyes were very still. "Do you love her?"

He laughed. "Of course."

"Then why did you go away from her?"

"She wanted to finish her senior year at college."

"Oh," said Candy. "What's her name?"

Bing said, "I feel as though I were being screened for security. Her name is Linda Cole. She is a very lovely girl."

"Have you a picture of her?"

"By an odd coincidence, yes," he replied. "I'll show it to you when we make camp."

"Thank you," said Candy. She kicked another stone. "If I were engaged, I'd get married," she added.

"Ah, the lull before the storm."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We've thought of that too," he said. "We're planning a June wedding."

"H'm-m," said Candy. She caught at his sleeve. "Look out for that snake."

Bing looked, stiffened, and stood rigid while the undulating length moved across the trail. Just as it had occurred to him a few minutes before that he had never seen Candy cry, it occurred to him now that he had never seen her show fear. He tried to imagine Linda on an expedition like this, and could not. Any field work that he did after their marriage was unlikely to include her.

He had forgotten, when they made camp for the night, about Linda's photograph, but Candy reminded him. He got it out from his writing case, and she studied it intently.

"I see," she murmured.

"See what?" Bing asked.

She looked at him, and her brown lashes seemed to be waving about her violet eyes like the antennae of some beautiful insect, a startling phenomenon which he had never before observed.

"See Linda," she answered innocently, and her lashes brushed her tanned cheeks as she returned the picture to him.

In Puerto Barrios, Wayne went into action as though he were beginning an expedition, instead of closing one. He sent a number of telegrams to New York and to Virginia. He arranged the storage of equipment, the shipment of various boxes. On the night before their departure, they dined in the patio of their hotel.

"I wish you were coming to Virginia with us," he told Bing.

"Massa Minot," said Bing, "I wouldn't be found dead at a debutante party."

Wayne sighed. "I've been very selfish about Candy. I hadn't realized. She has to have her chance ——"

"Chance at what?" his daughter interrupted him.

Again, Wayne Minot turned to the younger man. "You tell her, Bing."

Bing grinned at Candy. "The mating dance," he said. "The prenuptial rites. The parade of the young warriors for you to select from." He stopped, because her lashes were waving again as though they were caught in a high wind. She was wearing a white dress which she had bought that afternoon, and a string of purple glass beads only a shade darker than her eyes and no brighter. A crimson bougainvillaea vine hung on the wall just behind her blond head. She had washed her hair, and it curled softly about her tanned face. Her lips were slightly parted, and Bing realized, with a sense of shock, that she had lipstick on them.

"I do the selecting, do I?" she inquired.

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Bing, and was. He would not have believed that a dress and a string of beads could make such a change in a girl.

He had wired Linda the hour of their arrival at the airport, and she was there, slender and dark and as pretty as he remembered her. Wayne's sister, Mrs. Chandler, had also responded dutifully to Wayne's wire, and there were greetings and introductions. Bing watched Marie Chandler kiss her brother's leathery cheek, kiss Candy, and then hold her at arms' length and burst out laughing.

"I thought you might look like something Wayne had dug up," she told her. "Or a shrunken head. Wayne, she's the image of Carolyn!"

Linda's brown eyes were on Candy, too, and Bing followed her gaze. It was still odd to him to see the kid wearing a dress. This one was pink, and she looked all right in it. Her cheeks were pink beneath her tan, and her eyes glowed with excitement.

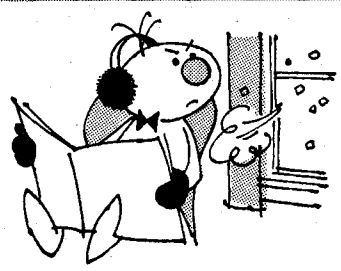
Give Sunbeam and You Give the Finest!

Sunbeam Electric Tools ...The Modern Gift for Men

The most useful gift for any home . . . it's really a gift for the whole family! Highest quality accessories make drilling, polishing, grinding, buffing, sanding and hundreds of other jobs fun for everyone. The powerful, cool-running Sunbeam Drillmaster Drill does every job faster, easier.

Drillmaster Drill Kits from $29.95 to $47.95
Drillmaster Drills from $25.95 to $42.50

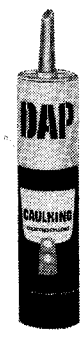
Made by Sunbeam
famous for Mixmaster, Shavemaster, etc.
Sunbeam Corporation, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Ill.; Canada: Toronto 18



now's the time for DAP

CAULKING COMPOUND

Stop drafts, heat loss, water damage with DAP Caulking Compounds. Seal around windows and door frames—fill joints and cracks—for a snug, comfortable home. Get cartridges, cans or collapsible tubes at hardware, paint or building supply dealers. Ask about other famous DAP products, too.



DICKS-ARMSTRONG-PONTIUS, inc.
Dayton 3, Ohio

ASK FOR WARM DOG SWEATERS
WHEREVER PET SUPPLIES ARE SOLD

fast relief!
COLD SORES
LIP-EZE®
LIP SALVE
CHAPPED LIPS
FEVER BLISTERS
SUNBURNED LIPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We'd better get started, Bing," Linda was saying. "I cut three important classes to meet you, and I've got to drive back to Poughkeepsie tomorrow."

"O.K.," he agreed. He held out his hand to Candy. "Good hunting, kid," he said, somewhat gruffly. "You might drop me a line, occasionally, about your bag."

"I will," she promised.

He shook Wayne's hand. "Sorry to be leaving you, sir."

Wayne Minot looked bleak. "I'm sorry too." He grasped Bing's hand. "Perhaps we can all go back, one of these days."

"That would be swell," said Bing.

"Perhaps you could bring Miss Cole to Virginia, for a weekend," Wayne added. "Or will it be Mrs. Aiken?"

Linda was walking toward the gate. Bing said, "Gee—thanks. I'll keep in touch." He looked at Candy, and she was engrossed in conversation with her aunt, her back toward him. "We'll—keep in touch," he repeated, and strode after Linda.

Marie Chandler drove them to her apartment in New York, and the following afternoon Wayne flew alone to Richmond, where his younger sister met him. He had never really liked Amy, and she had not improved during his absence. All the long drive to his house, she chattered unceasingly.

"Praise the Lord you've come to your senses at last, Wayne Minot!" she told him. "Draggin' that poor child all over jungles and mountains all these years!"

He made no comment, looking out at the rich spring green of the countryside, the shell-like flashes of dogwood, the coral pendants drooping from the maple trees. Amy was right, for once. It was time—past time—that he brought Candy to her own world. Tilled fields and cropped pastures, white-painted fences, instead of steaming jungles, burning deserts, stony slopes of jagged mountains. Once, in Peru, their dugout canoe had been caught in rapids and capsized, and he had pulled her from the swirling water, unconscious from a deep cut on her head. She had taken it all like a man, taken it better than some of the men.

"... a wonder she didn't get some awful disease." Amy was still talking. "Has she any manners at all, Wayne?"

Better than yours, he thought, but merely nodded.

Martha was standing on the steps of the big brick house, as she had stood so many times in the past, when they reached the end of the long driveway. Through the trees, Wayne saw the river, pearl-colored in the late light. The gardens—Carolyn's gardens—were at the peak of their spring blooming.

"My, it's certainly good to have you home, Mister Wayne!" Martha's warm voice was saying. "It's been right lonesome for Dave and me, without you. When will Miss Candy get here?"

"About a week," said Wayne. He hoped. Marie had said that the child needed clothes from the skin out.

He had declined Amy's invitation to have dinner at her house, and eating alone in the paneled dining room was not so hard as he had feared. Carolyn was dead; it was Candy's turn to have the house filled with people, with lights and laughter.

In the morning Amy appeared while he was still at breakfast, with an untidy and almost illegible sheaf of lists.

"I thought we'd start off with a series of informal suppers and parties, here," she told him. "It isn't as though Candace was a stranger or a come-lately. Most of the young people remember her, and the ones that don't are just poppin' with curiosity."

"Anything you say," Wayne agreed.

"You really ought to have the ball in Richmond," she continued. "Nothin's as formal as it used to be, though. You'll be surprised at some of the names of the guests."

"I'll leave it all to you," said her brother.

Candy telephoned him, late that afternoon. "Wayne, you won't know me in my new clothes!" she said, her voice deep and excited. "I'll give you a private fashion show, when I get home. Riding breeches, afternoon dresses, evening gowns ——"

"When will you be here?" he interrupted.

"Heaven knows! I have fittings for days to come. I'm even taking dancing lessons!"

"A week?" he asked.

"More than that, probably. Hats, too, Wayne; and shoes! Aunt Marie must think I'm a centipede. And as for underwear—no wonder girls get married!"

Married, thought Wayne. He didn't want Candy to get married, right away.

"Someone wants to speak to you," she was saying.

Bing's voice said, "Hello, Massa Minot! The lamb is doing fine. Are you preparing the altar?"

"Where are you?" asked Wayne.

"At Mrs. Chandler's. I'm taking Candy to the theater."

"The theater!" Wayne echoed.

"It's a place with a stage, where mummers perform," Bing explained. "We're seeing some exceptionally good mummers, tonight."

"I thought you were in Connecticut."

"I move about," Bing said. "Here's Candy, again."

"Marie's going with you?" Wayne asked.

"No," said Candy. "She says she's exhausted."

"That girl? What's her name—that Bing's going to marry?"

"She's back at college. It's all right, darling." She was laughing. "After all, I've been sleeping in a sleeping bag next to Bing all winter!"

After she hung up, Wayne called Marie. "Do you think it's proper for Candy and young Aiken to go out, unchaperoned?"

"Heavenly day!" said his sister. "Yes, dear, it's quite proper."

"I shouldn't think an engaged man——"

Skiing may be dangerous, but every year more people fall all over themselves to learn how.

HOMER PHILLIPS

"Stop worrying!" said Marie. "How are you?"

"I'm all right. Amy's as big a fool as ever."

Marie laughed. "She's in her element, though. She'll do you and Candy proud."

Amy's element, Wayne learned as the days dragged by, was definitely not his. Daily, her lists continued to lengthen, no matter how many items she crossed out. There were old contacts which Wayne must respark, old friendships he must resume. He drove with Amy to pay calls; he dined with Amy and his brother-in-law at the country club, went with them to Sunday services at the brick church where he and his father and his grandfather had been christened.

Packages began to arrive from New York, and Amy and Martha put the contents away in Candy's closet and bureaus.

"My, she's certainly slim!" Martha exclaimed, holding up a shimmering dress. "Miss Candy's waist can't be no more than a handclasp around!"

It was two weeks before Candace Minot came home. Marie telephoned him. "I can't leave here, yet," she said, "but I'll come down as soon as I can."

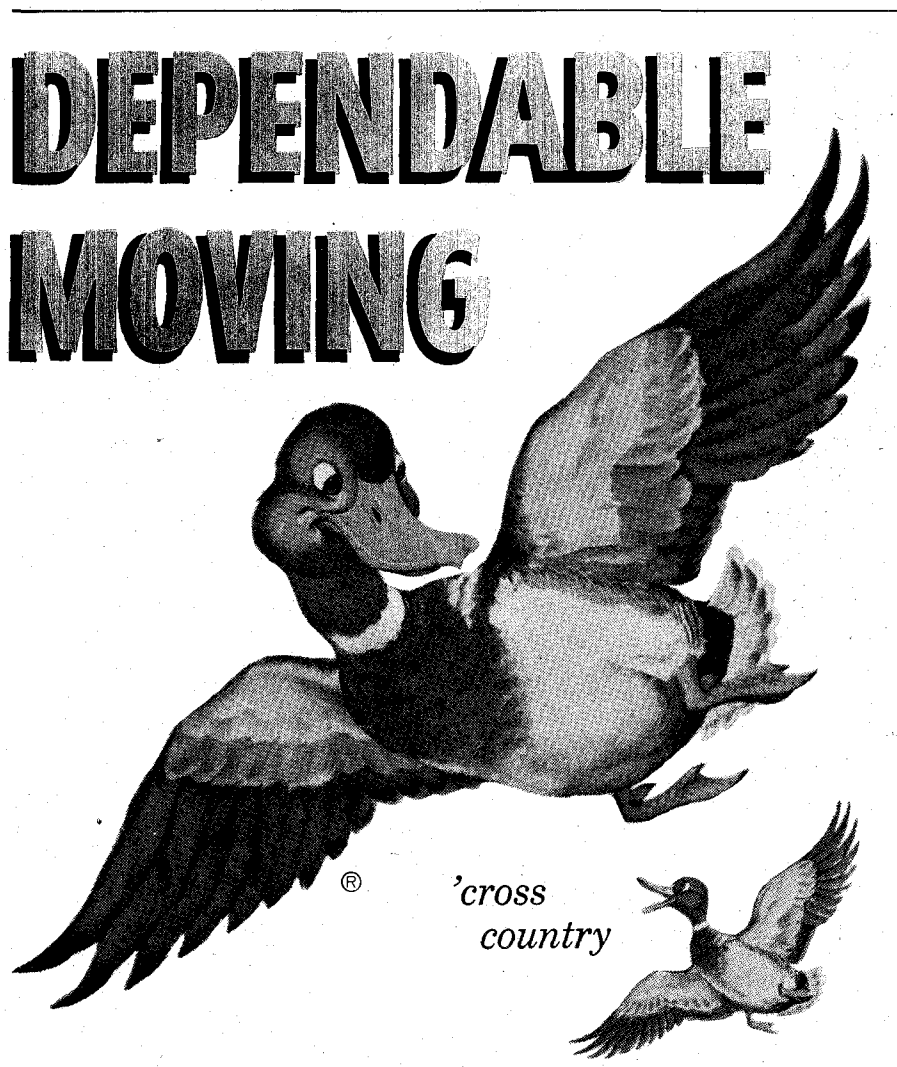
"But how will she get here?" demanded Wayne.

Marie said, "Waynie," her voice indulgent, as it had been when they were children. "Waynie, she's eighteen years old, and she's done more traveling than most women of eighty." She added, "Besides, I believe Bing Aiken is planning to drive her down."

"Oh," said Wayne. "That's all right, then."

He and Martha were both on the steps when Bing's roadster drove up the avenue. Candy flew from the car into the warm black arms that had been the first to hold her. Wayne observed with alarm that his daughter was weeping, but Martha's smile was broad as she rocked her back and forth.

(*Continued on Page 72*)

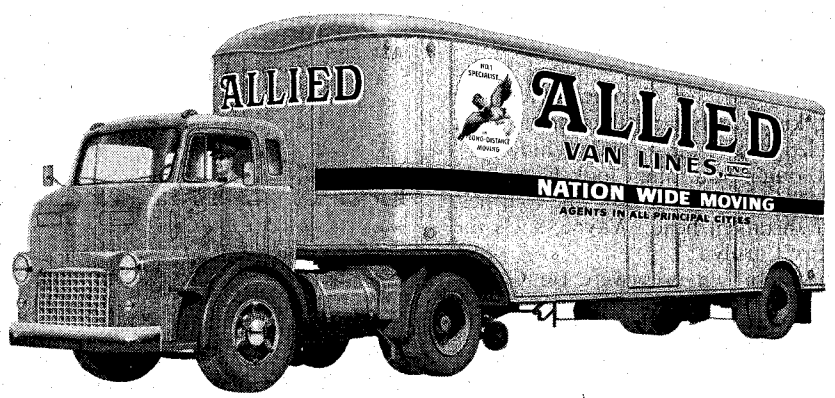


"Allied's sure our good friend"

It's so much easier for you . . . and *safer* for your things when you move with Allied—the No. 1 specialist in long distance moving (packing and storage, too). He'll handle all the details, from packing bric-a-brac to arranging furniture. Your goods are moved with expert care, and *right on time!*

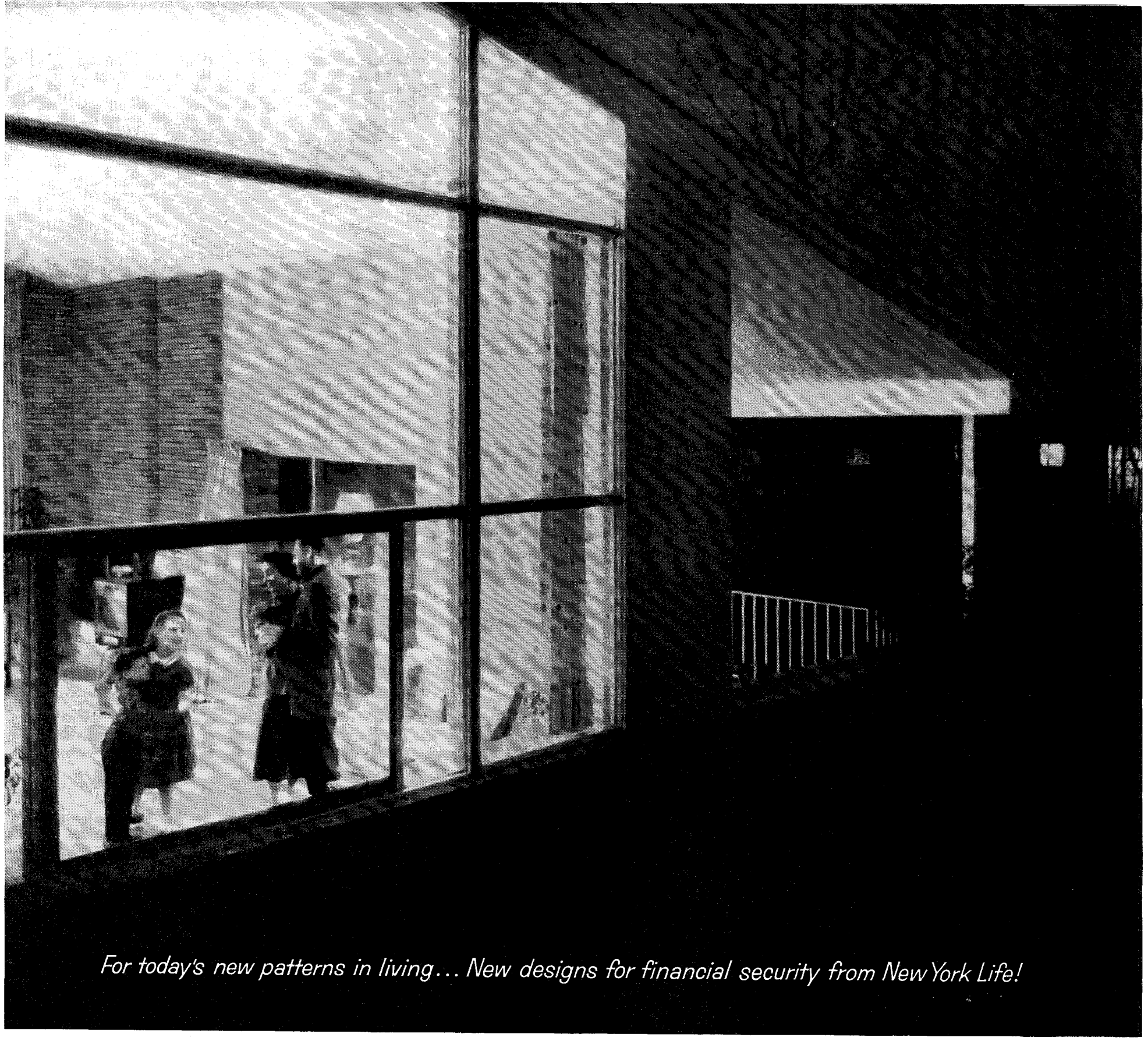
FREE BOOKLET—Ask your Allied Mover for your copy of "Before You Move," a helpful booklet on trouble-free moving. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages under "Movers."

CALL YOUR ALLIED MOVER



ALLIED VAN LINES, INC. • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Whole Life Policy offers $10,000 family protection now–retirement income later!

Homes, nowadays, are designed to combine charm with convenience—planned to meet the changes in every family's needs. And your family's financial set-up can be equally modern—just as efficiently planned to provide protection now, as well as security for the years to come.

That's the kind of security New York Life's Whole Life insurance is designed to provide. Its $10,000 minimum face amount assures your family immediate cash, if you should die. Throughout your life, while your policy is in force, it keeps building cash values for emergency use. Or when you reach retirement age, these cash values can pay you a generous income *for the rest of your life!*

Best of all, your monthly outlay for all these benefits is in tune with today's prudent budgets. The monthly premium for a $10,000 policy, issued at age 30, is only $17.90—only $17.20 under Check-O-Matic, New York Life's special monthly premium payment plan. Issued at other ages, the premium is correspondingly low. And dividends, as declared, can reduce payments further.

Ask your New York Life agent about Whole Life insurance or write direct to the address below.

The New York Life agent
in your community is a good man to know

nylic

New York Life Insurance Company

Dept. EP-40, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. • (In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)
Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Annuities • Accident & Sickness Insurance • Pension Plans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 70*) "Little girl come home after all these long years," she said. "You stand away, now, Miss Candy, and let me see you."

Candy stepped back obediently, her eyes like wet violets, her mouth tremulous, and Martha looked at her.

"No little girl any more," said Martha softly.

No little girl, echoed Wayne wordlessly. "You won't know me," she had told him, and in a way, it was true. The Candy of the past four years was gone, and a lovely young stranger had taken her place. The old Candy had never cried, and now fresh tears were rolling down her cheeks, as she turned to her father.

"I'm so glad to see you!" she said, hugging him tight, kissing him tenderly, as the old, undemonstrative Candy had never done. "I'm so happy!" she said, as though that explained her tears.

Bing said, "Greetings, Massa Minot."

Bing, at least, looked the same, and Wayne shook his hand warmly. He was almost more glad to see Bing than to see his daughter. Bing was a man, and for two weeks, he had been incarcerated in a women's world.

"Come in my study," he told Bing. "Have a spot of Bourbon."

"Hadn't I better help with Candy's bags?"

"Martha and the boys will do that."

They were having their second spot, when female voices pierced even the thick walls of a Virginia house.

"Amy," said Wayne resignedly. He looked at Bing. "Lord, I'm glad you're here!"

The study door flew open and Amy burst in, looking as though she were about to announce that the house was on fire.

"Wayne, she's a great beauty!" she declared. "She's even lovelier than Carolyn! Such poise, such charm! Why, she's going to cut a swath a mile wide!"

Bing had risen, and Amy looked at him. Wayne introduced them.

"I know some Aikens," she said. "Are you any relation to Charlton Aiken?"

"My uncle," said Bing.

"Is that so?" murmured Amy. "A charming man. You stayin' with us a while?"

Wayne answered for him. "Definitely," he replied, and his tone was one with the adverb. "Nice of you to help Candy unpack."

Amy sat down. "I'm so excited over that beautiful child!" she said. "Wayne, honey, you haven't offered me a drink."

"Take it upstairs," said her brother. "Mr. Aiken and I have some business to discuss."

Bing did not grin until Amy had gone. Wayne did not smile, even then. "Great beauty!" he muttered. "Do you think Candy is beautiful?"

"She'll pass in a crowd," said Bing.

"I think I liked her looks better before," said Wayne. "All that stuff on her face and fingernails."

"It washes off," Bing told him.

Wayne walked to the fireplace, turned and walked to the window. "Sometimes I wish I hadn't started this," he said. He looked at Bing wistfully. "What a pity that you aren't an eligible young man," he added.

Bing laughed. "I'm the least eligible young man you know," he said.

Wayne sighed. "Anyway, I'm glad you're here. You can stay for a while, can't you?" Bing nodded.

The series of informal parties and suppers were checked from Amy's list, and Wayne was increasingly grateful for Bing's presence and support. At gatherings, they withdrew into corners, like a pair of old men, and observed and commented upon Candy's triumphs.

"Barbaric," said Wayne gloomily, watching Candy charm four young men at once.

"Custom of the country," Bing murmured.

"Do you think she likes any one in particular more than the others?" asked Wayne. "That Sefton chap seems to be underfoot most."

"She hasn't said anything to me about him," Bing murmured.

The house was again filled with light and laughter and music. One evening when they had pushed back the chairs and rolled up rugs and were dancing to the phonograph, Amy joined Wayne in his corner.

"If you knew a hawk from a handsaw, you'd have stayed in Guatemala and let nature take its course," she told her brother.

"What course?" he asked.

Amy pursed her lips. "You are probably the most innocent man in the world," she said. "Don't you know anything about Bing Aiken?"

Wayne glared at her. "I know a great deal about him," he replied.

"Then why, may I ask, didn't you grab him for Candy?"

Wayne's temples hammered. "My dear Amy, I deplore both your language and your attitude. There is no question of 'grabbing' Bing Aiken."

"And why isn't there?" she retorted.

Her brother smiled coldly. "Apparently you do not know that he is being married next month. A very charming girl." He terminated their conversation abruptly, as he usually did, by rising, bowing, and walking away.

He walked into the garden, down a moonlit pebbled path, and retreated rapidly because a girl and a man stood under the tulip tree in close embrace, and the girl was his daughter. He went to the stable and sat down on a bench, as he had done when he was a troubled boy seeking solitude, as he had done when Candy was being born. He disliked Amy and all that she represented, but he could not, in fairness, blame everything that was happening on her. Candy had been contented and happy in the jungle, and he had brought her back to this—this vulgar, blatant mating ceremony. His face grew hot as he remembered her beneath the tulip tree, clasped in a man's arms. There would be weeks more before the evening when Candy, in the gossamer dress she had already put on for him to admire, would "come out."

Come out, thought Wayne Minot, sitting in the stable. It was like standing a naked African girl on a block, while the auctioneer listed her values to a group of Virginia gentlemen of long ago.

He stayed in the stable until the taillights of the last car disappeared between the double row of trees. The house was still lighted, and when he reached the front door, Candy was sitting alone on the steps, a bare arm curved about the neck of one of the stone lions, her cheek resting against its hard, stony head.

"Wayne!" she cried. "I've been worried about you! Bing's looking for you, now."

He sat down beside her. "Did you have a pleasant evening?"

"Heavenly!" she said. "It's so beautiful here, I'm so glad we came home!"

Wayne was silent. After a moment, Candy dropped her cheek back upon the lion's head, dreaming, breathing in the softness of the starry night, forgetting his presence, perhaps his existence. Her head jerked up at Bing's voice.

"I can't find him anywhere. Do you suppose ——" His voice stopped. "There you are! We couldn't imagine ——"

Wayne said, "Candy, you go to bed. I want to talk to Bing."

"Can't I talk too?" she asked. "Or listen?"

"No," said her father. "Off with you." Perfume rose from her pale dress as she stood up, and light from the house glittered on her crystal earrings and necklace. She kissed Wayne, raised her hand in a funny, chopping gesture to Bing, and went up the stairs.

"Let's go in my study," said Wayne.

Bing was silent, as Wayne made them each a whisky-and-soda, and for several minutes the elder man did not break the silence. Then he said, "Candy's happy, isn't she?"

"She certainly seems so," Bing answered.

"I've never seen her so happy," said her father. "Do you think it would spoil everything for her if I went back to Guatemala?"

Bing looked startled. "You mean not stay for the ball?"

It was what he had meant, but he knew instantly that he could not evade his responsibilities. "Perhaps I'm just tired," he murmured. His eyes went to Bing's face, and there was a look in Bing's eyes, a sympathy and comprehension, almost a tenderness, that brought a lump to his throat.

"This debut business really means something to you, doesn't it, sir?" asked Bing.

"I thought it did," said Wayne. "I thought I owed it to her." He managed to smile. "I am tired," he admitted. "Not so young as I used to be. Will you excuse me, if I turn in?"

It was past two o'clock, but he could not sleep. He thought of going back to the stable, with its comforting, familiar smells, and the soft stirring of the horses. The house was still, and the night outside. He watched the first pallid lightening of the sky, saw the first pale glow that preceded the sunrise.

The heavy door of his chamber seemed to be opening. He watched it, and soundlessly the crack widened. He sat up.

"You're awake, darling!" Candy's voice held no drowsiness; it rang like a bell. "I peeked in before, but you were asleep."

She came into the room and sat down at the foot of the big bed. Sunlight caught in her tawny hair, shimmered over her trailing negligee, like the dawn on morning clouds.

"Bing and I talked all night," she said. "I could hardly wait for you to wake up." Her lips parted, smiling, and her eyes were dancing. "Wayne!" she said. "Look!" She was holding out her hand, with the new lacquered fingernails. "Look harder, darling!"

Wayne Minot's tired eyes leaped from the gold ring to his daughter's radiant face.

"We were married in New York," she told him. "Aunt Marie was with us. We didn't tell you, because we thought you wanted all this coming-out deal. We thought you'd be disappointed."

"Married!" said Wayne. "To Bing?"

"Who else would I marry?" she asked.

"But he's engaged," said Wayne. "To that girl."

Candy shook her head. "I fixed that," she said. "Way back in Guatemala, I could see that Linda wasn't the right girl for Bing. She'd never do, on a trip."

Her father said, "Candace, a gentleman does not ——"

Her laughter interrupted him. "Bing's no gentleman, darling—he's my husband!" She added soothingly, "Linda broke the engagement, Wayne. She's taking a course at the Sorbonne this summer. She's a very intellectual girl."

Behind her bright head the door opened wider. Bing Aiken, in a plaid dressing gown, asked, "May I come in, sir?"

Wayne looked at him silently.

"I hope you're not angry with me," said Bing. "I haven't liked deceiving you, but I just couldn't take the risk of all these Southern suitors without tying her up first."

They were both watching him, looking suddenly like two children, waiting for his response. They both started when it came.

The old bell rope still hung at the head of the bed, a strip of red brocade, and Wayne Minot reached up and gave it a yank.

"Martha!" he roared. "Dave! Is everyone in this house asleep?"

Candy's hand went out and clasped Bing's. Martha's voice called, "Coming, Mister Wayne." When she reached the threshold, she did not glance at Candy or Bing. "Yes, sir, Mister Wayne."

"I want a bottle of my best champagne," Wayne told her. "Not the kind we served last night, but one of the bottles from the small closet. Have Dave fill the ice bucket and bring up three glasses."

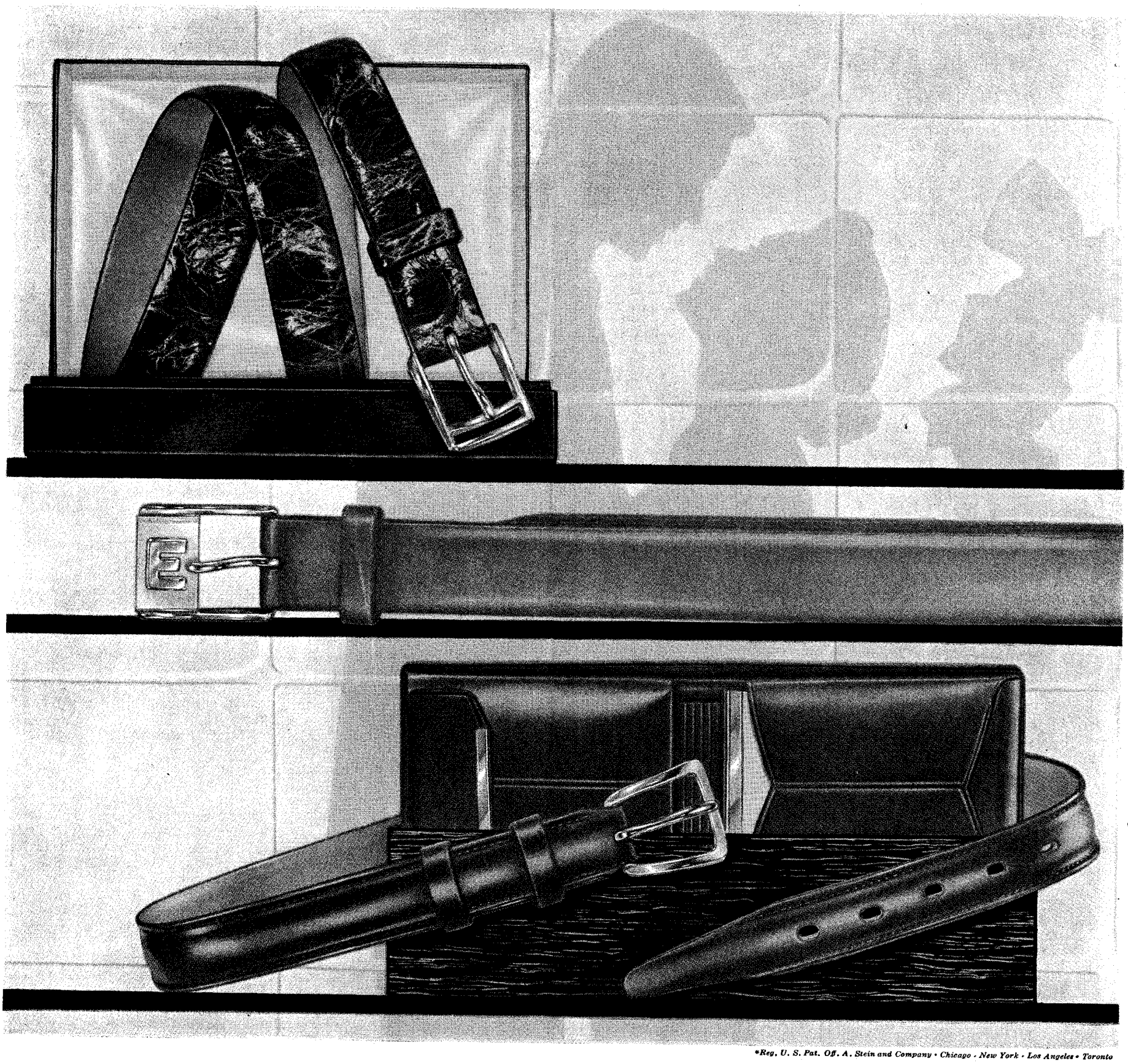
"Yes, sir," said Martha. Now, she permitted her gaze to admit Bing and Candy. Unerringly, her soft eyes dropped to Candy's left hand. "Didn't I say she wasn't no little girl any more?" she inquired of no one in particular, and hurried back down the stairs, her felt slippers making soft slaps against the steps.

THE END

"Try to make a good impression on father, Alvin."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A. Stein and Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles • Toronto

Will he love your gift in May as he does in December?

PARIS

Yes—he'll love Paris in the Spring

This is a Christmas you'll both remember, for he'll be happily wearing the handsome "Paris"* Belt you give him long after the last gaunt gift has gone the way of tired tinsel and wrinkled wrappings. He'll love "Paris" all year. Why? Simply because he needs a new belt (have you looked at his belt lately?), and superb "Paris" styling and rich craftsmanship will see him smartly through the coming year. Prices? $3.50 to $10.95. Result? Happy receiver—proud giver! Do your "Paris" shopping early.

(*Above*) Alligator—King of Luxury Leathers. It takes an alligator years to grow a skin worthy of this luxurious "Paris" Belt. In rich jewelry case—$10.95.

(*Center*) Personalized Belt. A personalized gift will flatter his ego, let him know that you thought just of him. Rugged cowhide belt with smart new initial, only $3.50.

(*Below*) Rich Tallowed Leather. "Paris" craftsmen, like ancient English saddle makers, rub fine bridle leather with tallow to create a rich, supple finish that improves with age and wear. Belt with matching wallet, $7.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Midtown Bomber (Continued from Page 39)

you for reminding me of my duty," he said, slowly and clearly. "If my person were in danger, it might have been necessary. I don't know whether or not I'm a physical coward. Damage to my property I can afford." He looked steadily at Brandon. "My concern lies in another direction. Have you forgotten his threat to explode a bomb in one of the busiest sections of the store at a moment of peak activity?"

"No," Brandon said. "But that's all it is—a threat. Not one man in ten million would go through with it."

"You may be right," Cramer said, "though I would not call the man who exploded the bomb in Strand's office either merciful or average." His voice slowed still more. "My first duty is to my customers. I have no right to endanger their lives, unknown to them, in the war against crime. I will pay a hundred thousand dollars to protect them from no more than a threat of harm."

"Mr. Cramer," Barney said, "there are a couple of things we can do that won't endanger anyone."

"Yes?" Cramer asked coldly.

"The man will want his money in small, used bills," Barney said. "Tens, twenties and fifties, without consecutive serial numbers. He hasn't said so, but he will because nothing else can be of any use to him. If we start making up the package now, we can be sure of time enough to make a complete list of the numbers."

Cramer frowned. "That would be a long list. Too long to hope some cashier would cause an arrest by spotting one of the bills."

"True," Barney said. "But possession of the bills after he is caught would be positive proof of guilt."

Cramer thought a moment. "Stupid of me," he said then, and he said it without rancor. "Mrs. Baker, call Hanson as soon as we've finished. Have him get busy on it as soon as possible."

"And I have a suggestion," Jeffers said quickly. "There is a delayed-action dye we can use. The bills appear normal until some weeks after delivery. Then the dye stain appears and the bills become useless, even a liability."

"Certainly not!" Cramer said.

"It's been used in kidnapings."

"When a kidnap victim is returned, the danger is over," Cramer said. "A bomber, angry at being tricked, could strike back at the store a year from now." The strained patience in Cramer's voice was more crushing than anger. He looked at Barney. "What is your other suggestion?"

"Oh, yes," Barney said. He hated calling Cramer's attention to his faulty memory again, but there was no way around it. "The chief is going to tap my telephones. I suggest that tape recorders be hooked to the lines also ——" He hesitated, then made a helpless gesture. "By playing the tapes back a few hundred times, I might be able to knock a name out of this head of mine."

"By all means!" Cramer said.

"We'll take care of the phones tonight," Brandon said. "I'll have men here in half an hour. Strand will have to stay around."

"He will," Cramer said. "But, first, do you agree to do this my way—no publicity and no police action until the terms of the extortionist have been met?"

Soberly, thoughtfully, Summers said, "Our best chance to take the man would be at the moment he picks up the money. He's got to be there in person—he's got to come out in the open. And the chief has the organization that could manage it; a network of cars and motorcycles, helicopters, hundreds of officers. But"—he lifted his soft hands—"there is a chance we'd frighten him off. In that event, we could be risking the lives of your customers without their knowledge and consent. And I don't think we have the right to do it."

Cramer said, "Brandon?"

Brandon shifted his huge bulk. "I'll go along with you," he growled.

Barney left the office first to find his night security men and to make sure the dogs that worked with them were leashed. These were German shepherds, big and powerful and trained for guard work. They would attack any stranger found in the store at night—and every stranger was found.

Capt. Paul Gabrino stayed on, after the others had gone, to wait with Barney for the technicians who would make the telephone taps and hook up the recorders. "Still chasing that name?" he asked.

Barney was standing at the window, weariness in his lean face. "Yes," he said. "With no luck."

"It happens," Gabrino said. He looked at the tip of his cigar. "When you go, you go first class. You didn't have to say you'd heard the bomber's voice before. You could have held that back, and made like a genius when the name came to you."

"You know better," Barney said.

"Yes," Gabrino said. "What's with Lacey? Any news?"

Barney turned away from the window, the lines in his face deepening. "Very little, and none of it good. They're keeping her under heavy sedation against the pain—practically out, I guess."

Gabrino winced. "That bad?"

"You've no idea how bad," Barney said. "The broken leg, the bruises, the burns—I doubt that she's even aware of them. All she can feel is her eyes. Whitney says there's been a hemorrhage inside each eye."

"Will she see again?" Gabrino asked.

Barney lifted his hands. "Doc Whitney won't give me any hope at all. D'you know what the retina is? It's the light-sensitive layer at the back of the eyeball. The optic nerve connects to it. If the explosion broke that connection, it's probably the end of seeing for her."

"When'll he know?"

"For sure?—only when the hemorrhage is absorbed," Barney said. "The eyeball is bloodshot now. Be a matter of weeks, I guess."

"Look, laddie," Gabrino said. "You've got to take a break from the worry and the work. After a day like today, it's a wonder you can remember your own name. Have you got something at home to make you sleep?"

"Doc Whitney gave me a prescription."

"Get it filled!" Gabrino said. "Slug yourself with it. Get some rest. The boys and I will carry your share and some besides. Tomorrow your head'll be clear. Maybe the name will come to you."

"He must be well covered," Barney said. "I told him I knew his voice and he wasn't worried."

"We'll keep trying," Gabrino said.

"No interference—Brandon gave his word."

"Who's interfering?" Gabrino said. "We don't know this is extortion—not officially. We talk to people. We don't lean on 'em, but we do get 'em on the tape."

"What else?"

"We monitor and record your calls, here and at home. The telephone company is standing by to try and trace the big one when it comes. We don't get in the way of the pickup, but we can try to get a look at the guy."

"Walk easy," Barney said.

"Like we're on eggs," Gabrino said. "Depend on it."

Barney Strand reached his office early the next morning. Gabrino was there ahead of him, a package of tapes beneath his arm. Gabrino's eyes were bloodshot; his jaws were gray with the stubble of beard. He looked at Barney and shook his head.

"I look better'n you do," he said. "And I've been up all night." He put the package on the desk. "How's the head? Any luck with that name?"

"None," Barney said.

"Try these," Gabrino said. "And call me."

"I will," Barney said.

Gabrino went away. Barney sat at his desk, listening as the reels unwound, eyes closed, face propped in his cupped hands. He had had little sleep, little rest. Still, he could say with certainty, "Not this one, or this, or this. . . ." He heard the tapes through, then called Gabrino.

"No," he said. "You haven't found him yet."

He spent the morning in his office, waiting for the telephone to ring. Barney had his lunch brought in, but he did not eat. The girl who had taken Lacey's place watched from the outer office with grave-eyed sympathy.

"Mr. Strand," she said finally, "if you'll forgive a suggestion—a telephone never rings when you want it to. When I want a call to come in, I go away for a while."

The look on the girl's face told him she was daring a lot to help. "So?" he said. "Where do you suggest I go?"

"To the hospital," she said. "I know you're thinking about Lacey. I can take the call, if it comes. I can pretend you're out of the office for a moment, to give the police time to trace it. Then I can say you've left word you'll be back at three o'clock sharp."

"He'll smell a trap," Barney said. "He'll back away."

The girl looked crestfallen. "I suppose so."

"I'll do it anyway," Barney said suddenly. He got his coat and put it on. "He has to make contact to get the money. Let him work to get to me. Let him sweat. It's his turn!"

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When a woman doesn't spend all her husband earns, she's probably saving to buy something.

One way to sleep like a baby is to have a baby who sleeps.

Dinner usually lasts a boy until he can get something to eat.

If the do-it-yourself vogue spreads much further, school children may actually do their own homework.

Patience is the art of not revealing your impatience.

Of course, there really is no such thing as a bad boy. But an awful lot of them are convincing actors.

Roy Clark was not sweating. He was sitting quietly in his car, parked unobtrusively among cars in which other men were waiting. He was quite satisfied with himself. There was a telephone booth standing in the corner of the parking lot, just across the walk. It was used occasionally, often enough so that it was unlikely any specific user would be remembered. After he had used it, he could get back in his car and leave the neighborhood in a matter of moments. Not that he would have any real need of haste. Clear thinking, an understanding of human nature and patience had eliminated that need.

The sleet had turned to snow, huge, wet flakes, swirling on the wind. He could see the hospital entrances, the faces of all who came and went. Barney Strand would come to the hospital during visiting hours—if not this day, the day after, or the day after that. The woman Strand was going to marry was here, seriously injured. Their engagement had been announced. She was in Room 359, North Wing, on the third floor—a telephone call was all that had been needed to gain this information.

And so Roy Clark waited, a middle-aged man who sat in a commonplace car. There were perhaps a dozen others, not unlike him, sitting in cars scattered about the neighborhood.

A No Visitors sign hung from the doorknob of Room 359. But the floor supervisor, gray and stocky, had been alerted by Doctor Whitney, and Barney had no trouble getting past her. She took Barney to the room, spoke quietly to the special nurse on duty, and Barney was admitted.

"She's resting under sedation," the special nurse said softly. "She may not know you."

"May I sit with her a few minutes?"

"Surely."

A chair was placed beside the bed. Barney stood for a moment, looking down at Lacey Evans. Her eyes, the upper part of her face, were lost in bandages; her head was positioned firmly between sandbags. Below the bandages, the swelling and the discoloration of mouth and cheeks were heartbreaking. There seemed hardly space between her lips for her soft, panting breath, and the small, confused sounds that spoke of drug-dulled pain. Barney bent to touch her cheek with his lips.

"It's Barney," he whispered.

She did not respond.

Barney turned and fumbled for a chair. He sat down heavily, rubbing his face with shaking hands.

"It's not as bad as it looks," the nurse whispered. "The swelling and the black-and-blue are at their worst. They'll be gone in a few days, and she'll look just as she did before."

"Her eyes?"

"There's hope," the nurse said. "There's always hope. Mr. Cramer insists that everything possible be done, and that means a lot. Doctor Latimer, the best eye surgeon on the Coast, is flying in today to look after Miss Evans. Doctor Latimer can do things no other man can."

He bent his head and covered his face and asked for the help of God, humbly. And the floor supervisor came into the room and put a hand on his shoulder.

"There's a telephone call for you, Mr. Strand," she said. "You can take it at my desk."

Barney went down the hall, his mind full of Lacey, her pain, her need. He took the telephone and said, "Strand speaking," before he realized he should have delayed and had the call traced as a routine precaution. Then it was too late.

"Do you know who I am?" a man asked. (*Continued on Page 76*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delicious Borden's Egg Nog is ready to serve

Why whip cream and beat eggs when Borden's Egg Nog is ready to serve?

This non-alcoholic Egg Nog is wholesome and creamy-rich—good for all the family!

Get Borden's Egg Nog at your food store or from your Borden man.

Remember Borden's Heavy Cream, too. It whips in a jiffy and adds a festive touch to Holiday dishes.

Borden's

Milk • Fine Cheeses
Ice Cream • Starlac

©The Borden Co.

If it's Borden's, it's got to be good! See Borden's TV show "Fury" over NBC. **Available in Ontario and Quebec Provinces.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 74*) The quiet, precise voice with the faint trace of New England accent was unmistakable. Barney was furious. The man had followed him to the hospital; he was somewhere close by now. Worst of all, Barney was again certain he knew the voice and the man, and again he was unable to give the speaker a face or a name.

"I know you," he said.

"You know I sent you the package," the man said, "but that's all you know. If you'd been able to recall my name, the police would have me by now."

"It'll come to me," Barney said.

"No. You heard me for too short a time, too long ago. As it stands, the advantage is mine. You cannot deny instant recognition of my voice. And you will not pretend a need for delay while the police attempt to trace my calls. Is that clear?"

Damn him! Barney thought furiously. "Clear," he said. "Get on with it."

"How is Miss Evans?"

"You should see her," Barney said. "If I had my way, you would. It's a picture you'd carry to your grave."

"Not I," the man said. "I have no conscience. My only interest in her is that she convinces you I am completely serious. Do exactly as I say or there will be many more like her. Believe this, Mr. Strand."

"I do," Barney said.

He found a pencil and pad on the desk. He wrote swiftly, then beckoned to the floor supervisor and handed her the message: "Call Captain Gabrino, city police, on another line. Have this call traced. Hurry!" The woman took the note and ran swiftly down the corridor.

"What response did you get from Mr. Cramer?" the man asked.

"He's agreed to pay," Barney answered. He tried to speak slowly now. "As a matter of fact, he insists that all your demands be met, that all your instructions are followed to the letter. He'll go to any length to protect the store and the public. Nothing will go wrong on our side. If anything goes wrong it won't be his fault. Don't blame him. Don't ——"

"Enough!" the man said. "You can't keep me on the line until this call is traced. Try to stall again, and I'll hang up. Do it twice and you'll regret it. Understand?"

"Yes," Barney said.

"Now, about the police. I knew they'd be informed no matter what the threat, and I'm prepared to contend with them—up to a point. How do they feel about this?"

"I'll be honest," Barney said. "They're trying to identify you. But they've agreed to keep their distance until after delivery has been made. That's at Mr. Cramer's insistence, and if you know the city, you know no one argues with John Paul Cramer, not even the police."

"I hope that's the truth."

"It is; I swear it is!"

"I'm still going to be very careful," the man said. "Tell the police I'll discover any trap they may set. When I do, I'll break off immediately and finally. You won't hear from me again. What you will hear is an explosion in Gale's, many times worse than the last one."

A new chill of fear knotted Barney's stomach. "Listen to me! You'll see police officers and police cars; you can't help it. You may see men and women who look like officers in plain clothes. If they are, they'll be doing other work. Don't let them frighten you. Don't panic!"

"I like your concern."

"It's not concern for you," Barney said. "It's concern for the people who come into Gale's. We don't want them hurt, least of all through a horrible mistake. We'll do exactly what you ask."

"Fine," the man said. "And what I ask is money. One hundred thousand dollars. I want it in fives, tens, twenties. Used, unmarked bills, with no consecutive serial numbers. Put the money in a small suitcase and keep the suitcase with you at all times. You will be watched. When I'm satisfied there is no trap, I'll call with more instructions."

"I'll be ready." The line went dead.

Barney held the voice in his mind, trying to place it now that he could give all his attention to the effort. He tried and failed. He put the phone down, swearing helplessly, and turned to find the floor supervisor hurrying toward him. Her face was distressed.

"I'm afraid I was too late," she said. "I couldn't reach Captain Gabrino until just a moment ago."

Barney gave her a tired smile. "Thanks anyway."

"Was it terribly important?"

"Important enough that I must ask you to say nothing about it to anyone." His eyes held hers. "Is it a deal?"

Her eyes were steady. "Yes, of course."

The second meeting in John Paul Cramer's office, held at four P.M., was much the same as the first. Barney found himself looking at the same people: John Paul Cramer, Chief Brandon, Ford Summers, Lieutenant Jeffers, Paul Gabrino, the police stenographer and Mrs. Baker. In addition, there was one new man, Joseph Hanson, tall and gray, the store comptroller.

The same feeling of angry resentment was in the air. They questioned him at length. Whom had he seen before entering the hospital? And after entering? Where had he been when the call had come? At what time had the bomber called? How long had it taken Barney to reach the telephone? Why had he not delayed until the call had been traced? What exactly had the bomber said? And once through these questions was not enough. They were asked again and again, and the answers were dissected and examined.

"Let me get this straight," Lieutenant Jeffers said. "You're to carry the money with you day and night?"

"Right," Barney said.

"For an unknown length of time?"

"Unknown to me," Barney said.

"You're to make delivery without supervision?"

"Right," Barney said. "If he smells a trap, he breaks off. The next thing we hear is the bomb. That's what he said." He looked at Cramer's cold face, at Brandon and Summers. He met the blunt thrust of Jeffers' eyes. His voice turned raw. "That's the situation. Accept it, or tell me to go home and stay there!"

Summers patted the air with his plump hands. "Gently, Strand, gently. We're only trying to do our jobs. There's much at stake here. Not alone money—lives. We've got to be most careful, most thorough."

"You have been!" Barney said.

"Strand!" Cramer snapped. "That's enough!" The small man's dark eyes were crystal-hard. "You'll control yourself until we're satisfied."

"I'm trying to, sir. But ——"

Paul Gabrino said quickly, "I'm satisfied."

Cramer looked at the others. "You people?"

Chief Brandon lifted his heavy shoulders in a shrug. Summers and Hanson nodded assent. Lieutenant Jeffers shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "I'm still concerned with Strand's memory, or his lack of it." There was distrust in Jeffers' voice, in his eyes. "He says again the voice was familiar to him. In fact, he tells us the extortionist admitted Strand knew him in the past. This being the case, I can't understand why Strand can't give us some sort of a lead to the man."

Cramer's voice was cold. "Well, Strand?"

"I've had enough of this one," Barney said. He turned his eyes to Cramer. "I can't match muscle with you in the memory department—darned few can. I'll say I did well to remember anything at all about a voice I heard only once a long time ago." He swung a hard face toward Jeffers. "Does that answer your question, lieutenant?"

"I don't like your attitude," Jeffers said. "I ——"

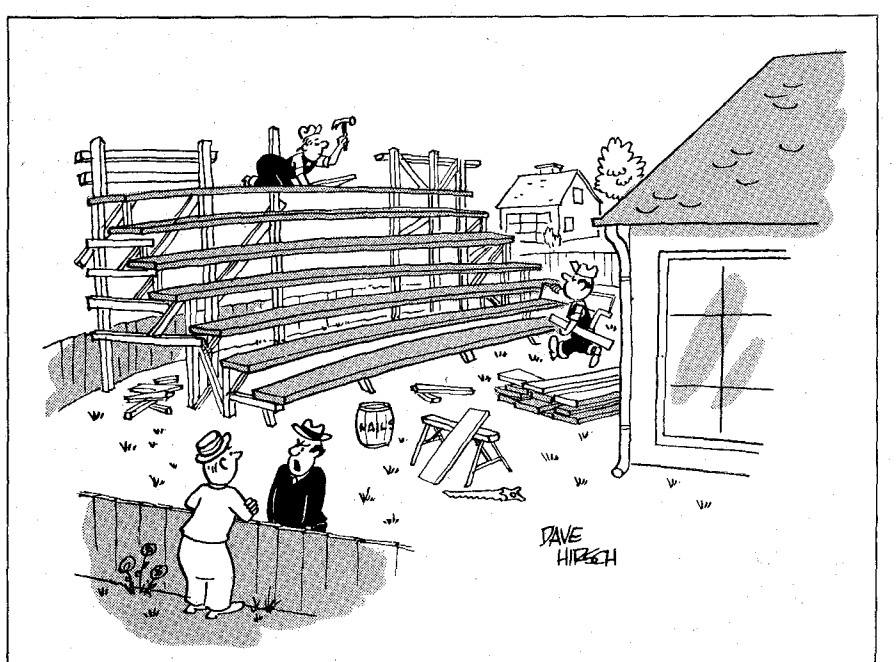
"Cut it out," Chief Brandon said roughly. "Strand's girl opened that package. He'd remember if he could."

Summers said, "I agree."

"All right," Cramer said. "Let's hear no more of it." He leaned forward, placing his hands flat upon the desk. "We shall proceed then as instructed by the extortionist."

"It seems we must," Summers said.

"Without police interference," Cramer said. "I want that point perfectly understood. Strand will take the money. He will make delivery. He will report back when delivery has been made. Then, and only then, will you people make any effort toward an arrest. Have I your word on this?"



"I hate family reunions!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The official agreement was a nodding of heads—with, Barney thought, a complete lack of enthusiasm. Jeffers, still smarting from the chief's rebuke, was sullen-mouthed. Cramer slapped the desk with his hands, closing the discussion.

"Mr. Hanson," he said, "you will have the money brought here, please. At once." The tall man left his chair; Cramer turned to his secretary. "Mrs. Baker," he said. "A small suitcase, please. Have someone from the luggage department bring up an assortment."

"I have a suggestion," Jeffers said.

"Yes?"

"A wrist chain is indicated," Jeffers said. "Strand is to carry the money with him at all times. A hundred thousand is a lot of money."

"I'm not going to forget it in some washroom," Barney said. "I won't leave it on a bus."

"Of course not," Jeffers said smoothly. "But word that you have it might get around somehow. And there are any number of men capable of taking it away from you. As police, we must ask for reasonable safeguards."

"I think it's a good idea," Cramer said. . . . "Strand?"

Barney lifted his hands tiredly. A suitcase full of money chained to his wrist day and night—now, there was an unhappy prospect. And for how long? A few days? A week? Barney let his breath go in a long sigh.

"Do I get a key?" he asked. "Or do you weld it on?"

Barney was given a key. He was glad, suddenly, that Jeffers had asked for a chain. Without it, Barney knew, the suitcase could be taken from him at almost any time. Two or three determined men, a gun at his back, a blow on the head, and the money would be gone.

The chain was justified. Though it did not guarantee against theft, it complicated theft to the point where few men would attempt it. And when the demands of health, cleanliness and sanity required that he be separated from the suitcase, he could use the chain to secure the suitcase to the plumbing, the bed or the steering post of his car.

The reasoning behind the bomber's requirement that Barney keep the money with him at all times was clear. It would be instantly available. The suitcase would be at least tentative proof that the store was ready and willing to make payment. More, if a police trap were intended, the police would have to keep Barney under surveillance, and a careful man with sharp eyes could discover them.

Barney saw the suitcase closed and locked. He had a look at the days ahead. So much could go awry. Failure to make delivery of the money could mean a dozen or more shattered, lifeless bodies. Barney closed his jaws against that thought.

"Strand," Cramer said. "Over here, please."

"Coming," Barney said.

He stood beside the desk while the chain was fitted around his wrist. "Tool steel," Lieutenant Jeffers said. "Lose the key and we'll be all day cutting it off."

"I'll keep that in mind," Barney said.

He awakened early the next morning, the suitcase on the bed beside him, bound to his chafed wrist by the chain. He carried the suitcase into the bathroom, transferred the chain to a water pipe, showered, shaved, dressed and breakfasted.

The streets were ice-sheathed beneath a light fall of fresh snow. Careful driving required both hands; the chain was attached to the steering column. But it was again biting his wrist when he went from the parking lot to the store. He carried the suitcase with him as he went about his duties. He (*Continued on Page 78*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Hertz car gets Kathryn Murray to a dance in a hurry!

BECAUSE HERTZ SERVES MORE CITIES BY FAR!

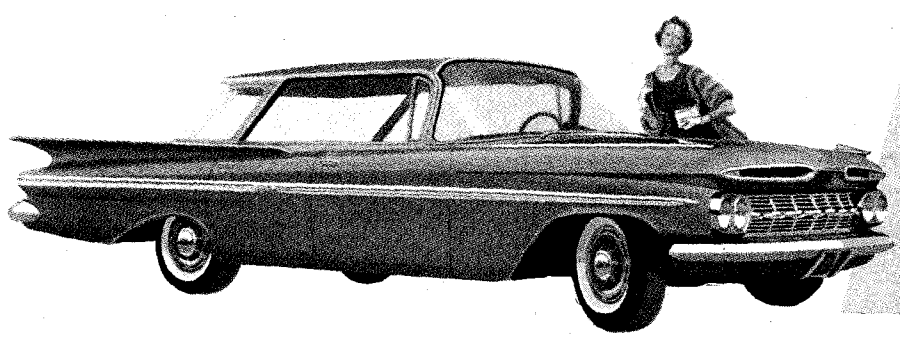
"It's nice to know that wherever you travel, there's a Hertz office right near by," said Arthur Murray's favorite dancing partner while posing for this picture. "And the people at Hertz take such good care of you—make you feel like someone very special."

Mrs. Murray travels considerably . . . planning "The Arthur Murray Party" television shows and helping supervise her husband's dance studios. And that's when Hertz service comes in so handy—especially nation-wide "Rent it here . . . Leave it there" service. She covers the long distances by air or rail and has a new Chevrolet Impala, Bel Air or other fine Hertz car reserved and waiting on arrival.

Then, she drives to Arthur Murray studios in nearby cities, transacts her business and leaves the car at the nearest Hertz office before returning home again by plane or train. That's The Hertz Idea!

Try it. Hertz has more offices in more cities by far where you can rent, leave and make reservations for a car. The low Hertz rate for any car you like to drive includes all gasoline, oil and proper insurance. When time means money, there's no more economical way to travel!

So, turn every trip into a pleasure trip all the way. Call your local Hertz office or see your travel agent to reserve a car in the U. S., Canada or wherever in the world you're going. We're listed under "Hertz" in alphabetical phone books everywhere! Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



More people by far...use

HERTZ

Rent a car

®

Charge Hertz service with your Hertz card—to your Diners' Club account—or with your American Express, air, rail, hotel or other accredited charge card or plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 76*) tried his best to appear in every place he might be expected to appear, and to appear there normally.

Roy Clark had not left his house. Upon awakening he had found the day raw and cold and not at all inviting. His home, in contrast, was a comfortable haven. The rooms were warm. The odor of freshly brewing coffee mingled pleasantly with that of frying bacon. And why hurry? he asked himself. He was standing at his bedroom window, a small, balding, chunky man of fifty years, wearing rumpled pajamas.

A great many men were prepared and waiting, but not one of them could move until he gave the order. Let them wait, then. Let them worry. Worn-out men would be less alert, more easily managed. He had comfort and security. He would be rested when the time came to act; he would be physically strong, clear of mind, sharp of eye.

"Roy," a woman called, from the kitchen. "Your breakfast is ready."

"I'll be right there, Edith," he answered.

He ate in bathrobe and slippers, served by a matronly, dark-haired, gentle-eyed woman of forty-five who had the stamp of "housewife" indelibly upon her.

"Are you going out today?" she asked.

He smiled at her. "In this weather? No need—no need at all. I think I'll putter around in the shop."

His shop was a basement affair, elaborate by the usual standards, but the result of many years of saving and careful buying. There were woodworking tools and metalworking tools of every description; there were endless cupboards, drawers and workbenches. No tool was out of place; no litter marred the floor. In all things Roy Clark was a meticulous man.

His project of the moment was a second bomb. He was satisfied that he would really have no need for it, but the bomb was an integral part of his plan, and to complete it was to follow a set course of procedure to a logical end. Moreover, the problem of devising a larger, more efficient, more powerful bomb interested him as a craftsman. It was a challenge to his ability and to the facilities of his shop.

Roy Clark did not go out at all that day, or the next. On the third day he felt it was time to make a preliminary reconnaissance, at least. He dressed warmly in clothes that were not conspicuous, took his car from a garage that held two cars and drove downtown. Pushing his way into Gale's, he mingled with other shoppers, a quiet, undemanding customer, searching, perhaps, for just the right gift for a wife or a brother. No one paid him any attention. But he, with eyes a little brighter than normal, paid attention to everyone.

In the course of an hour, he discovered three of Barney's staff, two men and a woman, whom he knew by sight. They all seemed to be concerned with their usual tasks. And he saw Barney Strand three times—twice as the tall security officer moved through the store, and a third time in the coffee shop. Clark sat on a stool at the counter, perhaps a dozen feet from the booth where Strand was eating, in plain view of Strand. A dangerous game, indeed! And yet so safe. Strand's eyes passed over him with no interest at all. He was not recognized.

He noted the suitcase with satisfaction. There was his money! He was glad to see the chain that attached the suitcase to Strand's wrist. A sensible precaution.

A number of people stared curiously at the suitcase on the seat beside Strand. A small, fat man, apparently someone known to Strand, paused to make a clumsy and unwelcomed joke about it. Aside from these, no one seemed to have a special interest in either Strand or the suitcase. Strand had come in alone, eaten alone and left alone. No suspiciously alert person had preceded him, none left the coffee shop in his wake. Still Roy Clark was not satisfied.

Why should he be? He was in command. He could make Strand perform for him as long as he liked. There was no hurry. He would check again tomorrow, he decided, at a different time, in a different way. And then he would make another check later in the week, if it was convenient. Convenient to himself, of course—Roy Clark was the man who called the turn.

Barney Strand went to the hospital once each day, sometimes in the afternoon, more often in the evening. The few moments spent each day with Lacey Evans were for her and for himself, and they were terribly important.

They became more important with each passing day. The excruciating pain in her eyes subsided to something endurable as the pressure within them decreased. She was presently able to exist without stupefying sedation. The swelling in her face went away, and the lacerations healed, though the discoloration held on. And her leg, enclosed in a cast, was hardly more than a discomfort.

These things were not the cause of Barney's worry. Nor was the still-unresolved question of Lacey's sight—good, little or none—the worst of his fears. There was something else, a dark shadow that crept toward them relentlessly.

Lacey was a courageous woman. Perhaps, Barney decided, she was too courageous. The prospect of total blindness—she was sure this was to be her lot—had not dimmed her desire to live. Not Lacey. But live in what way? And with whom?

This was the shadow Barney had seen approaching. And one evening at the end of the week it finally reached them. Barney went to the hospital. He set the suitcase on the floor beside the bed, quietly, so that she would not ask about it, would not worry, bent and kissed her lips. A ribbing she could take; sympathy made her cry; he tried for a light note. "You're looking better all the time, Kitten—y'know, less like a train wreck, more like a plate of scrambled eggs."

"I'm not looking at all," she said.

Of course women make fools of men—but they get lots of co-operation.

LAVONNE MATHISON

And the shadow was upon them. "Hey!" he said. "What's this?"

She did not move or speak for a moment; then her hand hunted his, blindly, across the bed. "Barney, I'm going to hurt you," she whispered.

His mouth tightened. "No," he said. "No, Kitten."

"Yes," she said. "It's hurt you now, quick and hard, for just a little while, or give you a deep, dull hurt for years and years and years. I know you'd rather have it quick and hard—you're that kind of man."

"Can't it wait?"

"Nope," she said. "So listen. My ring is somewhere in a drawer around here. You're going to take it back. Like a good guy, now, Barney—no bullying me, you hear?"

"Lacey, listen to ——"

"You listen," she said. "When you made the deal with me, you made it with a whole woman. Nobody's going to cheat you, not if I can help it. I'm not a whole woman any more. You don't get me, Barney. You get somebody else."

"There's nothing certain," Barney said, "either way. Doctor Latimer, Doctor Whitney—they don't know. They've told me that. They won't know for a couple of weeks yet. So why in the name of heaven ——"

"Wait, Barney," she said. "You think I'm doing this for you. Big me—the tragic heroine making the supreme sacrifice, then walking away into the sunset! No, Barney. I don't want you to be stuck with an invalid for the rest of your life just because you think a promise is a promise, no matter what. But I'm thinking about me too. I don't want to spend the rest of my life feeling like a heel because I stuck you with a lousy deal. You see? I've got rights too. I think I'll get along, totally blind or partially blind. But the worse it is, the prouder I'll be of myself—I had what it took when I needed it. Wouldn't you rather I be proud than miserable, Barney? Wouldn't you?"

"Sure, Kitten. But what's the rush?"

"Because I've got myself worked up to it now," she said. "And I don't trust myself. I'm not as tough as shoe leather. I can chicken out, same as anybody. So give me a break, will you? Let me be a champ while I can. Say so long to me, Barney, like a good guy."

"Lacey, I can't."

"Sure you can," she said. "A couple of weeks, a month, two months—after that it'll be smooth sailing. Maybe a little rough at first, but getting smoother all the time. All right?"

He put the palm of her hand against his cheek. She waited for his answer, comforting him with that hand, and when she didn't hear an answer, she said softly, insistently, "The ring, Barney. It's in the drawer of the table beside the bed. Find it and give it to me, so I can give it to you—so I'll know you didn't pull a whizzer on me by just pretending."

She took her hand away and waited.

He found the ring, placed it in the palm of her hand. Then she took his hand, turned it up, placed the ring in his palm and closed the fingers tightly.

"A long, safe journey," she said. "In comfortable shoes."

"I'll keep in touch," Barney said thickly.

"Please don't," she whispered. "As a favor to me."

TO BE CONTINUED

Battle Against the Lake (Continued from Page 37)

acquiring a sensational suntan and gathering brine shrimp and shrimp eggs. It is a paying hobby. He sells these products to dealers around the country as food for tropical fish.

The railroad and Mr. Sanders could hardly be further apart on the subject of brine shrimp, which look like specks of brownish dirt. The shrimp have played a mean trick on the railroad. They have simply lived and died by the billions for thousands of years, thereafter settling on the lake floor with all their eggshells, dead eggs and household dirt. The bottom of Salt Lake, therefore, is a deep mush of ancient shrimp clutter. Soil engineers call this mush organic clay, and they wish the shrimps, in returning to clay, had done so in a less soupy manner.

The shrimp clay is very deep. But in and, at times, on it are layers of solid salt precipitated from the water. On about 60 per cent of the crossing route the salt strata are thick enough to provide a base for the embankment. For the remainder the clay alone must be trusted with the weight of the dike—36,000,000 cubic yards of sand, gravel and rock. It is a lot of weight to rest on mush, nearly 65,000,000 tons—or the equivalent of a theoretical 18,000,000,000 spadefuls turned by a theoretical man with a really aching back.

Prior to 1956, SP engineers and their consultants, International Engineering Company, poked and tested and measured the lake bottom and selected a route one quarter mile north of the existing trestle. In February, 1956, the construction job was turned over to the Morrison-Knudsen Company—price $45,000,000. The SP's own work will cost $5,000,000. M-K was to complete what is officially called the Salt Lake Crossing project. This meant erection of an embankment roughly as tall as a ten-story building, four fifths of whose height and more than that of whose bulk would be under water.

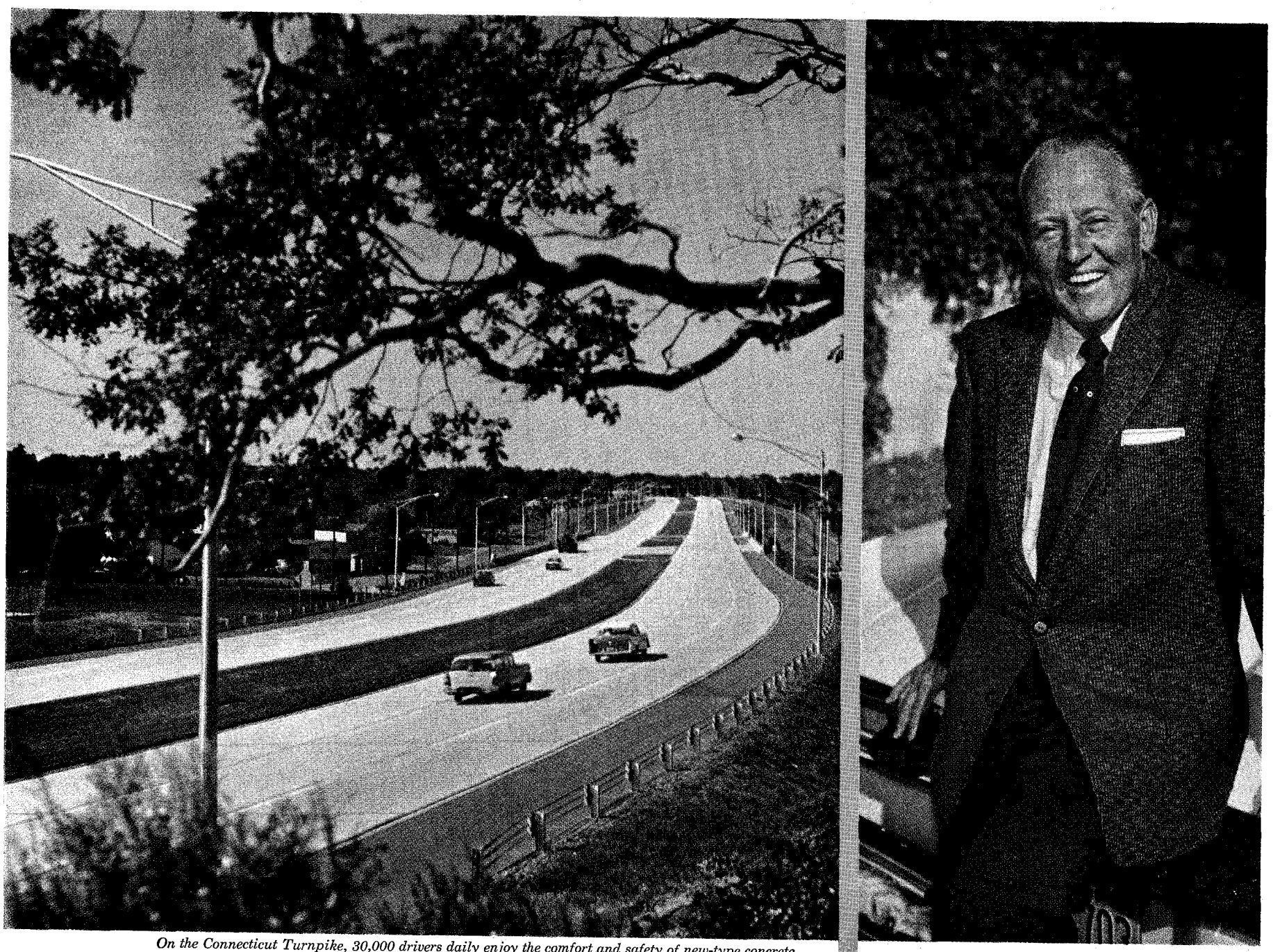
Appearing above water was to be a roadbed about as wide as a two-lane highway—thirty-eight feet—rising seventeen feet above the surface. At its base, fifty-five feet below water level, the pyramidal dike was to be and is more than twelve times as wide as its top. Precise length of the causeway is to be 12.68 miles. Trains may cross at full speed—seventy-nine m.p.h. on the SP.

Because of the brine shrimp and tricky bottom clays, first construction step was to dredge a trench—removing 28,000,000 tons—twenty-five feet deep in the bottom mess. The trench was then filled and topped with forty feet of fine stuff. The fine stuff serves as a mattress on which heavy rocks and boulders are piled up to and above the surface of the lake, which is thirty or so feet deep. At times this structure built on the delicate shrimp clay has proved too heavy for it. On seven occasions sections of the fill that were above water have sunk from sight. In one instance the subsidence happened so fast it carried down a bulldozer. The cat skinner who drove the 'dozer had to scramble hastily up the sinking edge of the fill, collecting multiple chafes and bruises to show for it.

It is only fair to say that most of these slips were anticipated. The engineers at times ran too risky tolerances just to gain information on how economical of material they could be. They were under no misapprehension about the lake bottom. Its tricky nature has been known since 1869, when the Central Pacific, predecessor of the SP, elected to go around the lake instead of across it. That is why the Golden Spike marking the first transcontinental meeting of rails in 1869 was driven north of the lake and thirty miles north of the present trestle.

The old SP/Union Pacific route around the lake no longer exists, even as rusting rails. The land route gave way in 1904 to the trestle, (*Continued on Page 80*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On the Connecticut Turnpike, 30,000 drivers daily enjoy the comfort and safety of new-type concrete

"I've driven them all. This new-type concrete gives you the world's most relaxing ride!"

Says **ART LINKLETTER**, star of "People are Funny", NBC, Saturday evenings, and "House Party", CBS, Monday through Friday

"Feeling" concrete for smoothness, this electronic testing machine can even detect bumps .006 of an inch high. It's one way the superb riding smoothness of new-type concrete is assured.

"People are funny about a lot of things, but not about highways. We want them easy to drive. Believe me, new-type concrete is just that! It's smooth, flat as a table top . . . really quiet. I can drive it all day without feeling tired. I'm looking forward to more of it on the new Interstate System."

Smoothest thing next to riding on air—that's new-type concrete. This flat, unruffled surface makes every ride a rest . . . a driver's dream.

No thumps, either. New-type concrete is sound-conditioned. This is continuous-laid pavement with only tiny, sawed-in cushion spaces. You don't hear or feel they're there. It's so wonderfully quiet.

Your relaxing ride will last, too. A specially designed subbase keeps new-type concrete flat and even for an expected 50 years and more. And there's "air entrainment," an ingenious process that puts billions of minute air bubbles into the concrete so freezing and de-icers can't roughen it.

More safety for you, too . . . in concrete's grainy surface that helps you stop quickly...in its greater light reflectance at night that lets you see better.

More good news: The initial cost of new-type concrete is moderate. And maintenance cost? Expect it to be up to 60% lower than for asphalt. You can see why modern concrete is the preferred pavement for the new Interstate System now being built.

NEW-TYPE Concrete

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 78*) and the rails were torn up during World War II. The Lucin Cutoff was completed in 1904, saving forty-three miles of distance, a great many heavy grades and a basketful of curves. The lake part of the Lucin Cutoff started as an earth dike to overcome the giant obstacle of Salt Lake. It ran for seven miles from the eastern shore near Ogden, Utah, to the tip of the promontory that juts down from the north. But the main body of the lake, from this promontory tip to the west shore, was an unbroken water expanse of twenty miles.

The builders of 1902–04 tackled this expanse with admirable courage. They succeeded in creating dikes five miles out from the west shore and about half that distance from the promontory tip. At these points further work developed a regrettable tendency to disappear overnight. After a couple of work trains complete with locomotives sank out of sight, there was a quick change in thinking. The builders turned to huge pilings, some as long as 120 feet. Thirty-nine thousand pilings were driven into the shrimp clay, and a wooden trestle was completed across mid-lake. It has served remarkably well, but its time has come.

It is difficult to compare the Salt Lake Crossing with other big western projects. The big dams, for example, cost more, but on the other hand a lot of their cost is in expensive concrete. The Salt Lake Crossing is wholly an earth-moving project. Land is shifted to sea twenty hours a day, and this has been going on for two years. Of course, moving dirt has required a good deal of equipment, the larger pieces of which have had to be shipped in in pieces and assembled at the lake shore. The railroad thus has acquired a navy of thirty-three vessels, a vehicle force of sixty huge trucks, plus dozens of mammoth shovels, bulldozers and miscellaneous smaller equipment. These range down to a type of small tractor with an overhead boom which the construction stiffs call a "cherry-picker."

It has been necessary to build two towns, the larger of which has a population of 2000 and contains about fourteen square blocks of trailers, a few bungalows, assorted barracks and office buildings and a supermarket. They face a dim future. The town of Little Valley has less than a year to live before it returns to dry, sheep-grazing land of pretty poor pickings, inhabited by rattlesnakes and jackrabbits. Little Valley lies near the tip of the thirty-mile promontory, facing west. There are a couple of SP maintenance stations and a small salt-evaporation enterprise lower down, but nothing more.

Bill Jaekle is SP's chief engineer, but resident chief on the job is Howard Willard. Guy Reid and Bill Steward run the show for Morrison-Knudson, and it is the construction company which has the most people and must do most of the work until the ribbon across the lake rises to precisely 4217 feet above sea level. Hence the occupants of most of the trailers and barracks are M-K men, construction workers and their families.

Except for the fact that material is dumped into a sea, this job has its similarities to all other construction jobs. Men dig and blast and haul and dump. The job runs long—"I'm used to shifting scenes about once a year," a driver says, "and I've been a little uneasy since last summer." The camp is isolated—a hundred miles by partly unsurfaced road to Ogden, twenty-five minutes and nine dollars each way by air taxi. The west-shore camp, a miniature of Little Valley, is worse off by road, has no air service and little physical communication with the east camp. From either camp there is an evening train into Ogden and a morning train out again. Bob Phipps, utility-boat captain, has the best arrangements. When he came out from Ogden he brought a light plane and an instructor. The instructor taught him to fly at Little Valley; he flew the instructor back to Ogden and now he commutes. He is one of two air commuters.

Veteran construction people have often met far worse living conditions on other jobs. And they are nomadic. George Harrison, who holds the garbage collection-and-disposal contract for the trailer city along with his job as machinist, has eight children. The eldest once lived in a real house. Truck mechanic Dean Prell and his wife, who is camp librarian, have two children who have never lived in anything but a trailer at a construction site. Ivan and Effie Gunderson have worked jobs in South America, Mexico and Alaska. They find Little Valley as confining a spot as any they have seen, but they make out cheerfully. Ivan is a dredge captain, Effie keeps busy as waitress in the community mess hall—meals a dollar, heaps of food and no limit on servings.

Because trailers are home to most of Little Valley's people, the trailer quality averages pretty high. Many workers on a long job accumulate good pay and when it is over they like to blow themselves to new living quarters. There are two two-story vehicles in town and no really dumpy little ones. Last spring nearly everyone had a fenced yard brightened with grass lawns and flower beds. But salt crept into the fresh-water system that supplied the town. There is hardly blade or bloom left anywhere and fresh water is now delivered by truck. Next to the Dead Sea, there is no saltier water in the world than Salt Lake's. About a quarter of its bulk is salt in suspension and the foam of a ship's wake is like whipped cream, heavy and lasting.

There is a definite personality split in the crossing project and two separate working bosses. The cleavage is at the water front. Harvey Hardin, land boss, digs and quarries 100,000 tons or more on any easy day. He delivers the material to the harbor or to wherever trucks can run on the fill. From the harbor Frank Curry, "The Admiral," takes it to sea and drops it exactly where it should go. Each division presses the other, but the combination has worked exceptionally well.

Hardin has seriously changed the profile of the lower promontory. A half-dozen quarry sites and borrow areas have clawed deeply into the gray slopes. A small valley running back into the Promontory Mountains is the largest of the borrow areas. A borrow area or borrow pit, parenthetically, is a place where earth can be borrowed for use elsewhere. It is not a realistic term, since the earth is never returned and there never exists any intention of returning it. At any rate, the borrowing from the little valley which gave the town its name has been so heavy that the area is now called "The Rose Bowl." Electric shovels taking fifteen-ton bites have nibbled the valley into a huge bowl.

Top of the bowl is about 700 feet above the shore line. The big shovels feed fifty-ton trucks which in turn roll down part way to disgorge onto an ingenious conveyor-belt system which is believed to be the fastest in existence for its size—fifty-four inches. The conveyor belt moves at a ten-mile-an-hour clip and, in dropping the two miles to the water front, has enough power to generate a supply of electricity which is fed into the area's power lines.

At the harbor edge the crossing project turns nautical. Conveyors and trucks and sometimes shovels feed barges which are pushed out on three-hour round trips to dump material on the underwater fill. Thirty-ton dump trucks also go to sea along the fill as it appears above the surface. But the economics of their travel puts a limit on how far they should haul. In August of this year truck delivery direct from source to the end of above-surface fill reached a cost of $1.43 a cubic yard. That was the limit. The round trip had reached twenty-three miles. For the remaining open-water gap of three miles between east and west arms, the barges were to take over entirely.

There was nothing at Little Valley before the work crews came; hence everything in sight is new and man-made. This includes the half-mile-wide harbor and a three-mile channel to deep water. A shipyard with marine ways was built to assemble cut-up vessels brought in by rail and to launch them on completion. They now parade continuously out to mid-fill, like so many streetcars. There are two types of barge, both pushed by muscular tugs. One dumps directly downward when bottom gates are opened. These draw a dozen feet of water when loaded, so they must stop when the invisible pile below rises to within fifteen feet of the surface.

... ...

Christmas-Card List

Now come the days of address
books
And the dilatory pen
When friendships—wilted—are
doused with ink
In hopes they'll bloom again.

Leslie Savage Clark

... ...

Dropping the 3600 tons, which the bottom-dump barges carry, at precisely the right spot is accomplished by a positioning engineer. He is picked up from a waiting small boat at mid-lake and joins the tug captain in lining up the barge according to floating targets, lengthwise; and, crosswise according to targets hung on the trestle a quarter mile abeam. The actual discharge is a mere matter of button-pushing. It is so quick that, at the moment of ridding itself of its cargo, the barge leaps ten feet upward, much like a healthy muskellunge. The drop finished, the positioning engineer jumps back on his small station boat, has another cup of coffee, and awaits the next tug and barge.

The second type of hauling barge has a flat steel top. It carries less load but is able to work in shallower water over the rising fill and also alongside while the fill is built above the surface. These flat-tops rendezvous with a like barge stationed at a mid-lake dumping spot. The latter carries bulldozers, two of which are put aboard the arriving barge to push its load over the edge. The bulldozers scrape and squeal across the deck with complete nonchalance. "Every month these decks get wider," the cat skinner said. But to the onlooker the operation is breath-taking. The cats charge across the deck until their thirteen-foot blades hang four feet over the water and even part of their tracks stick out. A couple have gone too far, but on the whole the crossing project has been relatively safe. There have been only two fatalities—a bulldozer went off the fill and a truck overturned.

No railroad navy is involved at the west camp, Lakeside. This is a railroad operation, with work trains going right into the borrow areas, then hauling out along the fill to a storage area and dumping the cars. Trucks take sand and rock from there out along the embankment where east-camp boats have brought the fill to the surface. Lakeside has only a couple of dozen trailers in its city, plus barracks, but it has a mess hall and recreation facilities as good as Little Valley's. Moreover, Lakeside controls the little putt-putt rail car that plies the trestle and is about the only feasible method of getting from shore to shore in a hurry. It shuttles over the old trestle, dodging the big trains at the discretion of its operator since its presence on the track does not register at the control center in Ogden.

Two radio talkie networks join all points on the operation. Most active of the microphones is in the fleet dispatcher's tower at the harbor. This is also a fine site for viewing splendid sunsets or burgeoning storms over the broad lake. Mid-lake is out of sight, even with powerful binoculars, but the parade of vessels into and out of the channel and all the harbor activity are visible day or night. This is also a place to discover from what wide areas the M-K men have assembled. "Admiral" Curry is from Kansas City. Four tug captains are from Alabama, some from New England and San Diego, and one is a converted dry-land farmer from less than forty miles away.

The conversation is sometimes as colorful as the sunsets, sometimes exceedingly human. The dispatcher is M-1. "M-1 to Tug X. Eddie? I'm sending Bob for you. Time has come, looks like. Your wife wants to fly into Ogden right now. Figures the baby to be born tomorrow." Or frequently, "Get that electrician back on the horn. I changed poles on that wire and it don't work no damn how. I got no spotlight and the wind is roarin' around here." "M-1! What's your latest weather? We got a bloody cloudburst over here."

Weather to the marine operation means wind and waves. Peaceful Salt Lake can and does whip up surprisingly vigorous storms. The log shows waves as high as nine feet plus, and the crews swear they have seen them over ten. Waves only half that high can give any of the lake vessels a hard time. Vessels that have run for it in a storm have come in twenty-two hours later, foodless and waterless.

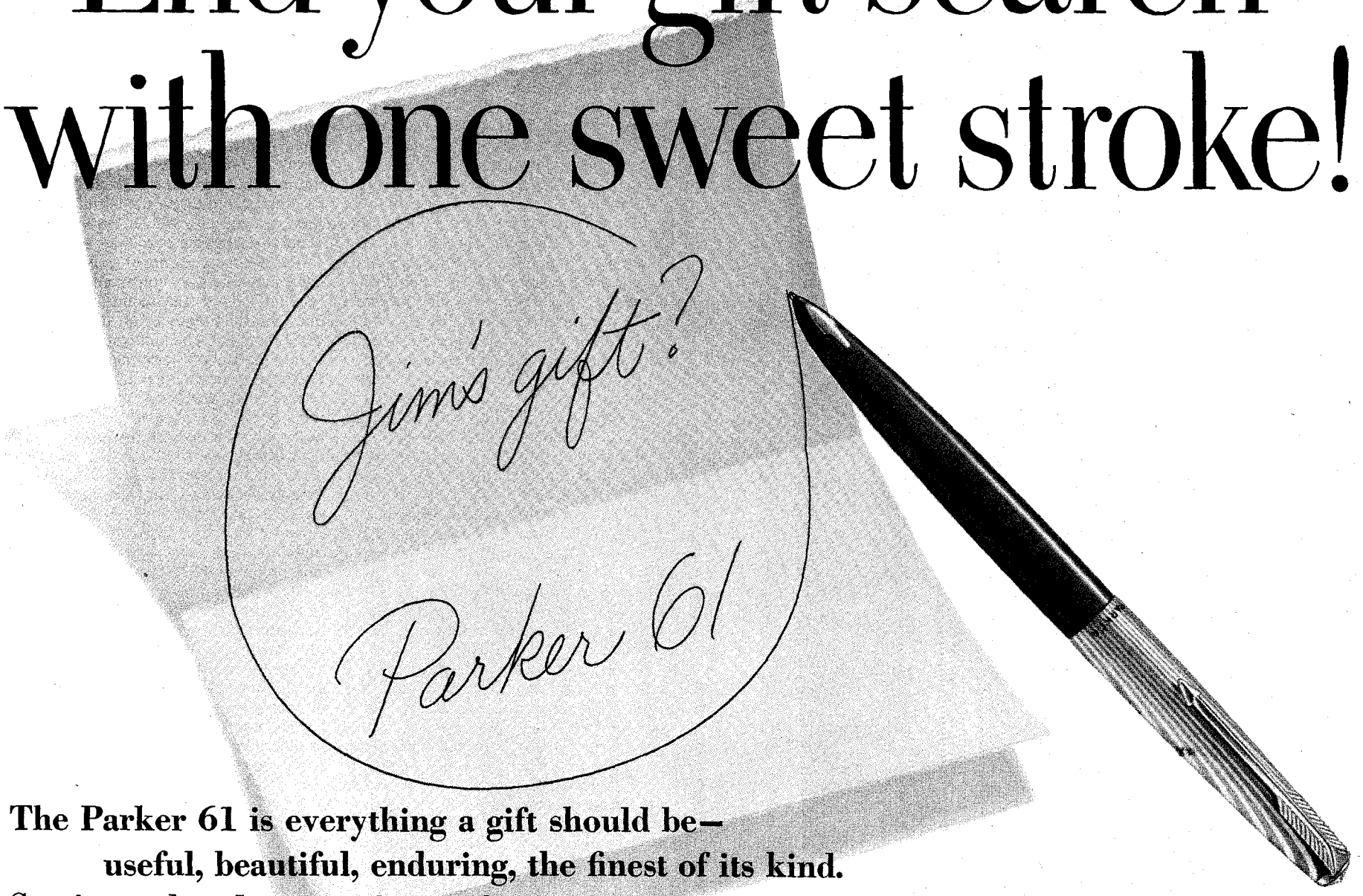
At the beginning of the project it was anticipated that down time from bad weather would run about 15 per cent. It has actually been a mere fraction of that, which is one reason the job is six months ahead of schedule. Weather is so important, however, that the project has an official weatherman reporting from Salt Lake City. Between the weatherman and M-K's own instruments the project is circled by automatic indicators as far out as 125 miles. A typical instrument in the dispatcher's office cuts in from a distance of sixty-five miles whenever wind velocity at that distance reaches ten knots.

We came in from the lake one night at an ideal time to check the accuracy of the weather guardians. They were dead right. It was 9:30 P.M. A fairly long and medium-violent thunderstorm had been predicted for 10 P.M. A powerful tug had already been dispatched to mid-lake to stand by in case of need. Vessels out on the lake reported rising wind and waves as early as 9:35 P.M. Within a few more minutes a loaded bottom-dump barge complained, "I just went through this gap sideways like a jet plane. I don't have a prayer of dropping this load right. We got twenty knots here and the waves are up to three feet and making for higher. Is it all right if I get over in the lee and sit it out?"

More sobering chatter went from one vessel to another. "Chris, can you get to me? I'm starting to break up." Chris got there, the lashings of tug to barge were tightened and the laboring tow finally moved behind a completed section of the dike. Within (*Continued on Page 82*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

End your gift search with one sweet stroke!



The Parker 61 is everything a gift should be—
useful, beautiful, enduring, the finest of its kind.
See it—and end your gift search now.

For the man who likes to sign his name bold, proud and clear. The 61's the kind of pen a man likes to pull from his pocket and put to work. The iridium point glides on a cushion of ink. Adjusts to every touch, every speed. No work to writing—the 61 stays ahead of you. Writes the way it looks: smooth and handsome.

Brawny and beautiful. No moving parts under that gleaming, solid barrel-cap. No levers or buttons or bulbs to break or wear out. The rugged, hefty 61's got honest quality under its proud gold arrow clip. When you lavish a 61 on a man, you've given him the best engineered writing instrument of our time.

Thinks for itself. This is the famous pen that fills itself, by itself. Drinks up thousands of words in just 15 seconds, no hands. The toughest, table-pounding tycoon is fascinated by the 61's lifelike way of taking care of itself—the almost human sensitivity of a nib that feeds ink at exactly the right rate.

Speaks your love for a lifetime. The 61 has a habit of staying close to its owner wherever he goes, whatever he does. And every one of the thousands of times he uses it, he'll be reminded of you. It's true: "He who receives this Parker never forgets the giver." *A great gift!*

The World's Most Wanted Pen

Parker 61
CAPILLARY PEN

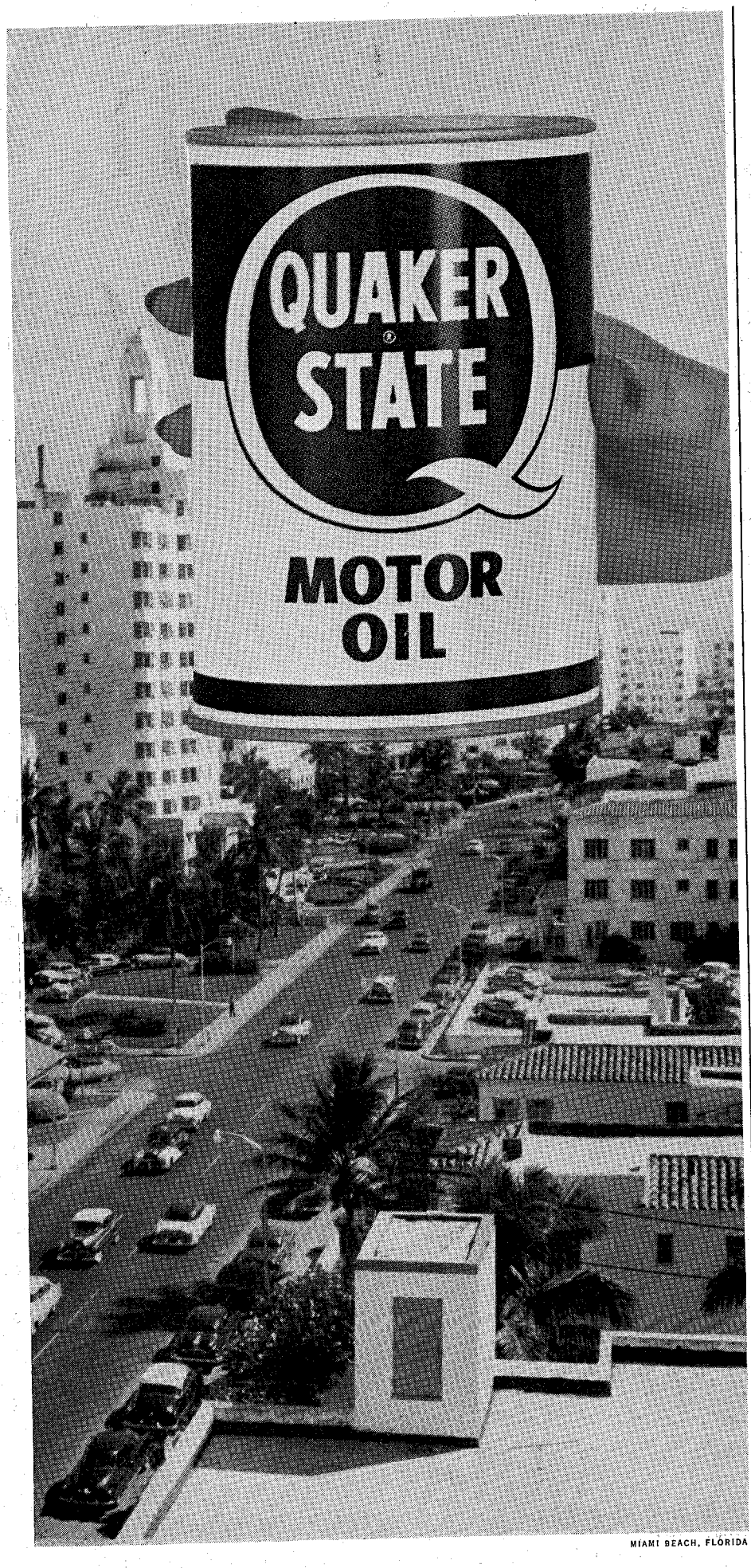
YOUR CHOICE OF FIVE COLORS:
Rage Red, Black, Surf Green, Charcoal, Vista Blue.

At Parker Franchised Dealers. Prices start at $15.

Parker Franchised Dealer

COPYRIGHT 1958 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A. • TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

Big news on the road today is Quaker State. This pure Pennsylvania oil is preferred by people from coast to coast who really *care* for their cars. You, too, will find there's a big difference in the cleaner, longer-lasting lubrication your car gets with **Quaker State** . . . *it's the best motor oil money can buy!* Ask for it.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

(*Continued from Page 80*) another hour truck traffic was halted on top of the fill. Salt spray was breaking on windshields, varnishing them into white opacity.

At the camp, lightning played over glistening trailers, interfering with television reception but not much else. The snack shop next to the store held coffee and pop drinkers (liquor is taboo), there were two poker games going in one recreation hall and a teen-age dance in the other. In a bare barracks room two Belfast Irishmen from IECO, Smith and Ferris, were arguing with a pair of skeptical nonengineers about just when shrimp stopped being shrimp and became organic clay. Up at the tire shop on the slope, three men from the rubber company were sadly viewing the effects of a rock cut in a giant tire worth hundreds of dollars. Next door the firemen were playing cards alongside the camp's one fire engine. Veteran Les Anderson had just returned from a makeshift paddock that held the three horses he will race later on at home in Idaho. Two saddle horses belonging to other M-K men were also in the miniature corral.

It was Sunday night. That morning a young priest had flown in from Ogden to conduct abbreviated Catholic services in a recreation hall. The Latter Day Saints had used the schoolhouse both morning and evening for meetings with Elder Bywaters. Between these meetings a congregation representing a half dozen Protestant sects had met with young Dave Duncan, a theological student who had driven in from Ogden. Sunday school that day held eighty children in seven classes.

No pleasure boat had been seen on the lake, although four were parked in the trailer camp and there is a small boat club at Salt Lake City about forty miles away. For its size, Salt Lake probably has less boating than any other American body of water. Boating is not impossible, just more difficult. Metal boats are out of the question (M-K barges are fitted with anti-corrosion devices). Outboard motors function well enough, but must be carefully flushed immediately after every use.

The strangest craft on the crossing project is an openwork raft which appears to be a side torn off a packing crate. Freeboard without passengers is about zero; with a maximum load of two, freeboard is negative at about ankle depth. The raft carries two paddles, an outboard motor and a fathometer reel. Happy young engineers in shorts sail it over the invisible dike, checking to see whether dumped materials have settled correctly.

The Promontory Mountains behind Little Valley give up sand and gravel without resistance, but heavy rocks must be wrenched from the faces of cliffs. The act of tearing cliffs apart is the most spectacular of camp operations. At the largest quarry site an ingenious system of tunnels, or coyote holes, has been drilled in such a way that successive blasts can be touched off without ruining the entrance tunnels. The largest blast here was believed to be the country's biggest nonatomic explosion. For this big one, 2,138,000 pounds of powder worth $193,000 were detonated. They produced 6,000,000 tons of rock.

A blast is a special event. The time is announced a day or two ahead and as the hour nears, guards and safety lines are set up for a mile around. We watched a 500,000-pound shot. This was a small one, but big enough to interest the University of Utah, where earth-crust studies are under way. The university sent a truck, a crew, a professor, and instruments to the site, and posted another recorder 125 miles away. As time for the detonation approached, big dump trucks arrayed themselves in front of potentially vulnerable buildings, their bodies tilted to form a protective wall. A specialist from the powder company arrived by plane to push the plunger, and one truck was assigned to cover our small group around him.

"Watch the face of the cliff," the powderman said, "and if rocks start coming this way, get under the truck."

The professor started a countdown, but since we were more than a quarter mile from the cliff we expected no more than an interesting spectacle. Then the plunger went down, the ground beneath us jumped and tilted, the entire cliff face flew straight out and in a moment we were enveloped in a rolling, gritty, and extremely dense cloud of gray dust and explosive fumes. A voice yelled, "Don't breathe!" Then the cloud rolled away like the granddaddy of all tumbleweeds. We looked up. The cliff was gone.

A good deal of the rubble produced by this explosion was of the proper size for riprap, rocks weighing between one and three tons. A blanket of this riprap is to be the final coating of the causeway flanks. And it is necessarily composed of heavy rock. The salt water of the lake is so extremely heavy and buoyant that it takes weight away from any solid. A human being cannot sink in it, and it has the capacity when rough to tear away any riprap chunks of less than a ton apiece.

The salt water can also be protective. It has kept the nuts and bolts of the trestle nicely glazed and in good shape all these years. And until May, 1956, it was believed to have rendered the trestle pilings fireproof. In that month a trainman, discovering a hotbox on a boxcar, set out the afflicted car on a siding, ripped the smoldering waste out of the journal box and tossed the stuff off the trestle, as the rules require. Unfortunately, he tossed it to windward. It blew back into the trestle and an eighth of a mile of trestle burned. The pilings were fireproof outside, but not in their centers.

This was the first painful incident in the trestle's fifty-two years up to that time. It was followed by another disaster—a crossing-project barge accidentally rammed through the structure. Maybe these are signs. At any rate, they mark the trestle as vulnerable in ways that the new crossing will not be.

In less than a year M-K will have placed the required two feet of sand over a completed isthmus at elevation 4217 feet, the SP will have placed ballast and rails on top of that to elevation 4220 feet, and one of the West's major projects will be complete. Trains will speed instead of crawl across thirty miles of blue water, broken only momentarily by the touch of the promontory tip. Then the old trestle can go. But a question arises—what form of animal life will appear on the new dike?

Animal life? On a skinny ribbon miles from shore and washed by lethal water? Well, it is a better site than the old trestle, which at first glance affords nothing to sustain life. Yet the old trestle does and has for years. There are little gray mice out there. They live on kernels of grain or crumbs of food that fall from passing boxcars and they drink the drippings from refrigerator cars and the scanty rainfall.

Will the mice move over to the magnificent new land bridge? It is something the Southern Pacific is morally obliged to study. For if not, on that big day when traffic leaves the trestle for the faster trip across the new embankment, the least the railroad can do is plant a farewell package of cheese on a trestle crosstie at midlake.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Horse That Was Hard to Believe

(Continued from Page 25)

Pulling past, she looked back at the beaten driver and shouted, "Ha!"

"That was the first word that Maude ever said to me," grandfather used to tell us. "She passed me and my black mare as if we were standing still. Then she glared at me and yelled, 'Ha!' It's no wonder I married her."

Except for moving eight miles, from a big brick house near Needham to a big frame house near Whiteland, Indiana, marriage didn't make many changes in grandmother's life. Mainly, she missed the horses she had had to leave. Grandfather owned Whiteland's only industry, a tile factory. He kept some twenty-five odd horses to pull the clay carts from the pit to the factory and to deliver the finished tile. Grandmother looked down her nose at the lot of them.

She tried to wangle Hamp as a wedding present, and was furious when her father gave her sixty acres and a sterling epergne instead. Fortunately, grandfather had a black Nagahasset mare named Fan that was nervous enough and unpredictable enough to console grandmother. If Fan had only been a shade faster going uphill, grandmother would have considered her marriage perfect.

She'd been the belle of three counties and neither marriage nor the arrival of my mother, Etha, and later, my uncle, Bill, particularly interfered with her activities. The neighbors continued to point her out to strangers with the same civic pride that they took in the new grain elevator. Aunt Suse, a colored woman and one of grandmother's best friends, had charge of the kitchen and the children, while Greene Rife, the hired man, kept the woodbox filled and the horses curried.

Grandmother had every reason to be pleased with herself on the Sunday morning that she hurried the children outside to the surrey, scolding Bill, who had tried to smuggle out three sugar cookies in the sleeve of his Russian blouse. Bill had always been partial to eating during church services. Grandmother was adding a few final predictions about what was likely to happen to small boys who ate while the Presbyterian congregation prayed, when she caught sight of a strange horse standing by the barn.

The animal was a hammerheaded gray, his ribs standing out like so many pickets on a fence. His scraggly tail was blowing in the raw March wind and his feet were the size of chop plates.

Grandmother gave Bill a boost into the surrey and turned to her husband. "John Dickson, you tell me right now where that creature came from!"

"Now, Maude," grandfather soothed, "I just took him in trade for some tile. A fellow had to have a little drainage tile and he couldn't pay for it, so he gave me Gerald. That's his name"—grandfather jerked his chin toward the barn—"Gerald. But they call him Jerry."

"I could think of a passel of other things to call him." Grandmother raised her eyebrows and stepped into the surrey.

Jerry wormed his way into grandfather's good graces by eating. He ate everything he could find: oats, Greene Rife's straw hat, grandmother's forsythia and several sugar cookies that Bill had been carrying. By early summer, Jerry was so plump and glossy that grandfather was prompted to say, "You know, Maude, from the rear, that horse reminds me of your Aunt Tib." Thereafter, grandfather thought of Jerry with affection, and grandmother thought of him as a walking insult to her Aunt Tib.

Grandfather had intended to use Jerry at the tile factory to pull the clay carts. But before he could put the horse to work, my mother and Bill adopted him. Theoretically, they already had a pony and didn't need a horse. But Mac, the chestnut pony, was something of a free wheeler and he roamed the pasture behind the barn. Before the children could use him, they had to catch him. That was difficult, for Mac could run faster than they could and there seemed to be some question about who was smarter than whom.

On the other hand, Jerry could always be found standing by the barn, watching the door to the feed room. For an ear of corn he was willing to do almost anything. The first time that mother used him, she hitched him to the pony cart. It was a tight squeeze getting Jerry between the shafts, and once there, with the shafts bowed out around his ribs, his height lifted the front wheels off the ground. Mother drove about for two days with Jerry crammed between the shafts and the cart rolling along on its rear wheels, until grandfather saw her turnout, said "By thunder!" and replaced the cart with an old cut-down buggy.

Proud of being allowed to drive Jerry, mother and Bill were delighted when grandmother sent them into Whiteland with a bushel of tomatoes for Aunt Tib. Mother, who was eight at the time, tied Jerry in front of the firehouse that afternoon, so that as many people as possible could see that she was driving a full-grown horse.

By happy chance, Aunt Tib was turning the crank of her ice-cream freezer when they arrived. Their errand took on a social flavor and mother was accepting a second dish of Aunt Tib's lemon ice when Alfie Perry knocked at the door.

"You better come outside, Etha," Alfie grinned. "It kinda seems like something's gone wrong with your horse."

Mother trotted out, with Bill and Aunt Tib at her heels. Jerry was sitting in front of the firehouse, forelegs straight and hind legs sprawled out comfortably—more or less like a dog. His eyes were half closed in contentment, and he wouldn't get up. It took Charlie Todd and two drummers, who were coming out of the post office, fifteen minutes to get him back on all four feet.

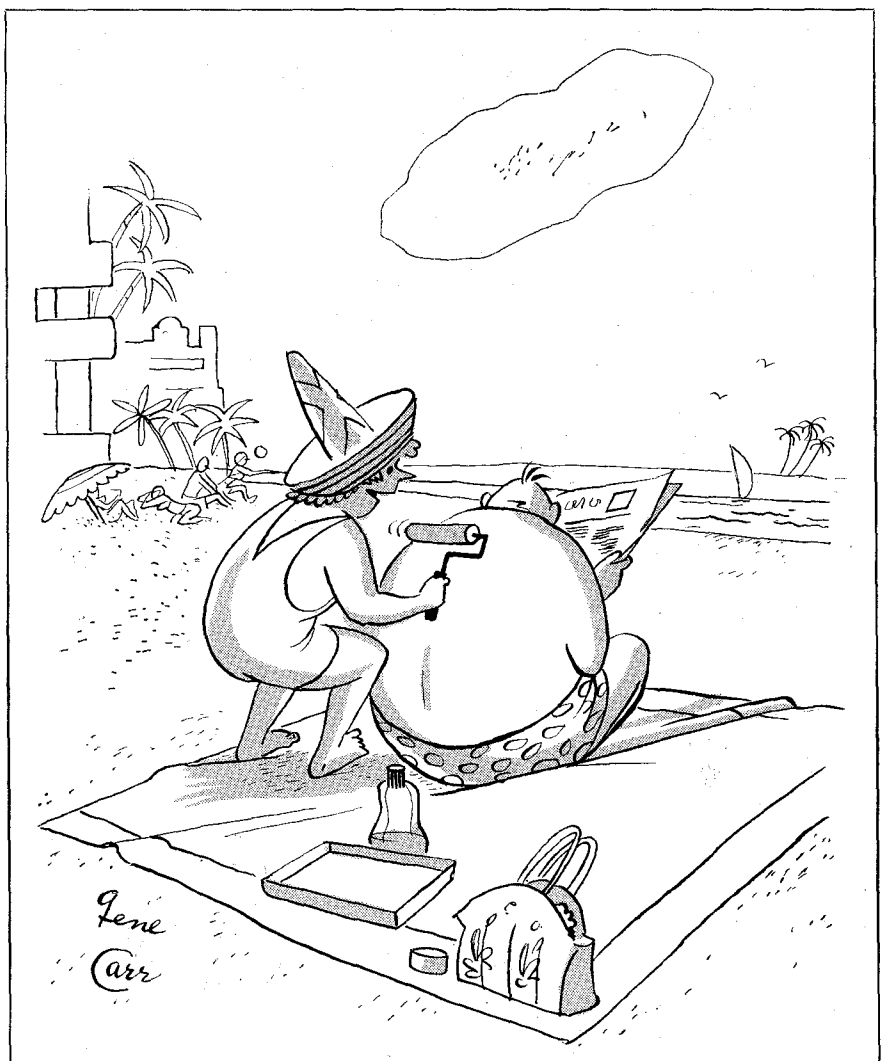
"You tell your father that I say it's downright mortifying to have a horse in the family that sits that way," Aunt Tib whispered fiercely when Jerry was on his feet and mother was climbing into the buggy.

"It may mortify your Aunt Tib," grandfather said, when mother delivered the message, "but it worries me. Maybe Doc George ought to have a look at Jerry."

Doc George Mather drove out from Franklin and went over Jerry with the same care he would have given Fan. "I reckon Jerry's not the best horse I ever saw," he told grandfather, "but he sure is sound. My guess is that he's peculiarly lazy. If he's sat on the children once, he's likely to do it again." And he did. Throughout his whole long life, Jerry sat whenever he could.

Not long after Jerry's first exhibition of sitting, grandmother had her twenty-seventh birthday. Grandfather gave her a new buggy whip to celebrate the day. It had a silver stock and blue ribbons and a heavily loaded tip.

Grandmother harnessed up Fan, slipped her new whip into its socket and drove down the Spring Road toward Whiteland. She'd intended to try out her whip, but Fan shied when the whistle at the tile factory blew, and grandmother was at the outskirts of town before she had her mare in hand again.



"If we don't try out these new ideas how are we going to progress?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

To keep the trip from being wasted, grandmother stopped by Elmer Carter's store. In a rare fit of domesticity, she bought a brass-bound, ten-gallon churn that Mr. Carter had on sale. With the churn on the buggy seat beside her, she drove home slowly, her new whip untried but decorative.

At home, Aunt Suse took one look at the churn and threw up her hands. "Miss Maude, what you aim to do with that durn churn? We just got us one Jersey cow! We going to get us more Jerseys? We going to start us a butter business?"

They carried the thing back to the summer kitchen and there it sat. Grandmother would look at it and feel put upon, because she'd had a time getting it home, driving slowly with the churn perched on the seat beside her and needing to be braced and held in like a three-year-old child. Aunt Suse would look at it as she poured her yellow cream into her little churn, and mutter, "Durn churn. Ain't going to churn no half gallon of butter in no old ten-gallon varmint. Durned old churn."

Grandmother overheard one of Suse's soliloquies and said, "Suse, you stop mumbling at that churn. If you're not going to use it, I'll take it straight back and ask Mr. Carter to take it off our bill. You go tell Greene to harness up Fan."

Grandmother changed into a fresh shirtwaist, starched so stiff that it sounded like corn popping when she moved, and pinned a hat atop her pompadour. She was smoothing white gloves over her wrists when she stepped out on the front porch and stopped stock-still. Greene Rife was standing there in the driveway, holding Jerry, though he never needed anyone to hold him, since he only moved under duress anyway.

"I'm sure real sorry," Greene started talking before grandmother could open her mouth, "but Mr. Dickson's got Fan out today and Fred's still got his bad foot. There weren't nothing at the barn but Jerry. And anyhow, I already got your churn in the buggy."

Grandmother stepped into the buggy, jammed her new whip into its socket and she and Jerry plodded off toward Whiteland.

The Crocketts owned a vacant lot at the outskirts of town. The Baptists favored it for revival meetings. Gypsies used to camp there in the spring, scaring mother witless because everyone knew that they stole children. They were a great disappointment to Bill, however. He'd always wanted to be stolen, and cried when the gypsies kept sending him home and telling him to stay there.

As Jerry ambled down the road, a crowd was beginning to gather in the lot. Grandmother could see a big red-and-yellow wagon with its tailboard let down to form a platform. A tall man in a black silk hat was pacing up and down the platform, shouting at the crowd. Jerry pricked up one ear as they came even with the lot. Just then, two men in kilts, their bagpipes on their shoulders, strode out of the wagon. They took a deep breath and the afternoon was filled with the skirl of the pipes.

At the sound of the piping, Jerry stopped short and threw up his head. With his ears twitching, he began to neigh. People turned away from the medicine show to look. Jerry, still caterwauling, sat down. He sat there between the shafts of the buggy, his eyes walled and his nostrils distended, and mourned with the pipers while they piped out the MacGregor's Lament.

Someone in the crowd yelled, "Hey, look! John Dickson's fool horse!"

Grandmother reached for her loaded whip. She'd never used a weighted tip,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but she stood up in the buggy and with all her strength sent it flying toward Jerry. Like a boomerang, it returned to her with the same force and wrapped itself around and around and around her neck until she looked as if she were wearing a furpiece with a handle.

Grandmother yelped, startling Jerry. Forgetting the pipers, he lurched to his feet, jiggling the churn out of the buggy. While grandmother was trying to unwind the buggy whip, Jerry began to back. He backed the buggy over the churn. Grandmother forgot the whip around her neck when she heard the popping and cracking of wood. She looked down to see her ten-gallon churn stove in.

With tears of frustration stinging her eyes, she jerked Jerry around and they plodded away, pursued by the strains of the MacGregor's Lament, leaving the remains of the durn churn lying in the middle of the Spring Road.

And grandmother stopped speaking to Alfie Perry after he said, "Say, Maude, if we get them bagpipe fellers to come back, would you drive that fool horse past again? My kids missed it the first time."

As the years passed, Jerry put on more weight. He was around sixteen when Doc George observed that he was getting downright fat.

"Well," grandfather said, "there's nothing that anybody can do about it."

"You could put him in front of a clay cart," Doc George suggested. "And you could cut down on his feed. Another hundred pounds on Jerry and he'll be too fat to sit."

So they put Jerry to work at the tile factory, where he thwarted grandfather's good intentions by finding another source of food. When the noon whistle blew, the workmen unhitched the teams before they opened their lunch boxes. Instead of standing in the shade with the other horses, Jerry wandered from group to group among the men, his nose twitching and his eyes alert, searching for the men with the biggest and the best lunches.

Those were the days of yellow, homemade cheese, and sausage that had hung in the smokehouse, and crumbly, fresh-baked bread. No wife worth her salt would fail to crowd three or four such sandwiches into her man's lunch box. Then she'd somehow make room for a thick wedge of custard pie and a hunk of her sour-cream chocolate cake.

Many a woman must have stood over her coal range with her cheeks red from the heat and thought of how her man would relish her baking. And he probably did. He probably enjoyed no end what Jerry left him of it.

For Jerry was partial to pastry. When he found a man about to bite into a slice of cake, Jerry sat down, sighed and stared at him. Because a horse's eyes are set at an angle, he doesn't need to look directly at an object to see it. Jerry always stared straight at people because he'd found it was more effective.

"It looks like old Jerry has a notion for Martha's sour-cream cake, Toady," one of the men would laugh.

"Heh-heh, it sure does," Toady would agree, cramming Martha's sour-cream cake into his mouth as fast as he could while Jerry sat there and stared at him. Halfway through, Toady would waver, look at the remains of his cake, look at Jerry and say, "All right, all right. You can have the rest of it, but, by gum, next time Martha had just better put in another chunk, that's all."

It was bad enough when Jerry was begging on his own initiative, but before spring was well under way, the situation took a turn for the worse. The men began to smuggle in exotic goodies in their lunch boxes and compete for Jerry's attention. Jerry gained the hundred pounds that Doc George had warned against, but he was still able to sit with an effort.

Finally grandmother said, "John, that horse is getting fatter every day. You keep him at the factory and he's going to eat himself into an early grave."

"Now, I wouldn't say that, Maude," grandfather hedged. "The men at the factory have taken a shine to Jerry and he needs the exercise he's getting down there."

"You bring him back home where he belongs and I'll see he has exercise."

"You?"

"Me," grandmother answered, and stalked off to see if Aunt Suse had put the evening's milk to set.

She was as good as her word. Jerry came back to the barn and grandmother took over feeding him. "You slip that fool horse just one ear of corn," she threatened Greene Rife, "just one little winter apple, and the next time you mislay your store teeth, Aunt Suse and I won't lift a finger to help you find them."

Greene's teeth were strictly for smiling purposes—he took them out every night in the kitchen when he sat down to supper—so he was intimidated. With grandmother and Aunt Suse usually of one mind, Greene suspected that his teeth might get lost in some strange place, like the bottom of the red tin tea caddy, and it might be weeks before he could grin again. Every time he heard Jerry's pitiful hungry nicker, he ran his tongue over his teeth and hardened his heart.

Under grandmother's regime, Jerry's extra pounds began to melt away. As he grew thinner, he grew playful. And he developed a belated preference for grandmother. Jerry's idea of affection was to butt the object of his devotion. No doubt from his point of view, those were soft, playful little butts. But when he nudged grandmother with his broad forehead, he did it with enough force to catapult her six feet, forcing her to stumble as she tried to regain her balance. She'd wheel around with the light of battle in her eyes and begin, "Now, you listen to me, horse ——" And Jerry would amble up, sleepy-eyed and friendly and looking so downright eager to listen to her that she'd forget all the harsh things she had to say to him and would scratch the place by his mouth that always itched.

The first brisk days of late September came and Jerry was looking better. He was never going to be handsome, but losing two or three hundred pounds had been an improvement.

One clear, windy morning grandmother walked up to him, his harness in her hand. He let her come up to his head before he let out a happy nicker, wheeled around and trotted through the barn door, down the wide center aisle and out the other end. "Why, Jerry!" Grandmother couldn't have been more surprised if he'd opened his mouth and said, "Top o' the mornin' to ye, Maude."

Safe at the far end of the barn, he turned and peered back around the corner at her. Half peeved and half amused by his sudden show of coltishness, grandmother followed him. Ten minutes and three trips around the barn later, he let her bridle him and lead him to the buggy. But he'd grown so fond of the game, trotting around the barn while grandmother chased him, that he made it a preliminary to most of their later drives. All of a sudden it seemed that Jerry had learned how to play and had the impression that, in grandmother, he'd found a playmate.

She was flattered by his constant attention. With a sigh for the figure she might have cut, grandmother would pass by the stalls of Fan and Fan's great dark son, Prince, and harness up Jerry.

The years had no more dulled Fan than they had grandmother. The mare was still skittish, still able to dance her way down the main street of Whiteland while people turned around to watch and say, "There goes Maude Dickson and that Fan." And Prince, the son of Fan and Hamp, was fighting mean and had shown his heels to the fastest horses in Johnson County. He'd tear down the road, fighting for the bit and stretching out for every step, while other drivers pulled their horses off to one side to let him pass.

There was something about driving a fast horse that made grandmother's blood run quicker and made her smile in spite of herself as she braced her feet against the dashboard, listening to the rhythm of a trotting horse and watching the distance close between herself and another buggy up ahead.

"I never admired anything like I did Prince," she's said, "but, you see, Jerry and I sort of understood each other."

So she drove Jerry. She drove him to Carter's store and to Aunt Tib's, and when he sat down to wait for her, she laughed. Jerry gave up standing by the barn where he could watch the door to the feed room and took to standing under the beeches, as close to the house as he could get, to watch the back door. When grandmother came out to water her zinnias or to check the weather, Jerry would call to her. She'd laugh and stroll over to scratch the corner of his mouth.

It was a balmy Sunday morning in April and the family was dressed to go to church when Greene Rife called grandfather aside to tell him that Jerry hadn't come up from pasture with the other horses. Jerry had never been known to loiter in getting to the barn for his morning oats. Grandfather, with grandmother and the children following him, walked back to the north pasture. Jerry started nickering when he saw grandmother top the rise that hid the field from the barn. He called to her until she was close enough to see his left front leg hanging limp, broken by a kick from another horse.

Doc George left church in the middle of a sermon to come and look at Jerry. He shook his head.

"Oh, that fool horse!" grandmother said. "George, couldn't we rig a sling out here?"

She was scratching the corner of Jerry's mouth while she talked. Doc George shook his head again. Grandfather walked back to the house for his rifle.

They sent to Franklin for great bolts of unbleached muslin, and Toady Yest came over to help Greene Rife and grandfather dig a grave next to the family burial ground. Just beyond the wrought-iron fence that protected the graves of the family, they buried Jerry, wrapped in muslin and resting on yellow wheat straw.

That winter grandmother sold the sixty acres her father had given her for a wedding present. With some of the money she bought a granite marker from Alfie Perry's brother in Franklin. Chiseled on the face of it was the legend, JERRY DICKSON 1894-1913.

Aunt Tib took one look at the little stone and pursed her lips. "Now, Maude," she began, "I'm not at all sure you ought to have done it. Jerry was just a fool horse that was forever sitting down and ——"

"That he may have been"—grandmother braced herself for an argument—"but he was a member of the family too. Jerry Dickson he was, and Jerry Dickson that stone says." THE END

The Perfect Squelch

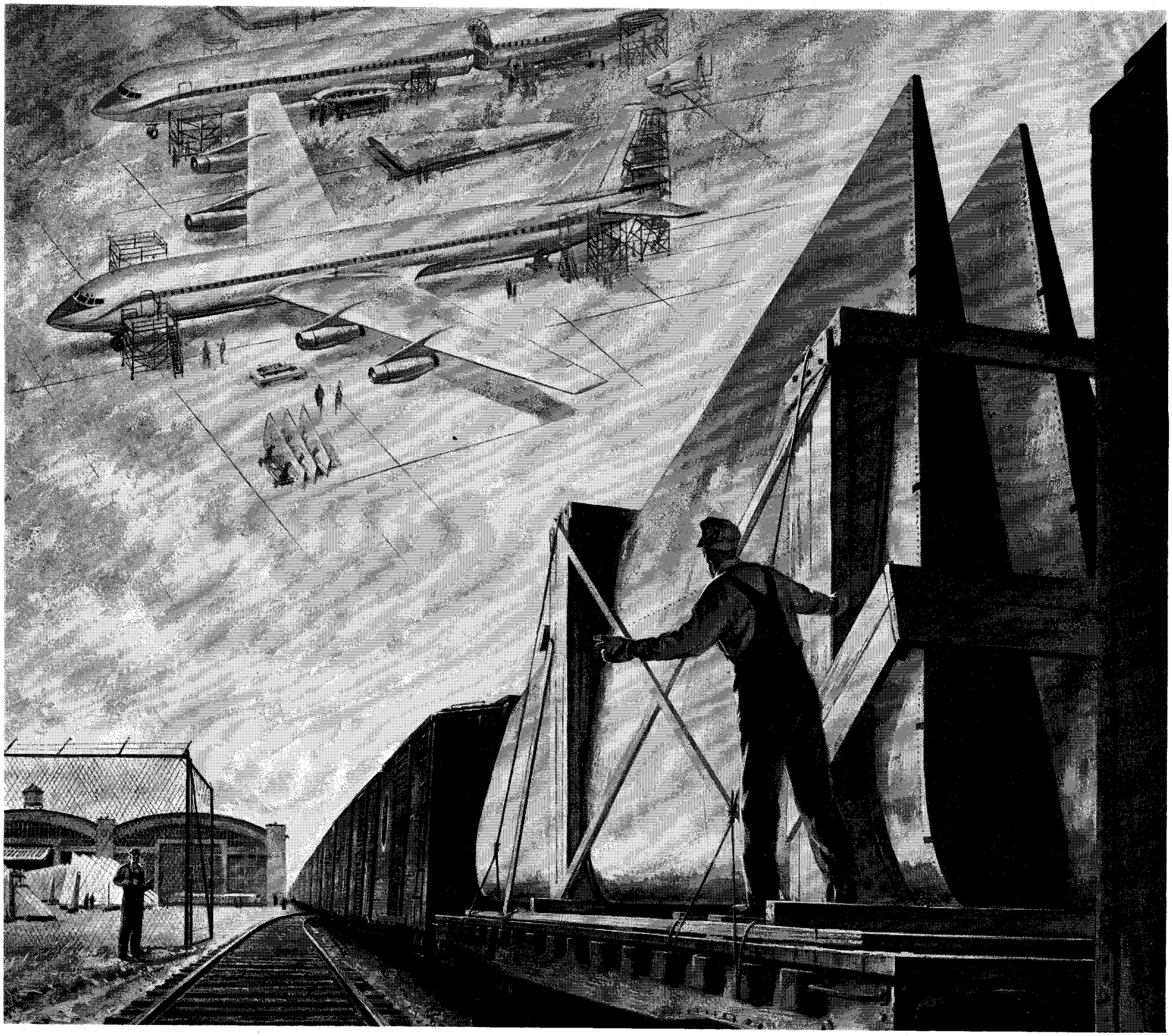
Mountaineers from a neighboring state, almost penniless, swarmed over the state line to take relatively high-paid jobs in a new factory. They proved to be good workers, but constantly voiced dislikes of the state to which they had moved. One of these involved the cost of hunting and fishing licenses. Back home in the hills, they shot and fished when they pleased.

"Just how crazy can you git?" an agitated mountaineer asked one of the local sportsmen. "Three dollars fer fishin', another dollar fer trout, five dollars fer huntin', another buck fer a big-game stamp, another fer migratin' ducks. Why, it costs a poor soul eleven dollars just to go out and git something fer the pot. Back home I can do it all fer free. Just what, mister, is the difference?"

"The difference," the local man shot back, "is that over here you can afford to buy the licenses."

John S. Coe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



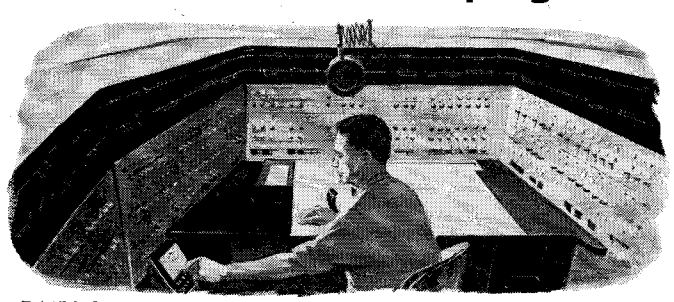
America's jet age rolls in on rails of steel

Another example of how railroad progress goes hand in hand with U. S. progress

New York to London in only 6½ hours! That's the flying time of today's dramatic new jet planes—as America advances into the jet age.

Assembling jet planes—from raw material to finished product—calls for a massive job of hauling. So naturally, the builders turn to the railroads. For no other form of transportation can move such huge quantities of materials with the efficiency and economy of the railroads.

In fact, the railroads are absolutely essential to the growth of our economy and to our national defense. The country couldn't do without them. That's why the railroads should be allowed equality of treatment and opportunity with their competitors.



RAILROAD PROGRESS: *Push-button control of hundreds of miles of track increases the efficiency and capacity, and improves the service of today's modern railroads.*

AMERICA MOVES AHEAD WITH THE RAILROADS

Association of American Railroads, Washington, D. C.

ESSENTIAL TO THE NATION'S ECONOMY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How We Drifted Close to War

(Continued from Page 27)

the mainland, still held by the Nationalists. Given a "warrant" by the United States to reinsure him against the risks involved, Chiang would be able to redeploy and strengthen his already-considerable forces on these islands. Thus, increased pressure would be brought to bear on the Chinese Communists, while the strengthening of the islands would also serve as a "symbol" of our determination to adopt a bold "forward" policy against the Chinese Communist aggressors. He made these proposals, Dulles said, in no partisan spirit. He had carefully studied the National Security Council papers on the subject, and he believed the course he advocated was encompassed in existing policy.

The initial reaction to this recital was tepidly polite. Allen Dulles asked a few factual questions, while Allison and Merrill complimented Dulles on his presentation. Then suddenly C. B. Marshall, of the Planning Staff, a big, articulate, irascible man, who was, among those present, low man on the bureaucratic totem pole, cast a bombshell into the placid bureaucratic scene.

It was nonsense, Marshall said, to say that such a course was authorized by existing policy. Truman's order to the Seventh Fleet was designed to prevent the spread of the Chinese civil war, whereas the course Dulles proposed would mean direct American intervention on one side in that war. Moreover, to give Chiang a "warrant" on the offshore islands would "convey to a foreign entity the power to involve the United States in war." As he warmed to his subject, Marshall launched into a passionate peroration. To convey to Chiang Kai-shek's "mendicant and necessitous regime" a warrant that would permit that regime to drag the United States into a civil war would be an "act of supreme folly."

John Foster Dulles looked at Marshall as though he did not exist—a feat Dulles can perform brilliantly—and said not a word. There was an unhappy silence. Then Bohlen, the able diplomat, took over, asking Dulles questions which were politely phrased, but which nevertheless pointed up the risks involved in the course Dulles proposed. The meeting then broke up, on a strained and inconclusive note.

The story of this brief bureaucratic wrangle is worth recounting despite its inconclusive ending. In 1950, at the beginning of the Korean War, General MacArthur discussed with Averell Harriman "the problem of the island of Quemoy," remarking that it was "important [to the Chinese Nationalists] from the standpoint of eventually landing on the mainland, but had no value for the U.S." Otherwise, the meeting in Allen Dulles' office was the first occasion when the subject of the offshore islands was ever seriously discussed by policy-making officials. Before then, and indeed for a long time thereafter, only the specialists in such matters were aware of the existence of the little Nationalist-held islands like Quemoy, Little Quemoy, the Matsus and the Tachens, all within hardly more than a stone's throw of mainland China.

The dispute in Allen Dulles' office also sharply illuminated the bitter and passionate division on China policy which has plagued the American Government for many years, and still plagues it to this day. Finally, what John Foster Dulles said that day in his brother's office foreshadowed much that was to happen after he became Secretary of State.

Indeed, if one looks back, an odd pattern emerges. Dulles made two related proposals that day in his brother's office. The first—that the Seventh Fleet should cease to "protect" the Chinese Communists—was loudly put into effect as soon as Dulles became Secretary, and then quietly, but effectively, reversed. The second—that the United States Government should offer Chiang a "warrant" on the offshore islands—was not consciously put into effect at all. Nevertheless, Chiang has his warrant, for all practical purposes. The granting of the warrant has just happened, rather as Topsy just "growed," without Dulles or anybody else exactly planning it that way. The result, as we shall see, is a situation a good deal more "anomalous" than the one Dulles complained of in 1952.

Dulles' first important act as Secretary of State was expressed in certain phrases in President Eisenhower's first State of the Union message in January, 1953, which were written by Dulles and which were a paraphrase of what he had said in his brother's office. "We certainly have no obligation to protect a nation fighting us in Korea," the President said, and he was therefore "issuing instructions that the Seventh Fleet no longer be employed to shield Communist China." This was, of course, the famous "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek (the word was not Dulles', but a newspaper invention). What was the "unleashing" all about?

Money won't buy health—but that's no excuse for not paying your doctor.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Critics of Dulles contend that it was all about politics—that it was a legalistic device to lend a color of reality to the campaign oratory about a "dynamic new foreign policy of liberation." But this is not fair to Dulles. Dulles was quite aware that the defeated Chinese Nationalists represented no serious threat to the Communists on the mainland—unless they had American air and naval support. But, as he has since explained the matter, Dulles wished to implant in the minds of the Communists the fear that Chiang might in fact get American support for an invasion of the mainland. The fear that this might happen, Dulles reasoned, would make them more ready to agree to an acceptable truce in Korea. Dulles, in short, was indulging in psychological warfare. As a gesture of psychological warfare, the unleashing no doubt made sense—Dulles is convinced that it helped to make the Korean truce possible. On the other hand, the President's new order to the Seventh Fleet, which was leaked in advance with much fanfare, was advertised by the new Administration's political propagandists as a great new departure in foreign policy, which it certainly was not.

In that strained moment in Allen Dulles' office, C. B. Marshall overstated his case. Even so, the danger to which he pointed was real—the danger that the Chinese Nationalist tail might end by wagging the American dog, and wagging the American dog right into war with mainland China. And there is no doubt on one point. Though Dulles may have looked at Marshall as though he did not exist, he was quite aware of the existence of this danger, as is suggested by another small bureaucratic episode from the past.

For a number of weeks after the new Administration took office, a few high officials of the old Administration remained insecurely in their posts. Early in 1953, two of these official ghosts-to-be—Gen. Omar Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; and Paul Nitze, brilliant head of Dean Acheson's Policy Planning Staff—had a worried talk. What worried them was a promised shipment of jet planes to Formosa, which the new Administration had announced with a flourish. These planes, Bradley pointed out, had plenty of range for an attack on the mainland. If Chiang ordered them to shoot up the mainland, might he not start something we would have to finish?

Nitze and Bradley together drafted a paper for the new Secretary of State, proposing that Chiang should be asked to agree not to use the planes against the mainland without the concurrence of the American Government. Nitze then led a small delegation which presented the paper to Dulles. The delegation waited with curiosity and perhaps some slight trepidation for Dulles' reaction—the proposal, after all, certainly amounted to "protecting" or "shielding" the Chinese Communists from attack. Dulles read the paper, making the odd, small clicking noises which he makes when concentrating and penciling in a number of revisions as he read. When he handed it back, the paper had been sharply strengthened—under no circumstances was Chiang to get his new jets without the most explicit written agreement that they would not be used against the mainland without express American permission.

Thus began the "releashing" of Chiang. In the early '50's, the offshore islands were used by the Nationalists as expendable bases of operations against the Communists. Their chief use was for commando-type guerrilla raids on the mainland, which were sometimes mounted in battalion strength, and which were supported, as we shall see, by Allen Dulles' CIA. The islands were also used for reconnaissance, leaflet dropping, occasional bombing forays against the mainland and for blockading such Chinese Communist ports as Amoy, opposite Quemoy. Progressively, as a result of intense American pressure, all these activities have been ended, as the releashing process has gone on. During the recent crisis, John Foster Dulles hinted broadly that, if only the Chinese Communists would stop cutting up rough, Chiang Kai-shek would be so thoroughly releashed that the islands would not even be used for intelligence purposes, or for any other purpose that might annoy the Chinese Communists in any way.

Meanwhile, while the releashing of Chiang has been going on, we have been helping the Nationalists, with copious dollars, matériel and advice, to strengthen their forces on the offshore islands. In short, the stronger we have made Chiang's forces on the islands, the less we have permitted him to use them against the Communists. Surely this process, with its obvious overtones of Alice in Wonderland, has been "anomalous" enough for anyone. Yet the process has had a sort of built-in logic and inevitability of its own. What has been done has been done by reasonable men, for rational reasons.

Take the build-up of the Chinese Nationalist forces on the offshore islands. In numbers of troops, the build-up has not been all that great—there were supposedly between 50,000 and 60,000 Nationalist troops on Quemoy, for example, in 1951, about 80,000 by 1955, and there are about 85,000 today. But these numbers by no means tell the whole story. In the early days, many of the troops on the islands belonged to one or another of Chiang's "phantom divisions," in which the official troop strength was double or quadruple the actual strength. The troops who were not phantoms were for the most part a rag-tag-and-bobtail lot. But as time went on, Chiang's best troops were increasingly committed to the islands, while Quemoy especially was progressively transformed from an expendable outpost into a fortress, a little Gibraltar, whose loss would be a major, perhaps a fatal, disaster for the Nationalist regime.

Secretary Dulles has said that the American Government did not "encourage" this build-up, but only "acquiesced." As far as any official, high-level decision by the American Government is concerned, this is quite true. But it is also quite true that official representatives of the American Government—notably the officers of the Military Advisory Group (MAG) which was sent to Formosa in 1951—unquestionably did encourage the build-up, especially after the famous "unleashing" order. One reliable witness who spent some time on Formosa in early 1953 recalls that "officers of the Chinese National Defense Ministry with whom I became friendly" were complaining at the time of the "constant pressure from MAG" to replace the expendable guerrillas on the island with first-line regulars and to beef up the defenses of the islands generally. "The project didn't make sense to them," he recalls, "and they were actively resisting it." Others who were on the spot at the time, including junior officers with the MAG, recall the same pressure from the Americans and the same initial resistance from the Chinese.

There was nothing sinister, or even surprising, about this American pressure to build up the offshore island defenses. "What the hell," one MAG officer has remarked, "we were sent out there to help the Chinats build up their defenses, so that is what we did." Maj. Gen. William Chase, who commanded MAG throughout this period, testifies: "Please remember, I was executing orders, not policy, if you please—that was decided at CINCPAC and in the Pentagon."

When Chase went to Formosa, CINCPAC, or Commander in Chief, Pacific, was Adm. Arthur Radford, who is a key figure in the offshore-islands story. In 1953, Radford moved up to become Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, and thus top military man in the Pentagon. Radford has never made any bones about his views. He has long believed that a showdown with the Chinese Communists was inevitable sooner or later—the obvious conclusion from this premise being, the sooner the better. Radford agrees that any policy decisions involving the MAG were made not by Chase, but by CINCPAC or the Pentagon. Whether or not orders to press the Chinese Nationalists to build up their power on the offshore islands were actually issued in Radford's name, Radford undoubtedly approved of what was being done. By Radford, Chase and all concerned, the build-up on the offshore islands was regarded as an essentially military matter in any case.

The man directly responsible for whatever political implications may have been involved was Walter Robertson, the personally charming, passionately anti-Communist Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. Robertson has angrily denied published reports that he approved and encouraged the build-up on Quemoy and the other islands. Indeed, he has said that, until the first heavy shelling of Quemoy in September, 1954, he was aware only dimly, if at all, of the existence of the offshore islands.

Yet MAG's pressure on the Chinese Nationalists to build up their forces on the offshore islands had very great po-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

litical implications all the same. A great power is in an unhappy position if it encourages a small power to build up its forces in exposed positions, and then shrugs its shoulders and turns away if those positions are attacked. The American moral commitment to the islands was sharply increased, moreover, when, in early 1954, the MAG began taking over from Western Enterprises on the islands.

Western Enterprises, Inc., was the thoroughly blown cover name for the activities of the CIA in the area. The Western Enterprisers—ostensibly "soldiers of fortune"—were responsible for organizing and equipping the Nationalist guerrillas who raided the mainland from the offshore islands, and, until early 1954, the islands were pretty much their exclusive playground. By that time they had settled themselves very comfortably on the islands. The story is told of an intrepid and attractive lady journalist who visited one of the Tachen Islands in early 1954. She noted that her fellow Americans, the Western Enterprisers, were handsomely housed in a large barracks complete with PX and hot and cold running water, far more agreeable than the flea-bitten Chinese quarters to which she was assigned. In order to improve her living conditions, she tried to exercise her charms on the "spooks," as the Western Enterprisers were called; but, faithful to their nonexistent cover, they refused to speak to her. So she sent the head spook a note: "If you won't speak to me, you might at least let me sleep with you." She was assigned a comfortable billet.

On the initiative of CIA Chief Allen Dulles, Western Enterprises began to be liquidated in early 1954, and the MAG took over from the spooks. Before that, American officers in uniform had been discouraged from going to the islands, although a few had made brief inspection trips. Now the officers and men of the MAG began for the first time to be stationed permanently on the islands, notably Quemoy and the Tachens. Unlike the spooks, these men in American uniform could not be disavowed—they were a visible symbol of the American presence, as visible a symbol as the American flag which flew over their headquarters. In this way, a "warrant" to protect the offshore islands was for all practical purposes conveyed to Chiang Kai-shek—not by any high-level decision by Dulles or anyone else, not by any low-level plot, but by a slow, bureaucratic and somnambulistic process.

The extent of the American commitment to the islands was tragically dramatized in the first week of September, 1954, when for the first time the Chinese Communists opened up on Quemoy with a heavy artillery barrage. On the day the shelling started, September third, two American officers of the MAG were killed—Lt. Col. Alfred Menendorp and Lt. Col. Frank W. Lynn. This shelling also set in train the first great crisis over the offshore islands, and insistently faced the American Government with the need to decide in what way, if at all, the unspoken, unwritten and even unconscious moral commitment to Chiang on the offshore islands was to be honored. And, although no more than a tiny handful of people knew it at the time, the American Government came very close to responding with a conditional decision to go to war with Red China.

When the shelling began, the American Government was, like *Gallia omnis*, divided into three parts. President Eisenhower was vacationing in Denver. Secretary Dulles, the indefatigable traveler, was in Manila, negotiating the SEATO Pact. Thus the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in Washington, were the first to react to the Quemoy shelling, which they interpreted as a probable prelude to an invasion of Quemoy. They immediately proposed that Chiang's Air Force be permitted to bomb military objectives across from Quemoy, and this recommendation the President approved.

It was followed by a second recommendation, very much more far-reaching. Admiral Radford, as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, with the support of Gen. Nathan Twining and Adm. Robert Carney, proposed that Chiang's Air Force also be permitted to bomb targets far inland, as Chiang had requested. They further proposed that, if a retaliatory assault on Quemoy or on Formosa itself was launched by the Communists, American planes should join in attacking mainland targets, if need be with nuclear weapons. What the three chiefs were proposing, in short, was the showdown with Communist China which Radford had long believed inevitable, and perhaps desirable. Gen. Matthew Ridgway was the lone dissenter. As he wrote later, the other chiefs "sincerely felt, I think, that it was better to face the issue then and there. . . ." Ridgway, the lone ground soldier among the chiefs, did not believe in the theory of the majority that action could be confined to sea and air strikes. He felt that action would "spread to full and all-out war, employing all the weapons at our command," and he called such a war for Quemoy "an unwarranted and tragic course."

It has been reported that Dulles cabled his concurrence with the majority of the chiefs from Manila, and that the chiefs and Dulles were subsequently overruled when President Eisenhower sided with Ridgway. This is not accurate. Instead of cabling his views, Dulles cabled back to the Pentagon two questions, which may be paraphrased as follows: Can Quemoy be defended successfully against an all-out assault? And are Quemoy and the other offshore islands essential to the defense of Formosa?

Meanwhile, in Washington, Ridgway had found two allies. One was Robert Bowie, who had inherited Nitze's job as chief of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff. Bowie, who has since resigned, is a cautious fellow, and under him the planning staff lost much of its old influence. But on this occasion Bowie played a key role in the unfolding of events.

When the Joint Chiefs' proposal came to his desk, Bowie's hair stood on end in horror, and he immediately voiced his horror to Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, then Undersecretary of State. A ground soldier like Ridgway, Smith shared Ridgway's distrust of the theory of the "immaculate war." He telephoned his old chief, Eisenhower, in Denver, and pointed out that the majority proposal of the Joint Chiefs, which might lead to global thermonuclear war, was not something to be decided lightly. The President agreed and called for a National Security Council meeting in Denver on September twelfth, the day of Secretary Dulles' scheduled return.

Bowie felt so strongly about the issue that, on his own initiative, he flew out to California and boarded Dulles' plane when it landed to refuel at Travis Air Force Base. On the way to Denver, Bowie argued passionately against the showdown course recommended by the chiefs. Meanwhile, Dulles had been provided with the official answers to the two questions he had cabled from Manila. With the inevitable dangling qualifications, the answers were in the negative.

The meeting of the National Security Council, which took place in the comfortable officers' club of the Lowry Air Force Base soon after Dulles landed in Denver, must have had an undercurrent of high drama. Everyone knew that war or peace might depend on the decisions taken in that room. Everyone also knew that the views of the Secretary of State, unknown before the meeting, would carry great weight with the President, who must make the final decision. In the past, moreover, Dulles had been identified with the Radford-Robertson group, which favored a very tough policy toward the Chinese Communists. But, on this occasion, no doubt due in part to the heartfelt air-borne persuasions of Bowie, Dulles favored a compromise course. He used the negative answers to the two questions he had cabled from Manila to support the view that American forces should intervene only on one condition—if an attack on the offshore islands was clearly the prelude to an attack on Formosa.

This argument met with little persuasive opposition, and the President ruled in its favor. The President's ruling amounted to a decision to avoid a showdown if possible, rather than a decision to force a showdown, as three of the four Joint Chiefs had proposed. Everything that has happened since has related to that basic decision in Denver, which is still the decision guiding American policy as this is written. Right or wrong, it was surely one of the most crucial decisions any President has taken in our history.

The President's decision did not, to be sure, end the argument. In the private counsels of the Government, Radford argued strongly for at least a blockade of Red China. When the Chinese Communists imposed brutal sentences on thirteen American prisoners in their hands, Sen. William Knowland, then a powerful figure on Capitol Hill, publicly called for a blockade of the China mainland. Thus the pressure for further action against Communist China—or at least some gesture—mounted, while the President and Dulles continued to resist the pressure. A key moment came with the Communist assault on the tiny island of Ichiang or Yikiang—there are other spellings—in the Tachen group in January, 1955. The corporal's guard of Chinese Nationalist troops on the island resisted bravely, but they were slaughtered to a man by junk-borne Communists.

Dulles had an uncharacteristically emotional reaction to the Ichiang assault. There was, it seems, a distinction in his mind between the shelling of Quemoy and the assault on Ichiang—the latter involved the "direct" use of force, and was thus "a challenge" to the United States as well as the Nationalists. It was agreed that the assault was a prelude to an attack on the Tachen group of islands, which were, for reasons of geography, indefensible from Formosa. Dulles' first impulse was to offer the Chinese Nationalists a flat, unconditional guaranty to defend Quemoy and the Matsus, embodied in a Senate resolution, in exchange for an agreement to evacuate the Tachens under the protection of the Seventh Fleet.

There is no doubt, indeed, that Chiang and his foreign minister, George Yeh—now Ambassador to the United States—firmly believed that Dulles had offered just such a guaranty, or "warrant," to use the word Dulles had used almost three years before. In any event, as the outcome of a brief but bitter debate within the Government, Dulles was overruled by the President. In this debate Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson played a key role. Wilson has no compunctions about repeating himself, and he kept saying over and over, "It's easy enough to get into a war with China, but how do you get out of the war?" More important, it became clear that a flat guaranty on the offshore islands would meet bitter opposition in the Senate. So in the end, the Formosa resolution as submitted to the Senate—to the fury of Chiang and George Yeh, who felt that they had been double-crossed—left the matter of defending the offshore islands ambiguous. These "related areas," Administration spokesmen explained, were to be defended only if, in the President's judgment, an attack on the islands was the prelude to an attack on Formosa itself.

The Formosa resolution was, in short, a paraphrase of the position Dulles had taken in the Denver meeting in September. Yet, by Dulles' own standards, there was—and still is—a glaring weakness in the policy embodied in the Formosa resolution. Dulles is the chief exponent of the view, which he has often expressed, that the best way to avoid a war is to draw a firm and precise line, and tell the potential enemy that to overstep that line means war. Under the Formosa resolution, no final line is drawn, and American intentions are left, by Dulles' own reasoning, dangerously ambiguous.

"I want every last bean he has!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dulles had tried to correct this weakness, of which he was unhappily aware, by drawing the line between the mainland and Quemoy and the Matsus. He had been overruled by the President. The President then tried to draw his own line—this time in the Formosa Straits, leaving out the offshore islands. In April, the President summoned Dulles to his vacation headquarters in Augusta, Georgia, and told him in effect that he had concluded that it ultimately would be best for all concerned for the Nationalists, with American logistical support, to evacuate the offshore islands. Dulles agreed, and the two men drafted a letter to Chiang for the President's signature, urging him to evacuate the islands and offering American help to that end, plus iron-bound guarantees on Formosa and the Pescadores. At Dulles' suggestion, the two men in the government most closely identified with Chiang's cause—Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson and Adm. Arthur Radford—were chosen to deliver what must have seemed to Chiang a poisoned chalice.

The mission was a hideously difficult one—the moment when Robertson produced from his pocket the letter from the President must have been horribly uncomfortable. Officers under Radford's orders, after all, had encouraged Chiang to transform the islands into little fortresses, and thus into symbols of Chiang's dream of a return to the mainland. And here were Chiang's friends, come to his house to urge him to abandon what they had helped to build, and to abandon his dream as well.

How strong was the urging? It has been said that Robertson and Radford undercut their own mission, because they did not believe in it—that they argued weakly, gave in easily. Queried on this point, Robertson has replied: "If anyone says that to me, I'll call him a liar to his face." Robertson is an honorable man, and the transcript of the conversation with Chiang, according to those who have seen that secret document, bears him out. In any case, it probably matters little how persuasive Robertson and Radford were. For Chiang flew into a coldly bitter rage, said that he would no more abandon his islands than he would desecrate the graves of his ancestors. On April twenty-sixth, after less than two days on Formosa, Robertson and Radford flew home again, their mission a failure.

Almost immediately after the Radford-Robertson mission, something curious happened. The great crisis over the offshore islands, which had dominated the headlines and the thoughts of the policy makers for months, suddenly died, as though it had never been. Chinese Communist Premier Chou En-lai remarked graciously that he would consent to negotiate with the Americans about "relaxing tensions in the Formosa Strait," while the Soviet leaders began to make cooing noises in preparation for the Geneva Summit Conference. And so, as by the wave of a Communist magic wand, the crisis simply disappeared from view.

The President had made a basic policy decision—that evacuation of the offshore islands was in the vital American interest. But when the pressure eased, the decision was forgotten about, and the whole messy business was shoved under the rug, where it remained for almost three and a half years. But last August, the Chinese Communists flipped over the rug, exposed the messy business and rubbed our faces in it.

There is no space here to go into detail about this year's crisis over Quemoy. Nor is there any good reason to do so. There is little real significance in the inner history of the 1958 crisis, simply because the basic decisions had already been made in 1954 and 1955. The only really new decision was the decision not to permit Chiang to use his air force over the mainland even against the Chinese Communist batteries which were shelling Quemoy, as he had been permitted to do in 1954–55.

Knowledgeable observers, like the editors of the Washington Post and Times-Herald, claimed to detect a "marked change of American policy" in the direction of a "two-China policy" during the course of the 1958 crisis. Cited as evidence were President Eisenhower's Dulles-inspired statement in August comparing Quemoy to Berlin, and Dulles' efforts in September and October to persuade Chiang to reduce his forces on Quemoy and renounce the use of force against the mainland. In fact, there has been no real change. A "two-China policy" was clearly implicit in the 1954 decision to avoid a showdown and the 1955 decision to try to persuade Chiang to evacuate the islands. For if a showdown was to be avoided, Chiang must be prevented from invading the mainland, and the offshore islands would then become not only useless but also a positive liability.

In short, semantics aside, a two-China policy became for all practical purposes the policy of the American Government more than three years ago. But it did not become the policy of Chiang's Nationalist government, or for that matter of Mao Tse-tung's Communist government, and it is not today. To any suggestions that he should be content with building a model society on Formosa, Chiang responds with the cold fury he displayed to Robertson and Radford in 1955. And whether in the secret talks in Warsaw or in propaganda broadcasts, the Chinese Communists repeat again and again that they are not interested simply in taking Quemoy and the offshore islands. They intend, they say, to "liberate" Formosa and to drive the Americans out of the Western Pacific.

So there we stand today, and that is the curious story of the offshore islands, or as much of it as a reasonably diligent reporter can uncover and crowd into a few thousand words. What does it mean?

The reader who wishes to answer that question for himself should stop right here. But this exercise in hindsight has suggested certain conclusions to this reporter, and for anyone who is interested, they may be listed as follows:

First, we must resist the tendency of the military to move in and determine policy wherever the civilians leave a vacuum. "Policy, if you please," writes General Chase, "was decided at CINCPAC and the Pentagon." Policy ought not to have been decided at CINCPAC and the Pentagon. It ought to have been decided at the White House and the State Department. For what Chase and his people were doing had very grave political implications, involving as it did an American moral commitment to defend the offshore islands. Where such implications are involved, it is the business of the civilian authority, and not the military, to make the final decisions, as provided in the Constitution.

Second, the tendency ought also to be resisted to let catchwords and attitudes, based on situations which have wholly changed, determine policy. The Republicans, for example, had a valid case against the Democratic conduct of Asia policy—few sensible people now defend the publicly announced decision of the Truman Administration in 1950, before the Korean War started, to abandon Formosa to the Communists. Moreover, while we were fighting the Chinese Communists in Korea, both the "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek and the build-up on the offshore islands made sense, at least as psychological warfare.

But after the Korean truce was signed, in July, 1953, these policies ceased to make sense—unless, of course, a policy of preventive showdown were to be adopted. Perhaps such a policy should have been adopted. Perhaps Radford and his supporters were right in September, 1954. Perhaps, to paraphrase Winston Churchill, we should have strangled the Communist Chinese baby in his bath, before he became a giant powerful enough to strangle us. But, in 1954 and 1955, the Eisenhower Administration decided against a policy of showdown, and in favor of avoiding a showdown if possible.

The natural corollary of that decision was the "two-China policy" of "releashing" and disengagement, which was in fact adopted. But because of all that had gone before, like the fanfare over the "unleashing," the fact that this policy had been adopted could not be publicly acknowledged—it is not publicly acknowledged today—and the American people could not be persuaded of the need for it. Thus, when Chiang angrily refused to agree to the President's proposal to evacuate the islands, nothing more was done, and the whole messy problem was shoved under the rug.

And this suggests the final conclusion. The President and Dulles were surely right not to scuttle and run when the Chinese Communists renewed the pressure some weeks ago. If necessary, at whatever risk, our pledge under the Formosa resolution must be honored. But if ever we are granted another breathing spell, as we were after April, 1955, we cannot again afford to sigh with relief and shove the mess under the rug, for if we do, the mess will surely be rubbed in our faces again, more painfully than ever.

"You must understand," the officials say, "that Chiang is not our satellite." That is true. But it is also true that the American Government is not a satellite of Chiang. And the time must come when the President's decision of April, 1955, is followed to its logical conclusion. The time must come when we must tell the Chinese Nationalists that, if they refuse to evacuate their troops and civilians from the offshore islands, with our guarantee of safe conduct, that is their responsibility, and not ours.

As for the Chinese Communists, we would then—but only then—be in a position to face them with a united country and the support of the free world. We could then say to Mao Tse-tung, "If you want to take Formosa and chase us out of the Western Pacific, go ahead and try, and we will see who gets a bloody nose"—and mean every word of it. THE END

NEXT WEEK

BEWARE THE ADVANCE-FEE RACKET
How Phony Real-Estate Salesmen Swindle Property Owners

THE MAN WHO SURPRISED DETROIT
GEORGE ROMNEY, of American Motors

IN COLOR:
THE CHRISTMAS GIFT
A Doctor's True Story of His Moment of Doubt

SAN FRANCISCO'S BIG TOY
The Locomotive in the Playground

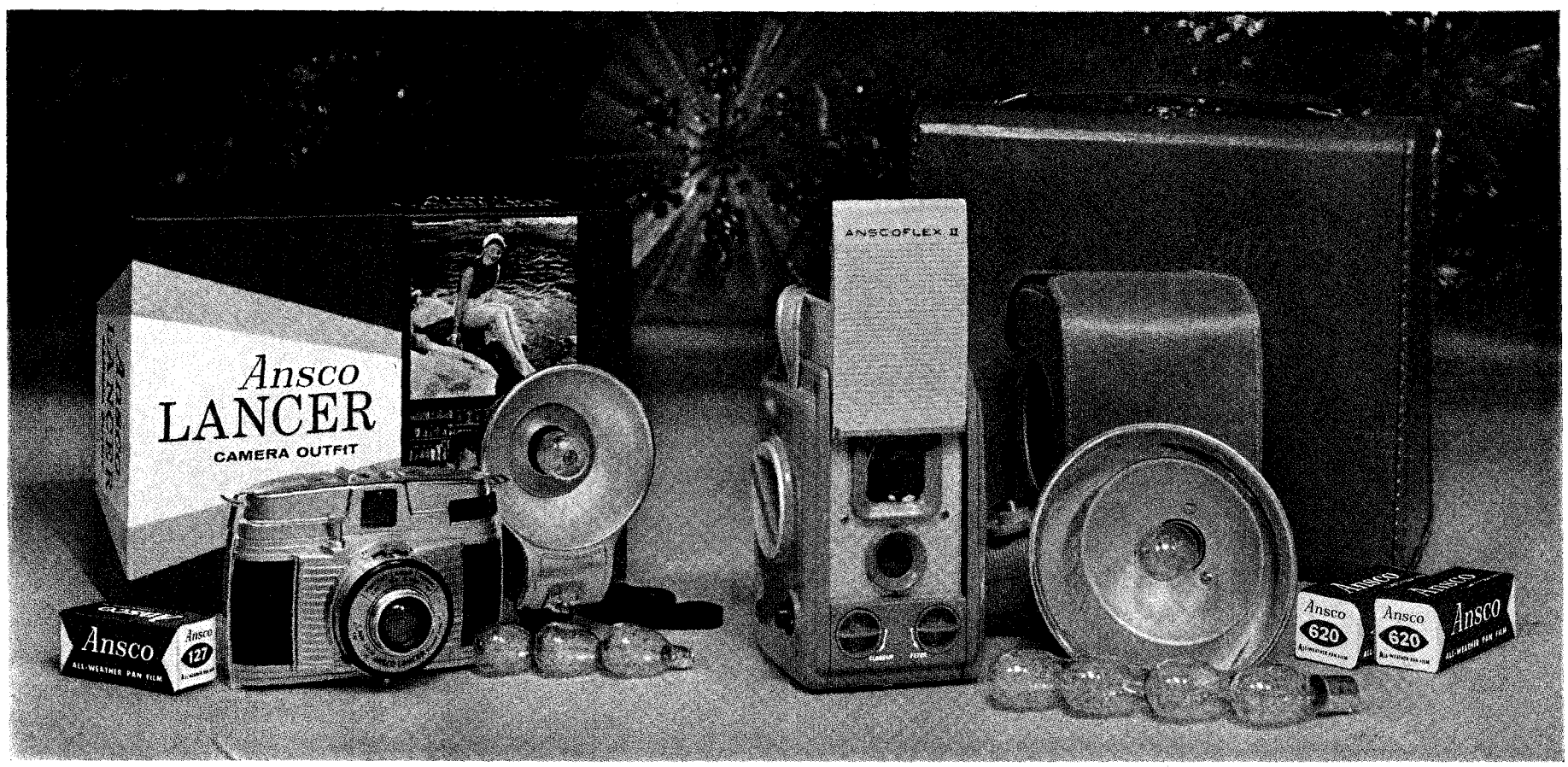
A Post Picture Story
HOW TO BRING UP SEVENTEEN CHILDREN

ESCAPE INTO DANGER
An Exciting New Serial by NANCY RUTLEDGE

Plus a Full Page of Cartoons by TED KEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A complete range of *Ansco* gifts ...from pin-money prices, on up!



NEW! LANCER OUTFIT

Everything necessary for fine pictures . . . color prints and "super slides," black-and-white snapshots, daylight and flash. Fully adjustable focus, simplified lens settings. All-metal body. Outfit contains: Lancer camera, clip-on flash unit, 4 flash bulbs, 1 roll Ansco film.

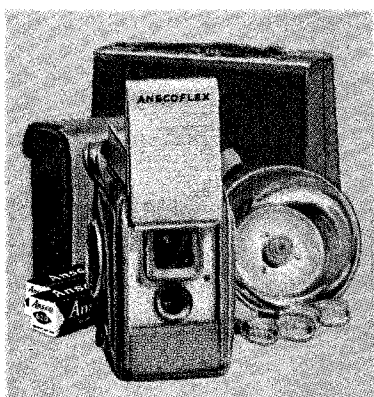
$19.95

ANSCOFLEX II OUTFIT

A built-in close-up lens for portraits . . . and a built-in yellow filter to darken skies, brighten clouds . . . are features of famous Anscoflex® II camera. Also included: Camera case, flash unit, 5 bulbs, 2 rolls Ansco film, smart luggage-tan case. Camera alone, $18.95.

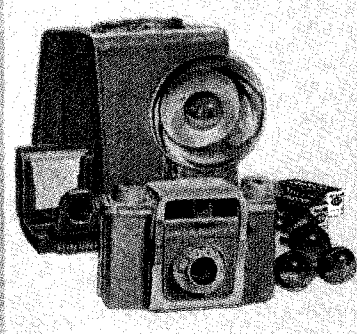
$28.95

This year, let Ansco capture all the color of Christmas



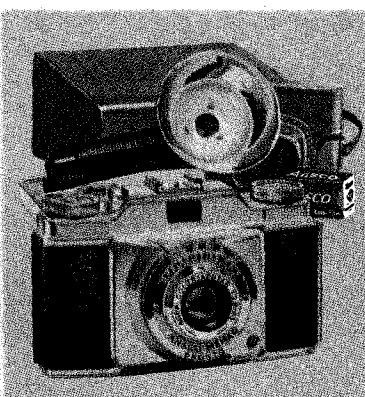
ANSCOFLEX I OUTFIT $23.95

Brilliant, full-size viewfinder of the Anscoflex I makes picture-taking easy and precise. Also included: Camera case, flash unit, 5 bulbs, 2 rolls Ansco film, smart luggage-tan case. Camera alone, $15.95.



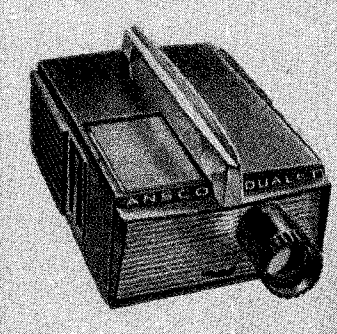
COLOR CLIPPER OUTFIT $25.95

An exciting gift with many "advanced camera" features. Outfit includes: Color Clipper® camera, flash unit, new Universal slide viewer, 5 flash bulbs, 2 rolls Ansco film, handsome tapered travel case.



NEW MEMAR *f*/2.8 OUTFIT $59.95

New faster *f*/2.8 lens for 35mm perfection. Rapid film advance cocks shutter and counts exposures. Outfit includes: Memar® camera, camera case, flash unit, Ansco film, tapered travel case.



DUALET PROJECTOR $39.95

Highest-quality projection at the lowest price. The Dualet® shows all popular size slides, from 35mm to 2¼" square . . . big, bright, and clear. Handsome metal construction . . . easy to carry and store.

FAMOUS ANSCO FILMS

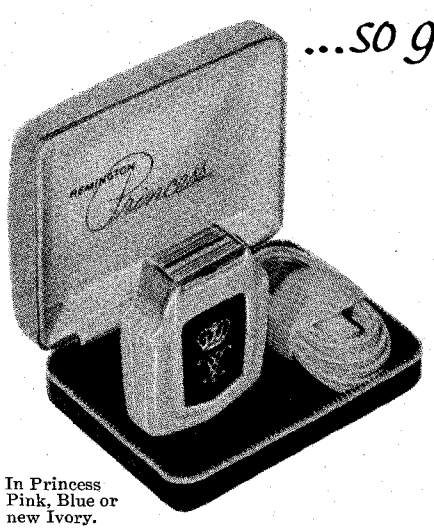
Anscochrome®, for superior color prints, transparencies. Super Anscochrome, world's fastest color film. Super Hypan® and All-Weather Pan for black-and-white. Perfect for Christmas stockings!

Prices are list, include Federal Tax where applicable. Ansco, Binghamton, N.Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas is for BIG shavers, too

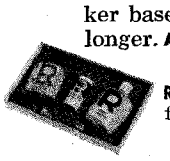
...so give REMINGTON, America's biggest favorite



In Princess Pink, Blue or new Ivory.

GIVE MOM PRINCESS — so safe, it can't chafe!
A gift as practical as a woman's never-ending needs could make one. Petite – yet with 4 times as much live shaving area as any other ladies' shaver. It makes unwanted hair vanish with carefree speed. Exclusive Guard Combs make the Princess so safe – it can't chafe. It gently but oh-so-immaculately shaves back and forth—no need to worry about which side to use for legs or underarms. Deodorant can be used immediately.

GIVE DAD ROLLECTRIC® — for his Hidden Beard.
You really love Dad a lot to put such pleasure into *every* day of his life. Man-sized Rollectric is the shaver men buy most for unequalled shaving comfort. Exclusive Roller Combs press skin down, comb whiskers up, let 6 diamond-honed cutters shave his heaviest Hidden Beard – get to whisker bases *below* ordinary shaving levels. His cleaner shave lasts hours longer. **Auto-Home Rollectric:** works in cars, planes, trains as well as home!



Remington Accessories. America's most complete line... for the shaves of your life—and the life of your shaver!

Products of **Remington Rand Electric Shaver,** *Division of Sperry Rand Corporation, Bridgeport 2, Conn.*

Watch TV's No. 1 show "Gunsmoke" on the CBS TV Network

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Works in God's Back Pastures

(Continued from Page 21)

The Rev. Samuel Neil Varnell, Jr., pastor of the five little churches of the Piney Flats Methodist parish in the cattle, corn, and tobacco country of Eastern Tennessee, is a tall, wide-shouldered man who moves loose and easy, like a Tennessee Walking Horse. His football-battered nose makes him look more like a pugilist than a preacher, but at thirty-eight he has been preaching for half his life, serving at one time or another twenty-five little churches in the hill country of Virginia and Tennessee. Born in the country near Cleveland, Tennessee, the son of an earnest, church-going farmer, dairyman and peach-grower, he was educated at Emory and Henry College, at Emory, Virginia, where he played end on the football team with a ferocity which his opponents considered unseemly in a candidate for the ministry. He earned his Bachelor of Divinity degree at Emory University's Candler School of Theology, in Atlanta, where he lost his own bachelor status by marrying Jane Driggers, a gay and light-hearted telephone-company secretary, who taught a group of young people at her church every Sunday night.

He is an example of the type of young preacher that all the major denominations in the past two decades have tried to send into what clergymen call "God's back pastures," their task to stop the slow dissolution of the little country churches. He differs from most younger preachers in that he has no inner longing whatsoever to become the pastor of a big church in the city, and when he has been approached on the subject of moving to an urban charge, he has respectfully declined.

"Sam," says the Rev. James W. Sells, a noted Methodist leader in the South, "is the ideal country preacher. He is tall and strong of body, blessed with a keen mind, a warm and loving heart, and a strong will. He loves the country church and country people, and they respond to his love."

They responded to Sam's ministry last year by nominating him as the Rural Minister of the Year for Tennessee. This honor also entitled Sam to a tuition-free course which the Candler School of Theology for the past fifteen years has been conducting for town and country preachers. No Bible is taught at these sessions, and no theology expounded, for the ministers are of all denominations, and their basic beliefs are patterned on the credo of their own church. But they do learn a lot of rural sociology, philosophy, psychology, and the methods by which a preacher can serve his flock by counseling them in time of trouble.

The school itself is a manifestation of the great change that has come over the big churches in the past few decades in their attitudes toward what some condescending clergymen have called the "pastors of the pump and privy parishes." The country church was once the refuge of the bumbling and inept, or the fire-snorting semiliterate whose preaching was considered too uncouth for the more sophisticated congregation of the city church. Seminaries prepared their young men for service in the big churches of the city, and those chosen to begin their ministry in the backwoods frequently were misfits there, dolefully serving out their time until they could make their way back to the hushed sanctuary of the big-town church.

The church's change in attitude toward its country parishes and its country parsons was a result of a change in concept of the rural minister's role. It was no longer enough for the country parson to be a more-or-less enlightened and effective preacher of the Word. If he was to fulfill his duty to the rural community, he had to be a pastor in the ancient sense—a shepherd, leading his flock to a better life on earth as well as guiding their footsteps to eternal bliss in the hereafter. He must understand his community in the sociological sense, and he must lead it in every good fight—against soil erosion and the pollution of streams and the destruction of the forests; for community health centers and better schools, good roads and honest government. It was also necessary to know how to counsel a young couple about to be married, to understand the frustrations that drive a man to drink, to comprehend how a revolt against a bleak and barren social life could turn decent youngsters into delinquents.

What was needed, the churches felt, was a generation of preachers with the fire and zeal of the old circuit riders who carried the teachings of Christ to the thinly populated frontier a hundred years ago. But at the same time they must be men of breadth of mind and learning and vision, who saw the church not only as the means through which each man could find personal salvation but as a great, unifying agency linking together and guiding all the forces for good in the community.

It is into this pattern that Sam Varnell fits. He does not believe that it is the preacher's duty to urge his people from the pulpit to inoculate their hogs, to plant lespedeza, or faithfully to attend the monthly meeting of the Friends and Protectors of the Raccoon. He does, however, preach that the good earth is a loan from the Lord, not a gift, and it is the obligation of the Christian farmer to look after it and turn it over to succeeding generations richer and more fruitful than it was before.

"I believe that God is interested in our bodies as well as our souls," Sam says. "The church, as the representative of God, needs to be concerned with anything that affects the lives of men. The county agent, the home-demonstration agent, and the soil-conservation man are doing God's work too. They are expressing the Christian faith in action."

All his life religion and the land have been Sam's deepest interests. He "got religion" in the country phrase, at the age of eleven, in a revival meeting at the tiny Black Fox church near his home, and he never strayed thereafter.

His preaching began long before he left college. Some thirty miles from Emory and Henry there were, spread over the countryside, five tiny churches which for years had endured with Christian fortitude the somewhat stumbling ministry of a succession of student preachers. Sam would play football on Saturday night, and show up in the pulpit on Sunday morning, wearing a black eye or a split lip, the gift of the gridiron warriors of Guilford, Milligan or King College. The good people of Laurel Bloomery, Shouns, Bethel, Trade and Wood Hill churches listened to his sermons solemnly, never commenting on the fact that their preacher sometimes looked as if he had been kicked in the face by a mule.

"The little churches that break in student preachers," Sam says, "deserve a special star in their crowns."

Sam recalls nostalgically some of the tribulations of his student days. Services on summer nights were an especial trial, for if the little church had any electric lights at all, it was a bare bulb hanging over the pulpit directly above the preacher's head. He was, therefore, enveloped in a swirling halo of beetles and candle flies, and on several occasions, when praying earnestly with uplifted head, a bug flew in his mouth and strangled him. Sam has also been wary of violent gestures in the pulpit since he smacked his fist into his open palm and mashed a wasp, which stung him.

At one small church in his early years, a good lady of his flock disconcerted him by sitting in the front pew placidly nursing a husky, rambunctious boy. After the service the community barber came up to Sam. "Preacher," he said, "don't let that lady upset you. She nurses that young'un when she's sitting in my barber chair. It's the only way she can keep him quiet while I cut his hair."

Country churches and country preachers did not pay much attention to such mundane matters as money when Sam first started preaching nineteen years ago, and some of them still don't. When Sam took over the Shouns circuit, he was supposed to get a fixed salary. He actually got whatever the faithful dropped into the collection plate. As he went out the front door after preaching, he held open the side pocket of his coat. The men who had taken the offering poured the nickels, dimes and quarters into his pocket without counting them. Occasionally, during harvest season, the total might run as high as three or four dollars.

His flock seemed to feel he was a good preacher, though. When he left they gave him a gold watch, which he still proudly carries.

Ten days after Sam's graduation from theological school, he and Jane were married. Their first parsonage was a tenant house on his father's farm. Fifteen dollars' worth of paint, slapped on its weather-beaten sides by Sam, made it a pretty little place; but in winter the cold winds blew through the cracks with such violence that Jane had to hold her skirts down as she walked across the floor. She did the family laundry at a spring at the foot of the hill and carried water to the house in buckets. Sam explained that, as a country preacher, he could never give her the things he'd like to give her, but as a preacher's wife she would always have an honored place in the community.

One honored place she found, was the front seat of a truck. They had no car, so Sam covered his parish in a battered pickup used for hauling cow feed on his father's farm. Every Sunday morning they would set out for preaching at Tasso, Valley Head, Henegor's Chapel, Julian Chapel or Grace, with Sam at the wheel and Jane, dressed in her Sunday finery, jouncing along beside him in the truck.

It was at Tasso that Sam and Jane first experienced the ancient country custom of "pounding" the preacher—a procedure by which each member of the congregation brings as a gift to the parsonage a pound of food. At their first pounding, they received seventy-five pounds of flour and fifty pounds of meal. Jane was ashamed to let the people know that she had no oven to bake bread in, and that she was doing all her cooking on a two-eyed hot plate.

"We could have used an icebox too," Jane said. "The lid wouldn't stay down on the one we had, and we had to keep a rock on top of it to keep the chipmunks out."

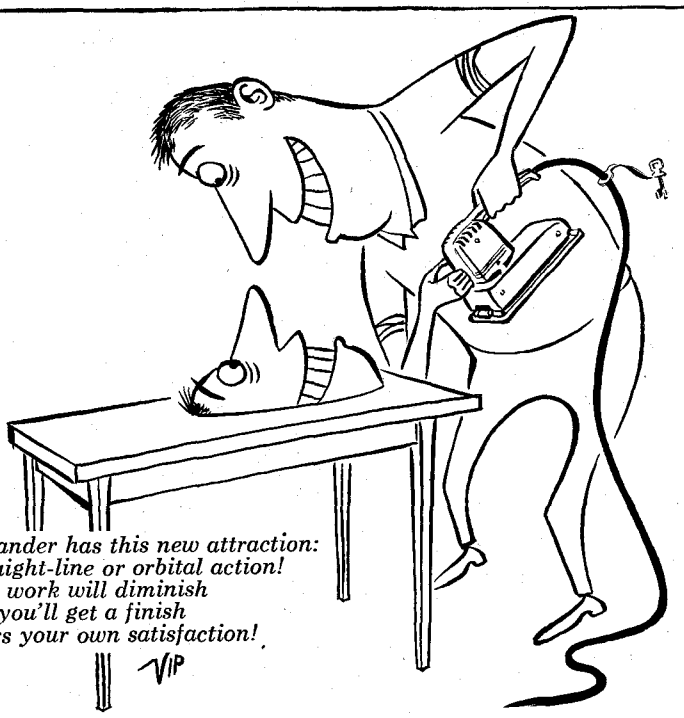
Sam stayed at Tasso only a year before the church fathers moved him on to Friendsville, a Quaker settlement in Eastern Tennessee. This was a very weak and run-down charge, where five little churches—Friendsville, Union Grove, Middle Settlements, Booth's Chapel and Axley's Chapel—seemed to be gasping their last. Both Sam and Jane remember this charge with mingled affection and despair. The parsonage, as usual, consisted of "four rooms and a path," Jane's euphemism for a house without indoor plumbing, a lack which Sam remedied by calling on the parishioners to provide money for converting one room into a bath. This raised some eyebrows. The majority of his flock had been bathing in a tin tub in the kitchen all their lives, and they viewed Sam's determination to have a tub and toilet inside the house as a sign of decadence.

During his time at Friendsville, Sam and Jane learned just how friendly and helpful country folk can be—and how small-minded a few of them can be. Sam came down first with undulant fever, later with appendicitis, and for a while he could not preach at all. Nancy, their older daughter, was a baby then; Jane lost a baby, and then another daughter, Beth, was born. During Sam's and Jane's sickness, the good church members ral-

"Nice shooting."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cummins Sander has this new attraction:
You get straight-line or orbital action!
Your work will diminish
And you'll get a finish
That mirrors your own satisfaction!

VIP

"A FINISH THAT MIRRORS YOUR SATISFACTION"

Cummins® Double Action Sander

Exclusive key control gives you two sanding actions: orbital sanding for standard finish, or straight-line sanding for a superfine finish. Cummins precision-built heavy-duty motor and timing belt drive means reliable performance hour after hour. Self-cleaning action lengthens abrasive life. Get the Double Action Sander story from your Cummins Dealer.

Cummins Portable Electric Tools

5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee 17, Wisconsin
made by John Oster MANUFACTURING CO.
In Canada, 18 Hook Ave., Toronto, Ontario, © 1958 J.O.M.C.

$49.95

Price slightly higher in Canada.

"His and Hers" Tape and Rule Set only $5.29

AT YOUR HARDWARE STORE
(ACTUAL $6.39 VALUE)

No more "By guess and by gosh" with this unusual gift idea

FOR HIM . . . a 50-foot Lufkin steel tape *that's so practical for home projects.* He'll use it to lay out a patio, locate property lines, measure rooms for wallpaper or flooring. It's perfect for those difficult, longer distances.

FOR HER . . . a 6-foot Lady's Man rule in pastel-colored case, just the right size for her purse or sewing basket. She'll use it 101 different ways . . . from measuring her waistline to cooking (with a temperature chart on the back).

THE LUFKIN RULE COMPANY
TAPES • RULES • PRECISION TOOLS
SAGINAW, MICH. • MIDDLETOWN, N.Y. • BARRIE, ONT.

lied around, helping with the babies, bringing food and little handmade gifts. One little church, however, saw no point in paying a preacher who was too sick to preach, and Sam never did get all the $1600 salary that he was supposed to be paid. He bore no grudge against the church that treated him so shabbily, friends recall. He gave as much love and care to the congregation which had abandoned him in his illness as he did to the others, which had stood by him.

After four years at Friendsville, Sam could look with considerable satisfaction upon what he had been able to achieve. The little churches had increased in membership to the point where they could support a preacher without subsidy from the denomination, and they also were giving generously to missions.

At Friendsville, too, Sam learned how powerful a reviving force the Lord's Acre program can be, a plan by which the faithful set aside part of their crop to be auctioned at harvesttime as a gift to the church. Sam, who likes to work in the fields with his people, approached one old farmer to explain the Lord's Acre plan to him.

"Preacher," the old man said, "this is the first time anybody ever ast me to do anything for the church I felt like I could do. I can't pray in public and I can't teach no Sunday school. But I shore can raise corn."

Sam insists that the proceeds from the Lord's Acre be used for purposes other than paying the preacher and for other current expenses. With it his churches have built new buildings to house their Sunday schools, and have contributed willingly to foreign missions and CROP—the Christian Rural Overseas Program—by which country congregations provide food for hungry nations. His churches have also joined in a project whereby bred heifers are sent to European countries whose dairy herds were destroyed during the war.

"I feel it's my responsibility to get religion out of the church and into the world," Sam says. "The little remote country church, for the good of its own soul, must reach out beyond its own community and minister to the world. To serve someone beyond our doors is as vital to the life of a church as it is to the life of an individual."

Sam was moved from Friendsville to Wytheville, to serve farming communities in Virginia, where, he says, he felt almost like a city preacher, for the parsonage had a bathroom in it. Here, in addition to the Lord's Acre, he started a Pigs-for-the-Lord project, when a devout hog raiser gave him a litter of pigs to distribute among the young people of the church. The pig project paid off fine, except for one small boy. On the day of the "ingathering," or auction, he came to Sam, sore distraught.

"Sam," he said, calling him by his first name as do most of the youngsters in his churches, "the Lord's pig got out, and I hope the Lord knows where he is, 'cause I shore don't."

Sam stayed at Wytheville nearly three years, serving the little churches at West End, Evergreen, Mt. Ephraim, Cedar Hill and New Bethel. Progress was slow but steady, even at Evergreen where the old man had rebuked him for his lack of acrobatics in the pulpit. Old files of The Circuit Rider, the little sheet which Sam wrote and distributed to all his flock, gave proud reports of achievement: "The people at West End have finally paid off their church debt" . . . "The folks at New Bethel have painted the church building inside and out" . . . "The new flue for the stove at Cedar Hill makes the church building warmer and safer," Sam wrote.

Preaching that no Christian community should pass on tumble-down, one-room churches to the next generation, Sam tried everything he thought might help his little churches raise money for improvements. His soldier brother in Korea sent him $120 as a gift. Citing the parable of the talents, Sam gave two dollars each to sixty members of his flock. They bought seed and material for handicrafts, sold their products, and returned $820 to the church.

When Sam left to take his present circuit, the Piney Flats parish, the Lord's Acre projects in the Wytheville circuit were producing about $3600 worth of pumpkins, corn, beans, rabbits and pigs a year, plus the doilies and aprons the ladies made and sold.

At Piney Flats, where the congregations at Elizabeth's Chapel, Edgefield, Edgeville, and St. Paul are heavily leavened with former farmers now working at the great missile plants operated by Raytheon and Sperry, Sam preaches the gospel of the Lord's Hour as an adjunct to the Lord's Acre. Under this plan the worker gives as an additional contribution to his church the wages received for one hour's work a week.

The five little churches of the Piney Flats parish lie in the "Knob Country" of Eastern Tennessee, a goodly land of pastures where beef and dairy herds thrive, and the big barns in autumn bulge with tobacco, corn and hay. Here, three times every Sunday, Sam, big, blue-jawed, his iron-gray thatch tousled, preaches his earnest, eloquent sermons.

He does not come to the pulpit ill-prepared, nor does he preach down to his people. His sermons are filled with the homely allusions that country folk understand, but they contain, too, riches of philosophical thought and poetry gleaned from his omnivorous reading. On one Sunday at tiny St. Paul, the title of his sermon was "Six Impossible Things Before Breakfast," a theme taken from Alice in Wonderland, where the Queen says to Alice: "I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast." Among the six "impossibles" that Sam cited were the impossibility of the Christian's ever comprehending the magnitude of God's love, the impossibility of ever being able to repay God for his blessings, the impossibility of succeeding in life with any other plan than God's. At Edgeville Church the same day, in a sermon on "Christian Power," he referred to such diverse manipulators of power as Walter Reuther, Karl Marx, Dr. Albert Schweitzer and the painter Raphael.

Sam's sermons are in no sense mere social essays. Each is firmly grounded in the Bible, and he toils over them earnestly. He gets up at seven o'clock and goes to the little pine-paneled study, across the driveway from the handsome new parsonage his flock built for him. (His last study was a converted smokehouse.) Here he spends a half hour alone, praying and reading the Bible, seeking scriptural foundation for the sermon idea that is germinating in his mind. One of the great tasks of the country preacher, Sam says, is to relate religion to the daily lives of the people, to show them that in every common task they are building the Kingdom of God. A dairy farmer laying out exactly the same amount of feed for each of his cows may, for example, give him the idea for a sermon on race relations—developing the point that God loves all his children, white or black, yellow or brown, just the same. The fact that the acid knob country land must be sweetened with lime and phosphate or it will grow up in sedge grass and sassafras bushes suggests the theme that a life

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unsweetened by God's love will produce nothing but useless weeds.

Around seven forty-five Jane calls him from his study to breakfast. After breakfast he hauls Nancy and Beth to school and stops off at Piney Flats' antique post office to pick up his mail and hear the community news. Back in his study by nine, he pecks out answers to his mail and spends the rest of the morning reading books of philosophy and psychology, or seeking interpretation of scriptural passages in a mammoth interpreter's Bible. Every few minutes he turns to his typewriter to add a line or two to the outline of the sermon that is slowly taking form. And now and then he pauses solemnly to examine a dead worm or a bug that his son, Mark, age five, brings in. After lunch he spends the afternoon calling on ailing members of his flock in hospitals at nearby cities, and visiting the sick at home. Everywhere he jots down brief notes to appear later in the monthly Circuit Rider: "Mr. Howell Smith is still recovering from his tractor accident" . . . "Mr. Ted Rush lost a portion of his finger in a power mower" . . . "Mr. and Mrs. J. E. King are about the same."

People feel very hurt when the preacher fails to call in time of sickness or bereavement, and Sam is upset when he fails to learn about a parishioner who is feeling poorly. "If you call the doctor, call the preacher," he urges his flock.

If all the faithful are in good health, Sam spends his time calling on those who have been absent from church lately, driving his station wagon over rough paths into the farthest reaches of Bear Branch, Goosenest Hollow, Chinquapin Grove and the Beaver Creek Knobs to seek them out.

An afternoon of such pastoral calling is hard work. The fields of Tennessee are laced with fences and the back-country roads are blocked with barbed-wire "gaps" or gates, which the preacher must open and close behind him. These gates sometimes seem to be possessed of evil spirits, for they coil around the preacher's legs and tear his trousers. When he was preaching at Mt. Ephraim, Sam had to get in and out of his car thirty-two times to open gates when visiting one member of his flock.

"I was certainly grateful to the Lord when that dear old lady moved out to the main road," Sam says.

Back after dark, Sam eats a hasty supper, for there is nearly always some night meeting, religious or civic, which he must attend, and he rarely gets to sleep before midnight. His life is timed more to the calendar than to the clock, however, and his own days follow roughly the pattern of his neighbors'. When they are busy planting or harvesting, he does not interrupt their labors by calling on them at home. He works his own back-yard garden and in the fall, using a borrowed power saw, he visits some generous parishioner's woodlot to get up his winter wood, cutting hickory mainly, which burns cleanly without popping sparks onto the parsonage rug.

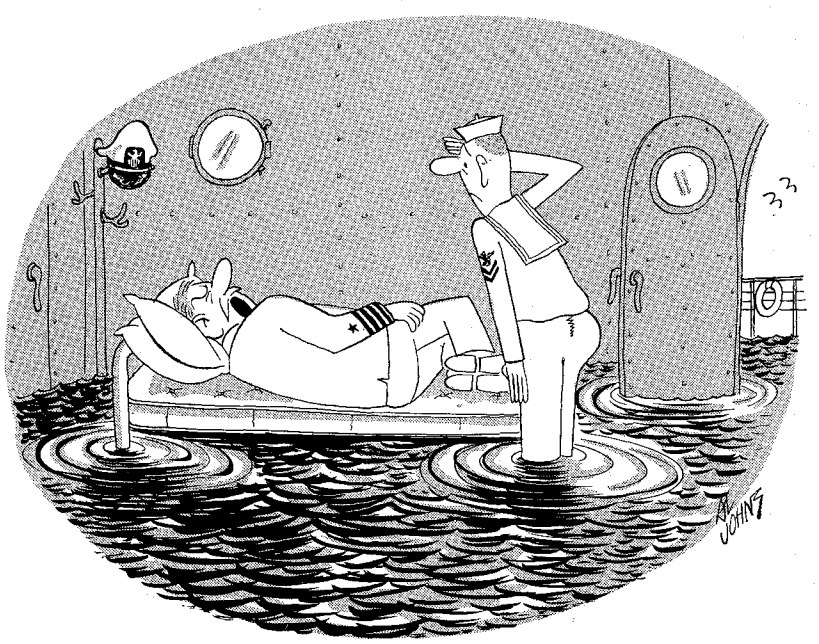
Sam believes strongly in the old ecclesiastical cliché that "a home-going preacher makes a church-going people," and he does all the visiting he can. On these pastoral calls he does not merely chat; neither does he rant or exhort. He knows his people and their problems, and they unburden their hearts to him.

At the end of his visit he always asks if the family would like for him to say a word of prayer. He throws back his head, squinches his eyes tight, and speaks to the Lord as directly and simply as if He were in the room. He takes note of the family's blessings—the new roof on the house, the tobacco barn full, the son just returned from Army service—and gives thanks for these things. He asks God's mercy upon the sick, or family members far from home, or prays for rain in time of drought.

For these ministrations the 695 members of his five little churches pay him $4410 a year, plus $680 for the maintenance of his car, plus the use of the new and comfortable parsonage. His income, of course, is augmented slightly by gifts of pickles, side meat, potatoes and corn, and by a few dollars handed him for conducting weddings and funerals, for which he asks no fee. The wedding money by tradition goes to the preacher's wife, and Jane tries to squirrel it away to buy Sam a new suit every year, for she hates to see a preacher looking seedy.

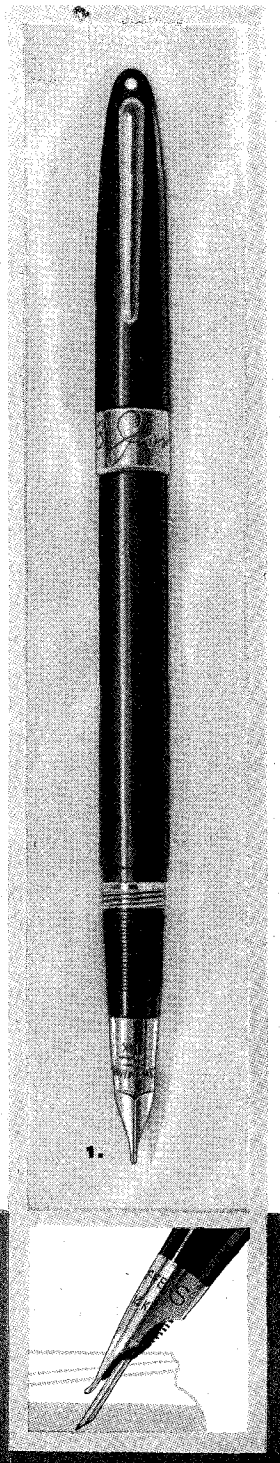
Sam's services are formal for a country church, with a written order of worship and a moment of meditation at the beginning which lasts until Sam rises from his chair to announce the opening hymn. Rocking back and forth on the balls of his feet, he leads the songs himself, closing his eyes and bellowing the majestic measures of the rousing old Methodist hymns with a vigor that shakes the surrounding trees.

"Sam can't sing good," says a worshiper, admiringly. "But he can sure sing loud."



"Well . . . what is it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Now...
you can give a
real Sheaffer
SNORKEL pen

for as little as $7.95!

THE ONLY FOUNTAIN PEN with instant, "no-dunk" filling! How proud they'll be to own the world's finest pen! Yet this distinctive gift is not expensive. You'll find Sheaffer *Snorkel* Pens, handsomely gift-boxed, at stores everywhere. Now just $7.95 and up.

Here is the *only* fountain pen that fills without dismantling, or dunking the point...with the leakproof Humidor cap that keeps point moist, always ready to write...with exclusive Innerspring Clip that prevents loss. In your choice of custom-ground precious metal points. Give a Sheaffer *Snorkel* Pen and your thoughtfulness will be remembered for years to come!

1. Personalized SNORKEL White Dot Pen with 14K gold wrap-around point, $25.00. (Signature engraved on 14K gold band without charge.)

2. Mexican Onyx Desk Set with two SNORKEL White Dot Pens. Gold-filled name-plate and fittings, $50.00.

3. Gleaming Jet Crystal SNORKEL Desk Set for home or office. Only $12.50.

4. Sentinel SNORKEL White Dot Pen and Fineline Pencil Set, $30.00. Pen only, $22.50.

5. Special SNORKEL Pen and Fineline Pencil Set, $13.95. Pen only, $7.95.

6. Statesman SNORKEL White Dot Pen and Fineline Pencil Set, $22.75. Pen only, $15.50.

SHEAFFER'S®
...has a gift for making writing fun!

Coming December 9 (CBS-TV): Sheaffer's Christmas Showcase, O.Henry's ***"Gift of the Magi,"*** *a musical spectacular as delightful as Sheaffer's* ***"Little Women."***

©1958 • W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY • FORT MADISON, IOWA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sam's preaching is the heart of his ministry, but more important than his preaching, he feels, is the example he tries to set before the community. "My first duty," he says, "is to be—or attempt to be—the kind of man I want my people to be. I do not believe I can lead my people any closer to God than I myself am willing to go."

He is not a narrow-minded man, but in small things and large he tries, he says, to be "as fully Christian as I know how." He once spoke out sharply against an organization that held a turtle race to raise funds, holding that gambling on a turtle is as evil as gambling on a horse. He will not carry out the smallest financial transaction on Sunday, even to going to the crossroads store to buy the kids an ice-cream cone, and he is strongly averse to alcohol in any form. At one of his first churches he was deeply perturbed to find that the communion cup had been filled with homemade wine that nearly blew his head off.

"I counseled with the good lady who made the wine," Sam said. "After that we had pure, unfermented grape juice."

Sam is not a stickler for form, but he does reject anything that might detract from the dignity of his services. On one occasion a congregation wanted to hear in person a gospel quartet that had won local fame on the radio.

Sam was ready to invite them until he found that one song in their repertoire was entitled There Ain't No Flies on My Jesus. He thought this smacked of sacrilege.

He baptizes either by sprinkling or by immersion, as the convert prefers, and he once nearly came down with pneumonia after a winter baptism in a cow pond. He secretly prefers sprinkling, for it is difficult to sink a fleshy convert, and once they are under the water it is hard to get them up again.

Sam follows the Methodist discipline faithfully and sees little virtue in "Union" churches, made up of folk of different denominational loyalties. But he works hard to unify his own churches, if not in their worship services at least in the activities they sponsor for the community's common good.

His task would be much easier, of course, if his five little churches would all come together under one roof, but he does not foresee this happening. People are deeply loyal to the church where their fathers and mothers worshiped, where they themselves were converted; and if their forebears are buried in the ancient cemetery, it is almost impossible to move them.

Sometimes Sam gets pretty discouraged about his ministry, and wonders if, after all, he wouldn't have accomplished more in some other profession. Then, driving home through the cricket-singing night after a hard day of pastoral calling, he will stop his car on a certain hill. Stretching away for miles around him lie the homes and farms, the fields and pastures of his people. Far off on the round-topped hills he can see the spires of his little churches, pointing to the sky. Some of them are warm to him, others cold. But they all are his to lead and guide as best he can. And he drives on down the road, between the sumac and the sassafras, to the parsonage where Jane and the children wait, knowing he will be content to be a country preacher all his days.

Hopeless Case (Continued from Page 24)

helped him with his rubber gloves. Doctor Sullivan's penetrating ice-blue eyes swept over the patient's face, which was the color of aged Spanish moss. The doctor leaned over, listened to the breathing.

"Coronary?" Doctor Sullivan suggested quietly.

Doctor Whittaker nodded. His ears were attuned to the stethoscope, his eyes were on the sphygmomanometer and his fingers on the patient's pulse.

"My guess is coronary thrombosis," Doctor Whittaker said. "But I don't think the damage has been severe."

"Traffic case?" Doctor Sullivan asked.

"Not exactly. Name's Conroy. Executive vice president of Air Freight Transport. He slipped and fell on a ramp at Municipal Airport. Didn't get up. Then the ambulance collided with a citrus truck."

"Nitro?" Doctor Sullivan said. Again it was put in the form of a suggestion.

Doctor Whittaker nodded. "Fed him nitro, meperidine and one of the anticoagulants. I'm going to explore for chest injuries if X ray ever wakes up."

Doctor Sullivan moved to the next compartment, shoving the curtain aside with his elbows. Young Doctor Amir was making adjustments on a green tank that contained oxygen, and a brown tank of helium. His right name was Houshang Amirazaheri, from Korea, but he had changed it legally to Henry Amir. Actually, Doctor Amir was the new resident pediatrist, but tonight everybody was doubling in brass. Doctor Amir had a reputation for imperturbability. At the moment he looked flustered.

Doctor Sullivan touched a pulse, raised an eyelid. He recognized the patient. He was an ambulance driver.

"Terminal," Doctor Sullivan said quietly, "and they need some help badly in Compartment Six, doctor."

Doctor Amir's eyes flashed. "But, Doctor Sullivan, he just moved. A leg moved, sir."

Doctor Sullivan's large right hand was exploring. It was moving carefully, dexterously, around the patient's neck.

"It's no use, doctor," Doctor Sullivan said, sighing. "What you observed was reflex action. This patient was dead on arrival." Doctor Sullivan removed the oxygen mask. He pulled the green muslin cover over the patient's face. "He went out to save a life," Doctor Sullivan said soberly, "and lost his own."

For the next two hours the doctor was literally up to his elbows, repairing fractures, removing foreign objects, cutting, swabbing and sewing. When he finally reached the scrub basin, his arms were burning and his spine felt like a twisted welding rod.

"Horses," said Doctor Whittaker, who was drying his hands, "had a lot more sense on ice than the drivers of these high-horsepowered horseless carriages."

"I wouldn't know," Doctor Sullivan said wearily.

"Well, I would," said Doctor Whittaker. "I was a general practitioner in Bangor, Maine, for five years. There are times in Bangor when horseless carriages are utterly useless."

A retired husband often is a wife's full-time job.

ELLA HARRIS

Over his right shoulder Doctor Sullivan's eyes picked up a moving shadow. The shadow was in a special room at the north end of Emergency, a room that was usually reserved for violent cases—particularly Saturday-night inebriates.

The doctor walked toward the room, stretched his neck and looked in.

She was propped on a cot against two fat pillows. Her hair was black and lustrous. Her eyes, set in a beautifully chiseled, abnormally white face, were luminous. She was leafing through a book. Occasionally Doctor Sullivan would see the cover, and on the cover was the title Boys and Girls of Dickens.

"Hey!" Doctor Sullivan said cheerfully. "How'd you get in here? Down a chimney?"

The eyes left the book. The eyes were somber, yet alert. They swept over Doctor Sullivan, who was a big man, from hairline to shoe tips and finally concentrated on the dangling stethoscope.

"I was brought here by a Georgia policeman." She pronounced it "po-leeceman." "He blew his siren for me too. At two other hospitals they were full up. He got angry."

"Well!" Doctor Sullivan scratched the tip of his nose, a habit he had when perplexed. "What are you reading?"

"I'm just looking at the pictures. When I try to read, now, the book gets all foggy."

"Oh." The doctor moved in a little closer. "Do you hurt anywhere?"

She spoke gravely but smiled. "My throat gets sore and sometimes my neck hurts. Most of the time I am just very tired. The pretty nurse with the large eyebrows gave me some green medicine."

"What is your name?" The doctor spoke casually. At the same time, his fingers were gently exploring the glands around her neck. His fingers seemed to be searching for something they didn't wish to find.

Her answer was prompt, replete, almost like a well-rehearsed recitation. "My name is Marie Swan. I am nine years old. I live on Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia. I have five brothers and sisters, and my daddy used to go out in a boat for shrimp. But he got lost in a hurricane."

Doctor Sullivan's fingers were still busy. "What does your mother do, Marie?"

A soft little chuckle, then, "Mommy's like the old woman who lived in the shoe. She works in a restaurant and tries to take care of us too. But she can't. So she's trying to find homes for some of us."

Doctor Sullivan changed the subject. "What happened to the pretty nurse with the large eyebrows?"

"Oh, she told me you are very crowded. So she's fixing up a special room. I heard a doctor call it 'Ice-lation.'"

The doctor spoke soberly. "How long have you been sick?"

"Not very long." She was studying the doctor's hands. A lot of patients looked at Doctor Sullivan's hands and wondered how they could be so large, yet so gentle; so powerful, yet so skillful. "But when Doctor Elton took my temperature this afternoon she told mommy I better be sent to Jacksonville in a hurry for some tests."

"Doctor Elton?"

"She's our visiting nurse."

"Doctor Elton," said Doctor Sullivan, frowning as he took the child's pulse, "certainly took her sweet time." Then he added cheerfully, "Well, never mind that. We have a very fine fellow here to take care of you. Doctor Amir. Tomorrow he'll take a lot of pictures of you—inside and out."

"Oh," she said. Her eyes returned to the book. "Can you read to me, doctor?" She pointed. "This one?"

Doctor Sullivan pulled over the chair. He began reading.

"'It will surprise you all very much to hear that there once was a man who did not like Christmas. In fact, he had been heard on several occasions to use the word "humbug" with regard to it ——'"

"That's old Scrooge!" the girl interrupted excitedly.

Doctor Sullivan read on and reached the part about Tiny Tim singing very well indeed a song about a child who was lost in the snow on Christmas Day.

"Doctor," Marie interrupted again, "what does real snow look and feel like?"

The doctor heard shoes shuffling on the tiles behind his chair. He glanced over his shoulder. Doctor Whittaker was standing there; just standing and smiling.

"Real snow?" Doctor Sullivan repeated. "Marie, here's a doctor who can tell you all about real snow. And I have a few little jobs to button up."

"Bangor snow!" Doctor Whittaker said gruffly. "There's no other snow like Maine snow. It floats lazily down like fluffy feathers. It feels soft and cold, but after a couple of days it gets crunchy, like breakfast cereal. Why, I remember the time in Bangor, back about 1930, Marie, that it fell so deep . . ."

Doctor Sullivan silently stole away. As he passed through Emergency, he tapped Doctor Amir on the shoulder and motioned toward the room occupied by Marie Swan.

"Would you get on that first thing tomorrow, doctor?" Doctor Sullivan said. "Complete blood work, and please include a heterophil."

"Yes, Doctor Sullivan, sir," said Doctor Amir, who was proud of his English; "I will most indeed, sir."

As Doctor Sullivan suspected, he found the pretty nurse with the large eyebrows in Isolation. The room had been scrubbed and fumigated. The linen had been changed, and on the little bureau—for this was children's Isolation—was a framed, beautiful picture titled New England Snowstorm. The pretty nurse with the large eyebrows and the Gulf Stream-blue eyes was Bette Sullivan, night supervisor of nurses, and Doctor Sullivan's wife.

"Good morning, Mrs. Sullivan," the doctor said quietly.

Bette turned her head so quickly that a ligament protested. "For heaven's sake, Dennis, I thought you were home fast asleep."

Doctor Sullivan yawned and patted his lips. "What's sleep?" He tapped a freshly fluffed pillow. "For Marie?"

Bette nodded. "Isn't she precious?"

The doctor sighed. "She's like a little white violet, wilting in a blizzard."

Bette said brightly, "Oh, I've seen worse cases of scarlet fever before."

Doctor Sullivan folded his arms. "So now you are a diagnostician?"

Bette's eyes flashed briefly. "That, doctor, had the earmarks of a dirty dig. Marie's skin manifestation certainly would indicate scarlet fever."

(*Continued on Page 96*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

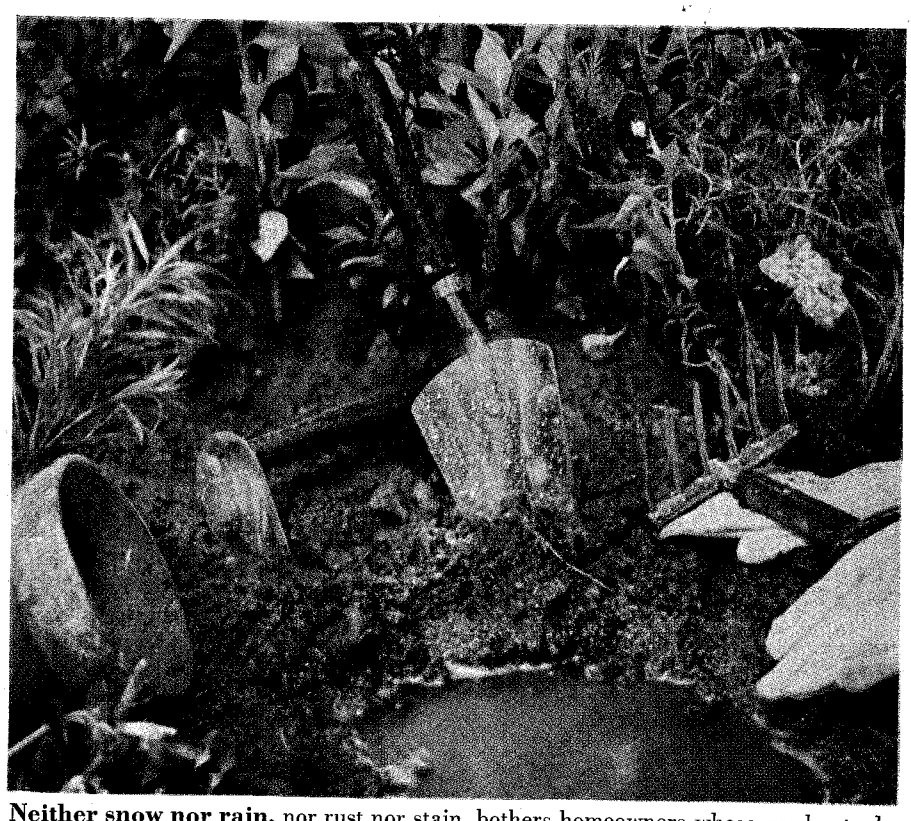
Always bright...always right...inside and outside your home ...STAINLESS STEEL

Nickel makes stainless perform better, longer

So handy, so sanitary for food preparation and disposal. Gleaming stainless sinks last a lifetime . . . don't chip. And they clean thoroughly with just soap and water. Stainless hot plates clean as easily, too, and nothing can get too hot for them.

A beautiful setting for gracious living . . . carefree entertaining. Smartly-designed stainless steel hollow ware and serving pieces tell everyone how value-wise, **how** fashion-wise you are. Stainless makes your home look as if you're proud **of it!**

For combination storm doors and screens, there is nothing finer — nothing more economical in the long run—than stainless steel. Stainless resists corrosion . . . won't warp or bind. Stainless steel can take the roughest use, abuse . . . stays bright, new looking.



Neither snow nor rain, nor rust nor stain, bothers homeowners whose garden tools are made of stainless steel. Stainless gutters and downspouts, too, never streak, never need replacing. Outside and inside, stainless steel is always bright — always right!

When you're out shopping, look for the stainless steel label. It assures you that the product you're buying will give you lasting beauty and years and years of good, hard use.

Inco Nickel does wonderful things for stainless steel. It makes stainless easier to work . . . to shape into beautiful designs. It enhances the durability and corrosion resistance of this bright, modern metal.

Inco Nickel does important things for other steels, too. To one, it adds strength and toughness; to another exceptional resistance to fatigue.

Make sure you get the advantages of stainless steel when you buy for yourself or for Christmas gifts.

Send for "A Gift To Give" . . . it contains pages of bright gift ideas . . . all wonderful gifts of stainless steel, the versatile metal. Write Department 196G, The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, New York.

©1958, T.I.N. Co., Inc.

Inco Nickel

makes metals perform better, longer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 94*) "On the contrary, examination of blood smears is indicated."

Bette's fingers touched her lips. "Oh—no, Dennis!"

He shrugged helplessly. "You saw the glandular swellings." His eyes roamed to the picture of the snowstorm. "You know as well as I do that Marie's kind of snowstorms—even with X ray, antibiotics and chemotherapy—can't be stopped. We can slow them down—for maybe six, or even nine, months. Then ——" The doctor shrugged again.

Bette reached for a tissue. "Dennis, I—I could cry." She did, a little. "Dennis, she thinks her mother doesn't want her. Two hospitals turned her away. She thinks she's unwanted everywhere." Bette used the tissue again. "And she's never even seen snow."

"I know." The lump in Doctor Sullivan's throat was annoying. Abruptly he changed the subject. He asked Bette some direct questions about several other patients. Together, they strolled down the now dimly lighted corridor and past the major operating rooms. The corridor was deserted. Impulsively Bette reached up and kissed him.

"Doctor Sullivan," she said, "you look whipped. Now go on home and hit the sack."

He didn't, of course, because Doctor Sullivan could never sleep well until he had made the rounds and checked on all of his "children." En route, he poked his nose into Room 306, and the special nurse, who was using a shielded flashlight, lowered her book. Doctor Sullivan borrowed the flashlight to read the chart. He leaned over the patient and tapped him gently on the chin.

"Mr. Conroy," Doctor Sullivan said quietly into the patient's left ear, "you're coming out of the woods. You're going to get well. You'll be all right."

He returned the flashlight to the nurse. "Thank you, Miss Pierson," he said.

She looked at him strangely. "Doctor, he's so full of sedatives he couldn't hear an atom bomb."

Doctor Sullivan smiled. "He's got a subconscious. You'd be surprised, Miss Pierson, at the suggestions the subconscious picks up. Good night."

"Good night," she said, still looking at him strangely.

The ups and downs of staff and patients in a large community hospital often keep tempo with the elevators, and Tuesday morning turned out to be as temperamental as a ballistic missile. Doctor Sullivan reached his desk promptly at six-thirty. Doctor Amir was waiting. Doctor Amir handed him a written report. It concerned Marie Swan. Doctor Sullivan's jaw tightened as he read it.

"Acute, eh?" Doctor Sullivan said grimly.

Doctor Amir nodded. "There is a general enlargement of the lymph nodes. The spleen is enlarged. The lymphocytes are abnormal, Doctor Sullivan, sir."

Doctor Sullivan scowled. "I would wish for a further evaluation by an experienced hematologist."

"Sorry, sir," Doctor Amir said, "but Doctor Foreman has flown to Chicago for several days." Doctor Foreman was the hospital's chief pathologist. Doctor Amir added, "Doctor Baxter concurs with me, sir—and Doctor Baxter has had considerable experience with diseases of the blood. If you would wish to come to the laboratory and view the slides I ——"

The intercom interrupted with, "Doctor Sullivan—Doctor Sullivan—please report to Doctor Skinner's office. Doctor Sullivan—Administration, please."

Doctor Sullivan glanced at his wrist watch. It was only about six-forty-five. "What on earth," he muttered, "is Beetlebrows prowling for at this hour?"

It didn't take long to find out. Doctor Skinner was the hospital's acting administrator in the absence of the aging and ailing Doctor Fincannon. Temporarily, at least, a politician was substituting for a physician.

"Good morning," Doctor Sullivan said, entering the plush office.

"Since when, doctor," said Doctor Skinner, ignoring Doctor Sullivan's salutation, "have we opened a charity ward?"

"I don't follow you."

"I refer to Patient 90163 in Isolation—a twelve-dollar-a-day room."

"O-o-oh," Doctor Sullivan smiled, "you mean Marie Swan. I'm afraid we're stuck with Marie—for a while."

Doctor Skinner snorted. "I find no evidence of any financial responsibility in the case of Patient 90163. Therefore, I must advise the welfare authorities of Georgia and ——"

"I will assume financial responsibility," Doctor Sullivan said quietly.

"You what?" Doctor Skinner sounded outraged. "Are you out of your mind?"

"If I thought so, I'd find a convenient couch in Psychiatric. Good day, doctor."

In the gleaming corridor he met Doctor Whittaker. He was bouncing blithely along, his rubber-soled shoes squeaking on the terrazzo tiles.

"Good morning, Dennis," Doctor Whittaker said happily. "Did you hear the good news? The Windsor Foundation has granted us a bequest of a quarter of a million dollars. We'll get our new operating room, Dennis; Doctor Foreman will get his new research equipment; and maybe Doctor Amir will get a new children's wing."

Doctor Sullivan's smile came from deep inside. "That's wonderful, Al—simply wonderful." The smile faded. "Did you see Doctor Amir's report on Marie Swan?"

Doctor Whittaker's buoyancy collapsed. He nodded.

"It's a shame, doctor," Doctor Sullivan said bitterly. "It's a damned shame."

Doctor Whittaker grabbed his arm. "Let's get a cup of coffee. I hear that Skinner wants to bounce her back to Georgia."

"I've settled that nonsense," Doctor Sullivan said firmly.

Over his coffee cup, Doctor Whittaker said quietly, "Half and half, Dennis." Doctor Sullivan pushed the cream pitcher toward him. "No," Doctor Whittaker said; "I like my coffee black. Half and half on Marie's expenses."

"Nothing doing, Al. You're raising a family."

Doctor Whittaker's eyes twinkled. "I do declare. I'll leave a sponge in your next abdominal."

Doctor Sullivan swallowed hard even as he chuckled. "All right, doctor, half and half. And thank you, Al."

The days passed swiftly, almost furiously, it seemed, because the hospital was overflowing. Marie Swan's condition remained unchanged even though Doctor Amir resorted to every modern type of therapy. The skin rash vanished, returned; she became a little thinner, more fragile and, it seemed, more lovable. The hospital became Dickens-minded and snow-conscious. Even the orderlies and the probationers quoted lines from Tiny Tim, Little Paul Dombey and David Copperfield.

On Saturday evening, Bette, who had been spending hours of overtime with Marie Swan, collided with her husband as she glided rapidly around a corner of the third-floor corridor. Bette's eyes were flashing and her face was crimson.

"Hey!" Doctor Sullivan said, grabbing her arm. "Sound your horn—or at least switch on your blinker."

Bette looked furious. "That—that sour pickle!"

"You mean," Doctor Sullivan said, grinning, "that character with the title of acting administrator?"

"No!" Bette stamped a dainty foot on the terrazzo. "Conroy, in Three-oh-six. Since Doctor Whittaker reduced his sedation, he's impossible. He just slapped me on my—well, my thigh."

"Sounds like he's really improving," the doctor said. "I shall feed Mr. Conroy a verbal pill or two—without sugar coating."

Mr. Conroy, who was a husky, normally hearty man in his early forties, seemed to accept the verbal pills philosophically. But thirty seconds after Doctor Sullivan had completed his capsuled lecture, he exploded. "Damn it all, I'm bored stiff, doctor. They won't even install a phone."

Doctor Sullivan studied the chart. "You're really doing fine," he said. "Next week, maybe, a phone and a wheel chair." The doctor had a sudden thought. "Do you like kids?"

Conroy looked surprised. "Sure—love 'em." He cleared his throat. "Unfortunately, my wife and I can't have any."

"You're going to have a visitor, Peter. You'll like her. She's crazy about Dickens—loves to be read to. So stop behaving like Old Man Scrooge."

"Now wait a minute ——" Conroy began.

"I can't afford to, right now," Doctor Sullivan said, smiling, "and you can't afford not to."

On the afternoon of December twenty-third, Doctor Sullivan poked his head over the screen at the door of Room 306. Peter Conroy was busily reading to Marie Swan: "'Such doings as they had on New Year's Day had never been seen before in the Cratchets' home, nor such a turkey as Mr. Scrooge fed them for dinner. Tiny Tim had his share, too, for Tiny Tim did not die—not a bit of it. Mr. Scrooge was a second father to him from that day ——'"

"Am I going to die, Mr. Conroy?" Marie interrupted.

Conroy coughed. "Of course not."

"What is the matter with me, Mr. Conroy?"

Conroy took a deep breath. "Ah—from what the nurses tell me, you've got a little snowstorm inside you, Marie. I—ah ——"

"Is that why Doctor Amir puts those lights on me? To make the snow melt?"

"Hello," Doctor Sullivan interrupted. . . . "You're due in X ray, Marie. Here's your nurse, now."

As they wheeled her away, Conroy, dabbing at his forehead with a tissue, said, "Phew! She had me on a spot." He sighed. "Do you know what, doctor? Marie has never seen snow."

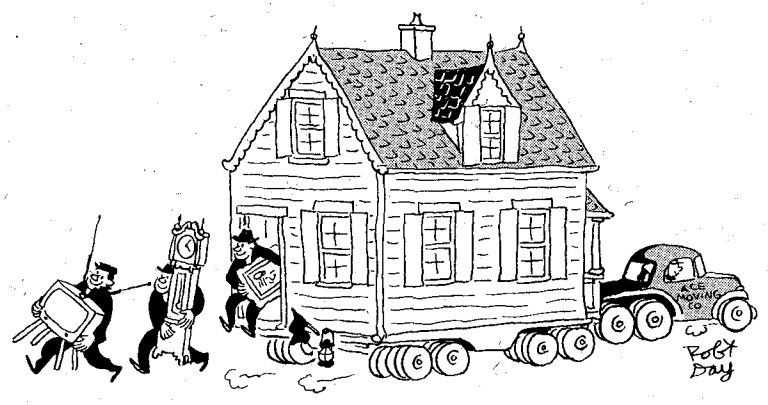
"Few of the youngsters in here ever have, Peter."

"We've got to do something about that. Now listen, doc." Conroy sounded excited. "My airlines traffic manager called me today. We've got two deadheads—two empty cargo planes—leaving Maine for Jacksonville tonight. They just had a fourteen-inch snowfall in Maine."

The doctor was taking Conroy's pulse.

"My planes carry an eight-thousand-pound payload. That would be a lot of snow, doctor. We could make the solarium look like a park in Maine."

(*Continued on Page 98*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Elmer hired a moving company to haul his house from its location to a new and better lot. The company jacked up the house and trundled it away. Unfortunately, they neglected to see that the back door was locked. Sneak thieves plundered the house during the move. Elmer later sued the moving firm for the value of the stolen property.

"I paid them to move my house efficiently and safely," Elmer said. "As they failed to take elementary precautions to protect the contents, they should pay for my loss."

"It was Elmer's house and he should have locked his own back door," counsel for the movers replied. "He is fully as much at fault as we are and should not be allowed to make us pay for the loss he virtually invited."

If you were the judge, would you make the movers pay Elmer?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Elmer won. The court ruled that it was up to the movers to protect the property, and that included seeing that the back door was locked.

Based upon a 1958 Idaho decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Move up to quality-

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Move up to Schlitz!

Certainly you want the best for guests. And here is quality you can always offer . . . refreshing Schlitz! It's one of the finer things of life within reach of all. For the holidays, have Schlitz on hand and serve it proudly.

World's best seller at any price

© 1958 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's never cold with a JON-E!

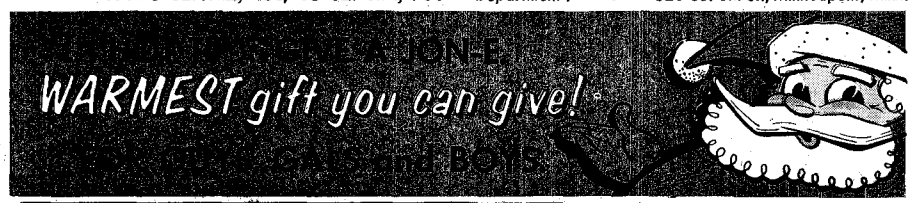
Sportsmen, gals, football fans, outdoor workers, be comfortable in the coldest weather. Let a heated Jon-e Warmer keep you WARM! It's like carrying a "personal radiator" in your pocket. The Jon-e is beautifully chrome-plated and ruggedly made to WARM you a lifetime of cold winters. Fully guaranteed. New draw-string carrying bag included. Keep WARM this year. Get your Jon-e Now. Carry it everywhere!

STANDARD SIZE JON-E heats all day on 1 filling (1 oz.) of fluid (illustrated above). With carrying bag . . **$3.95**
GIANT G.I. SIZE for extreme cold. Heats 2 full days on 1 filling. With carrying bag, only. **$4.95**
JON-E FLUID faster lighting, longer lasting. Excellent for cigarette lighters too. **8** oz. can, **45c**, **16** oz. can, **75c**

DUCK & DEER HUNTERS • ICE FISHERMEN
New JON-E BODY BELT will keep you warm all over. Holds 2 heated Standard size Jon-e Warmers over the kidneys. Adjustable belt fits everyone. Color, red. Body Belt only **$1.95**

New JON-E MUFF has built-in zipper pocket to hold a heated Jon-e Warmer. Keeps hands and wrists warm. Adj. belt lets Muff hang from neck or buckle around waist. Muff only . . **$3.50**

at all sporting goods, hdwe. and dept. stores.
ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.
Department P • 620 So. 8th St., Minneapolis, Minn.



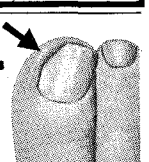
Better than aspirin
even with buffering for
TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

Nervous tension headaches need the special relief Anacin® gives. Here's *why* Anacin is *better than aspirin, even with buffering* added. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin acts to (1) relieve pain, (2) calm nerves — leave you relaxed, (3) fight depression . . . and Anacin Tablets do *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today!

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

SPRINGMAID COTTONS
Sheets and Pillow Cases

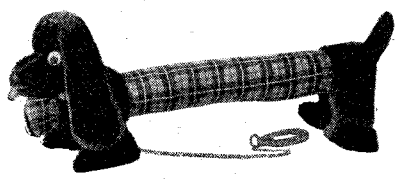
Ingrown NAIL



Just a few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL in nail groove relieve soreness and pain, soften embedded part of nail for easy removal. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

TAKE ME HOME!



Wait till you see this stylish, elongated fellow (31" of pedigree from nose to tail). With his Tartan Plaid felt jacket, metal chain leash and plastic collar, he's the pride of Park Avenue and wants YOU for his owner.

Give him a home by selling just two 1-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions or three 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions to persons outside your own home at the full subscription price. Renewals count the same as new subscriptions. (One year *Post* subscription, $6.00. One year *Holiday* subscription, $5.00.)

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail to the address below, together with your name and address and remittance for the whole amount. In return we'll send you the dachshund.

This offer is good in the continental U.S. only until February 28, 1959. Sorry, no dachshunds can be sold.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
467 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

(*Continued from Page 96*)

Conroy's enthusiasm was as infectious as his grin. Doctor Sullivan was grinning too. "We sure could, couldn't we?" the doctor said. "Solarium's air-conditioned. We could keep it good and cold. Bundle the kids up. But how would we get it from airport to hospital?"

Conroy shrugged. "I know some contractors. They've got big trucks and enormous belt conveyors."

"One hitch," Doctor Sullivan warned. "We've got an acting administrator whose reaction to festivity is 'Humbug!'"

Conroy was still grinning. "Ever hear of the Windsor Foundation?"

"Naturally. It just gave us a quarter of a million."

"Mr. Windsor is Mrs. Conroy's father."

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" Doctor Sullivan said.

"No, my father-in-law. Any hitch?"

"No hitch," Doctor Sullivan agreed.

The solarium Christmas party is still the talk of the town. Nearly everyone in the hospital dropped in, even the chef and the boiler-room superintendent, who was fat and jolly and who made a wonderful Santa Claus. Sweet and gay Christmas carols were piped in over the public-address system.

There were children on beds, tots in cots, youngsters in wheel chairs and others cavorting under their own steam in the clean, crisp, sparkling snow from Maine. A local service club had provided mittens and Mackinaws for the children.

Beneath the glistening tree, which was so tall the top had to be trimmed, were hundreds of presents. Doctor Whittaker dropped in, scooped up a fistful of snow and jammed it into his mouth.

"The real McCoy!" Doctor Whittaker said ecstatically. "Real Maine snow. Best in the world!" Then he had a snowball fight with Doctor Amir, and the kids howled with delight.

But long before the party ended, Marie, now pale and listless, slumped in her wheel chair, and her eyes became as glazed as the vanilla cookies. Marie had been parked in a secluded corner of the solarium, but Bette was keeping a watchful eye on her. Bette rolled her to the elevator. Marie made no protest. Her eyes, as she took a final look at the solarium, regained a faint sparkle.

"Go!" she said to Bette. "That was the whitest Christmas anybody ever had. Thank you, Mrs. Sullivan. Tell the doctor and Mr. Conroy, thank you—tell everybody thank you very much, please."

Doctor Sullivan met Bette as she left Marie's room. Bette was all choked up.

"The whitest—and the last," Bette said hoarsely. "Why, oh, why, Dennis?" Doctor Sullivan just squeezed her arm. He didn't trust his voice.

In the corridor they met Doctor Foreman, who had just returned from Chicago. He greeted them happily, they nodded glumly, and Doctor Foreman walked on, puzzled.

On December twenty-ninth, which was a Sunday, and the first Sunday in five weeks that Doctor Sullivan and Bette could enjoy the luxury of "sleeping in" at their little home on the St. Johns River, the doctor was rudely awakened at four A.M. It was Bette, shaking his big shoulders.

"Dennis," she was saying excitedly. "Dennis, what was it I had?"

"I think," muttered Doctor Sullivan, "that you are having a nightmare."

"No, I mean that virus I had when I was a student nurse."

"Oh," Doctor Sullivan yawned, "that. Infectious mononucleosis. Now go to sleep."

"Dennis!" She was shaking him again. "I had irregular fever, severe sore throat, a rash that resembled scarlet fever and my neck glands were swollen. I didn't respond to antibiotics or to chemotherapy."

He yawned again. "Rest is the only cure. Rest and tender, loving care. Doctor Fincannon made you rest. I gave you tender, loving care."

"Don't you see?" Bette said. She switched on a night lamp. Her eyes were shining. "Marie Swan's medical chart could be a replica of mine. Dennis, Doctor Amir is awfully young. A skilled evaluation might ——"

The doctor's feet hit the floor with a thud. "Rustle up some coffee," he ordered, "and I'll round up Doctor Foreman and Doctor Amir."

The first gray fingers of dawn were creeping over Ortega Bay as they—Doctor Foreman, Doctor Amir, Doctor Sullivan and Bette—hovered over a cluster of microscopes in Pathology. Two technicians were busy, one at the hematocrit machine, the other at the spectrophotometer.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

After-Luncheon Speaker

By Arthur Frederic Otis

I'm not sure what he spoke on,
But on and on he spoke,
With many grim statistics
And now and then a joke;
His audience sat motionless
And caused no rude
commotion;
His words had all the magic of
A secret sleeping potion.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Doctor Foreman, busily peering through a microscope, beckoned to Doctor Amir. Doctor Amir leaned over.

"You observe the difference, doctor?" Doctor Foreman said. He changed slides. "Now, here we have leukemia." He slipped another slide under the microscope. "This—even though the white count is unusually high—is infectious mononucleosis. The similarity is highly confusing. Besides, one doesn't often think of infectious mononucleosis in a young child. It is much commoner in older children and young adults. I have been guilty in the past of the same error."

Doctor Amir straightened up. His face was a mask. He bowed a little. "Doctor Foreman, sir," he said, "I am, sir, humbly apologetic. I will now write my resignation."

"Nonsense!" Doctor Foreman said heartily.

Bette placed an arm around Doctor Amir's shoulder. She gave him a little squeeze. "Doctor," Bette said warmly, "that was the happiest mistake of a lifetime."

Peter Conroy, at six-thirty, was just sipping his first cup of make-believe coffee and arguing with his nurse about walking privileges when Doctor Sullivan and Bette broke the news to him.

"Gosh!" Conroy said, gulping. "Gosh almighty! Now I know it pays to pray." He looked squarely at Doctor Sullivan. "Doctor, all things being equal, and with the mother's consent, could a member of the cardiac club and his wife adopt a nine-year-old girl?"

"For a guy with a heart as big as yours, even with a scar on it," Doctor Sullivan said quietly, "my guess would be—no hitch." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Power Holders in the American Economy

(Continued from Page 34)

interests, since it frequently enables small groups to block action desired by the majority. Hence, the general tendency for power to become more diffused creates the need for developing policy-making arrangements that more effectively reflect national interests.

Let us look briefly at the ideas of a few important thinkers who have speculated about prospective changes in the distribution of economic power. Then let us review in broad outline what has actually happened in the United States and inquire into probable trends in the near future. Finally, let us deal with the problem of developing needed improvements in the decision-making methods of the economy.

Most famous of all forecasts concerning the distribution of power is that of Karl Marx, who said that technological advance would inevitably concentrate power in the hands of the working class. Technological change was bound to produce a widening gap between the haves and the have-nots. This, in turn, would produce revolution and the seizure of industry by the workers. The state would gradually wither away, and the workers would run industry. This is what Marx meant by "socialism."

Socialism may come, but not—in western countries at least—in the way that Marx predicted. His theory of economic evolution was based upon erroneous notions of the effect of technological change upon labor and wages. He believed that technological change would undermine skills and, instead of raising wages, would produce more and more unemployment. The end result would be revolution and socialism. But the effects of technological progress have been far different from Marx's predictions. The demand for skills has grown, and rising productivity, instead of increasing unemployment, has raised wages. Hence, technological change—in western countries at least—has produced, not revolution, as Marx predicted, but stable middle-class societies.

The most scholarly prediction of radical changes ahead is that of Joseph Schumpeter, the eminent Austrian economist who became an American citizen. Schumpeter agreed with Marx that socialism is inevitable, though he saw it coming by a process very different from that envisioned by Marx. Schumpeter thought that the "intellectuals" as a whole are incurably socialistic, that their influence with the workers is bound to make the trade-unionists socialistic and that, in this day of big corporations and hired managers, private property would lack effective defenders against the socialist attack. Fortunately for big business, the socialist attack has not come. No one has been able to interest the unions in socialism. Their success in appropriating for their members most of the gains of rapid technological progress under private enterprise has been too complete. They are well-satisfied to bargain with private enterprise.

James Burnham, in his brilliant book, The Managerial Revolution, published early in World War II, took a view of managers very different from the view of Schumpeter. Burnham regarded the professional managers as strong and aggressive men who are peculiarly capable of running things and who, therefore, are bound to seize control of industry. Burnham's ideas remind one of the earlier views of Veblen, who, before he recanted, believed that the nature of modern technology made it inevitable that the engineers would take control of industry. Burnham badly misjudged the psychology of managers—just as Veblen misjudged the psychology of engineers. Managers, on the whole, are a cautious and conventional group, well suited to run going concerns according to accepted rules and tradition, but far from fitted to grab power.

Still another theory of radical changes is that of Prof. Charles E. Lindblom of Yale who has suggested that the powerful trade-unions, perhaps in co-operation with management, would take over the running of various industries, giving us a syndicalist society. But Lindblom failed to see that, when unions take responsibility for administrative decisions, a rift develops between the leaders and the members. To hold the support of the members, union leaders prefer to remain aloof from management and to confine their role to criticism of management. Syndicalism will never become a reality, no matter how powerful unions may become.

The actual course of economic and political change in the United States has been for power to be divided among more and more groups of decision-makers or power centers. Thus far, three principal groups of decision-makers have emerged—business, government and trade-unions. Each of these three groups has much to say about how the economy operates. Hence, the behavior of the economy can be explained only in terms of the influence of all three groups, or power centers, upon institutions and policies. But each of the three principal

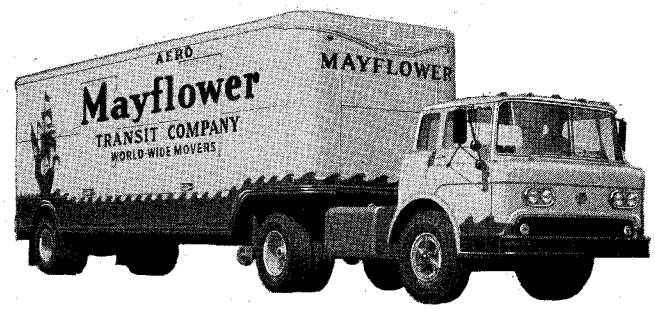
another Mayflower customer reports:

"...and your timing was perfect!"

"Furniture arrived in good condition and your timing was perfect! Your agent was very cooperative. The driver seemed very anxious to give good service. When and if I move again, it will be by Aero Mayflower."

This homemaker's comment on the family's move from Sarasota, Florida to Logan, West Virginia is typical of hundreds we receive every week.

Mayflower knows the importance of departure and arrival requirements . . . and plans to meet them. Dispatchers schedule vans carefully. Equipment is maintained in tip-top condition. Mayflower's drivers work hard to be on time. Mayflower can make *your* move easy and convenient, and safe for your furniture, too. Call your Mayflower agent for help and information.



America's Most Recommended Movers

AERO MAYFLOWER TRANSIT COMPANY, INC. • INDIANAPOLIS

He's a leading warehouseman in your city. He explains service, estimates costs, makes all arrangements. Helps in every way. Find him under "Moving."

world-wide service

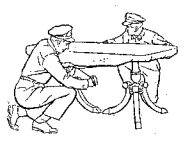
To and from all 49 states and Canada . . . overseas by ship or plane . . . our responsibility all the way!

new, higher standard of service

Van men, qualified by special study, training and examination for safe and careful service.

exclusive, "packed with pride" service

Safeguards even your most fragile pieces with the very best methods and packing materials known.



every piece padded

Protect every surface, edge and corner. Special covers for tables, appliances, pianos, mattresses.

Mayflower does all the work

Takes over the whole job of moving you out and resettling you quickly, easily, safely in your new home!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sources of influence and power contains subgroups or centers of interest with their own distinctive objectives and interests. Thus, in the business world there are important differences between big business, small business and the farmers; in the trade-union world, between craft unions of skilled workers and industrial unions; in government, between the Federal Government, the states and the cities. On some issues the conflicts between subgroups are intense. Furthermore, there is a tendency for the number of groups to multiply.

America started out as a simple, fairly homogeneous community with one principal power center—business. Most business in the early days of the country was agriculture. Indeed, as late as 1820 seven out of ten workers were in agriculture. Such a society readily accepted the principle of self-reliance—which meant that there should be a minimum of free services and that people should pay for what they get—and the principle of noninterference by government with economic activities.

As conditions have changed, these two basic principles of American business have come more and more into conflict with other cherished ideals of the American people—especially the ideal that opportunity should be kept open to all and that the good life should be available to all. The first big clash came early in the nineteenth century over the question of free public education. Victory went to the principle of equal opportunity over the principle of self-reliance. As a result, the government took on an important new function—supplying free public education, at least through the primary grades.

As industry became less agricultural and as giant corporations emerged, divisions within the business community became sharper and more numerous, and some parts of business—the farmers and the small businessmen—began to demand more and more exceptions to the principle of noninterference. These business dissenters often were joined by the increasingly numerous class of employees. Every exception to the principle of noninterference meant new responsibilities and new powers for government. By 1929, the government had become an important center of economic power and influence—not as important as business, but important enough so that the economy by then had two power centers: business and government.

Cleavages within the business community have continued to grow. The farmers and small business, though seeing eye-to-eye with big business on issues of labor policy, were developing their own ideas on other issues—witness the demand from much of agriculture for price supports and the struggles of independent retailers for anti-chain-store legislation. An important development has been the spectacular increase in the number of self-employed professional men—doctors, dentists, engineers, accountants, architects, management consultants, advertising men, lawyers, investment counselors. This change tended to reinforce the influence of the professional managers of big enterprises, since the independent professional men tend to share the views of the large capitalists and the professional managers on many issues.

Employees, who had become the most numerous group in the country, were making valiant efforts to gain a voice in running the economy, but their progress was slow and spotty. Only in the construction industry, parts of the railroad industry, the coal industry, the printing trades, the needle trades and a few other industries did trade-unions have much influence. Hence, in 1929, the employees cannot be said to have become a third power center. The American economy was still pretty largely a businessman's economy, with government playing an important, but nevertheless a subordinate role.

The years since 1929 have seen far greater shifts in the distribution of power than have occurred in any period of similar length in our history. The great depression of the '30's shattered the long-accepted view that the best way to get things done is to give businessmen a pretty free hand to pursue profits with only moderate direction or restraint from the government. The depression produced a flood of new government controls and aids in the capital markets, in banking, in the labor markets, in the housing market and in agriculture. In addition, it aroused an imperative demand that the Federal Government assume the responsibility of providing a minimum of economic security for nearly all parts of the population. Finally, the depression spurred the workers to make vigorous efforts to help themselves, and enabled them to win the backing of the government in their efforts. The Second World War gave both the government and the trade-unions time to consolidate and to increase the power that they had gained during the depression.

Today no one who is familiar with how the decisions are made would call the American economy a businessman's economy. Business is still important, but philosophical differences within the business community are substantial, and the influence of business is less than it was at any time prior to 1929; government is far more important than it ever has been before; and labor has become a third major power center.

In order to see how the present distribution of power works, let us examine briefly each of the three great centers of power—business, trade-unions and government. The part of the community that represents the business point of view—the large capitalists, the professional managers of large concerns, the owners of medium and small businesses, the independent professional men and the farmers—has about as many members today, relative to the rest of the community, as it had thirty years ago, but two important changes have weakened its influence.

One change is that business can no longer count on the support of the large and growing number of white-collar employees, who provide technical services, who work in offices, who sell goods or who are minor executives. On some issues these employees support the business point of view, but they have become increasingly aware that they are employees, and they are more and more disposed to assert their interests as employees. It is true that only about 2,500,000 out of 13,600,000 white-collar workers belong to unions, and that the great majority of them show little desire to be organized. But in the field of politics, especially in the fields of social legislation and fiscal policy, the white-collar workers no longer accept the ideas of the businessmen.

A second change that has weakened the influence of business upon economic policies has been the growing disagreement within the business community itself with respect to the relations of government and business. Instead of championing a hands-off philosophy, farmers wish subsidies, small business wishes special tax treatment, the building industry wishes government aids to construction, and other businesses wish special help through stockpiling and other methods. The old spirit of self-reliance is no longer fashionable in a large part of the business world. All of this tends to shift power and responsibility from business to government.

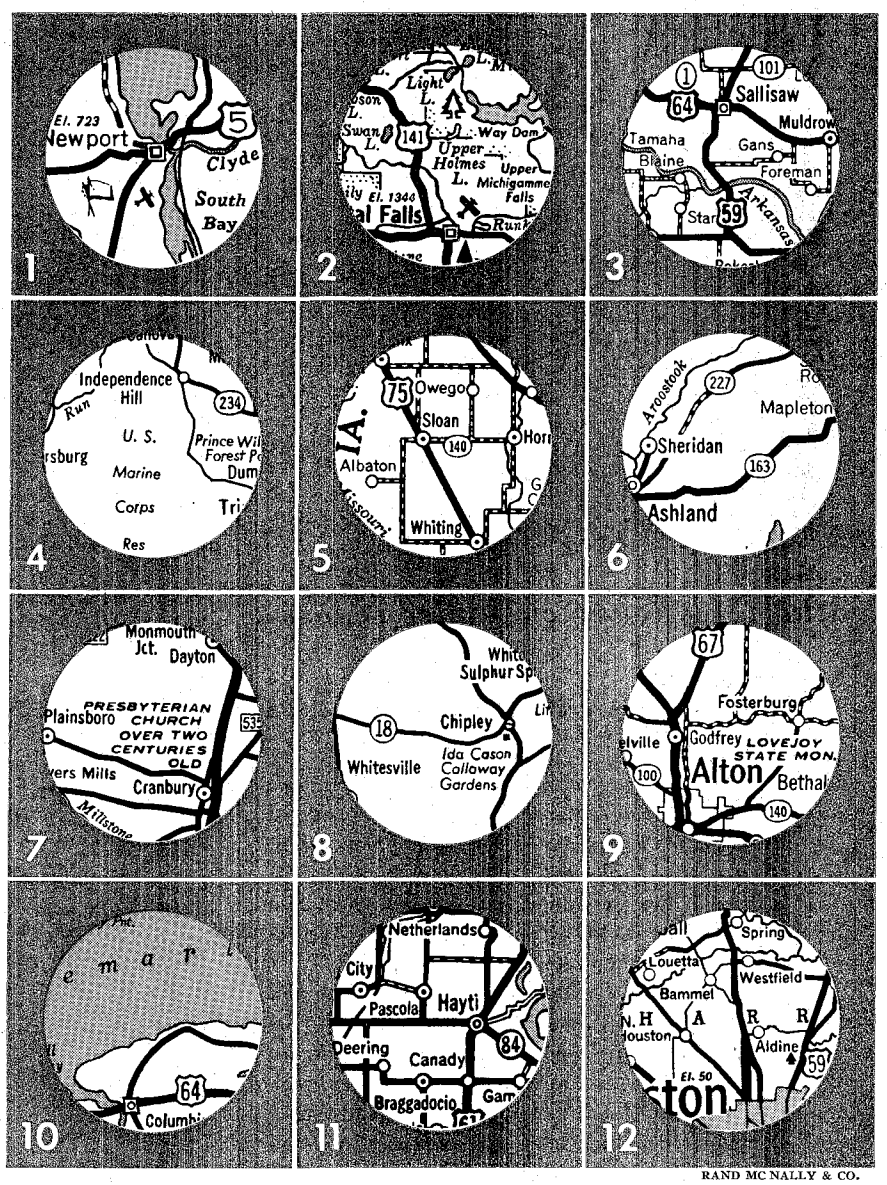
The trade-unions now have about 18,000,000 members—around six times as many as they possessed in 1929. More than half of the workers in construction, air, truck and railroad transportation, mining and manufacturing are pretty well organized. The unions have brought the equivalent of civil rights into the factories, shops and mines of America—a great contribution to human welfare; they have had important, though unintended, effects in accelerating technological progress; and they have succeeded in causing wages greatly to outrun the growth in output per man-hour, thereby forcing a slow, upward creep in the price level.

The political power of the unions is far less than their economic power. It is limited by the fact that the structure of unions is designed for bargaining, not for political action. Hence, unions do best in politics when they operate as a pressure group seeking special legislation of peculiar interest to them rather than attempting to influence general public policies. Finally, in the last ten years the influence of unions on public policies has been impaired by resentment of the public against abuses of trade-union power during and immediately after the war. Such abuses were an almost inescapable result of the mushroom growth in union membership and power.

Government, the third power center, guides the economy to an extent that would have been undreamed of a few years ago. Where in the business world is there a board of directors that matches in economic power the men who run the Federal Reserve; what private person has the power over commodity markets that Congress has conferred on the Secretary of Agriculture; what airline management has the power over commercial air transportation possessed by the Civil Aeronautics Board? But most powerful by far are Congress and other legislative bodies that have undertaken to modify the distribution of income by taxing and spending, and that have vast powers to decree how business shall be run and what trade-unions may or may not do.

One may question whether, in democracies, governments should be regarded as independent sources of power. Do not members of Congress and legislatures (the ultimate authorities in government) simply reflect the sentiments of their constituents? Is not government, therefore, simply the instrument through which various business and labor interests exercise their power rather than an independent center of power?

The fact that our government is a representative (Continued on Page 102)



RAND MC NALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on Page 102*)

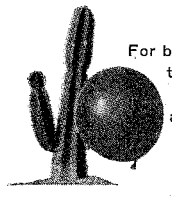
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The best reason to give him the new Schick comes after the shave

ALSO SOLD IN CANADA

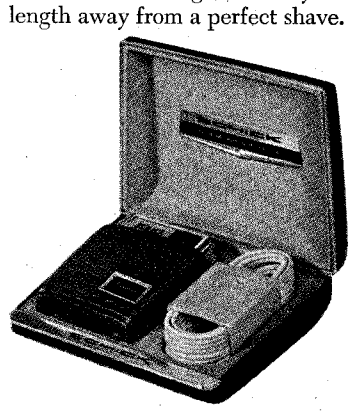
He'll love you for the things new Schick Powershave says about him. That he's an up-to-date kind of man—a man who cares about the way he looks. **You'll love him** because he is that kind of man. Looks good—feels smooth. Always clean shaven and nice to snuggle up to.

New Schick Powershave with Superaction Edge is the perfect gift for him. Simply because it shaves best—because it's 3 ways the most powerful shaver going. *Powerful fast*—18,000 shaving strokes a minute. *Powerful close*—shaves deep down where the beard begins. *Powerful gentle*—no pinching or pulling, ever. Yes, this year, the best reason to give him the new Schick—comes after the shave.



For beards tough as cactus, skin tender as a toy balloon

Inspiration! *Also in Auto/Home model.* At home or on the go, he's only a cord's length away from a perfect shave.



Newest idea in shaving! . . . Built-in *Superaction Edge*. Another Schick exclusive. Look for the new blue cap. **Buy now!** Most stores offer 14-day FREE home trial that starts Christmas Day.

NEW SCHICK POWERSHAVE

WITH SUPERACTION EDGE · NEWEST IDEA IN SHAVING

Merry Christmas colors: Glacier White ○ Royal Black ● Desert Tan ◍ Forest Green ◍

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 100*) one does not prevent it from being an independent source of power. Some members of Congress or legislatures, it is true, are rubber stamps either from choice or from necessity, and there are a few well-organized pressure groups—veterans, the farmers, the trade-unions—which are able to get much of what they demand on a few issues. But there have always been in government a significant number of men of stature and conviction who possess insights into problems that men with more specialized experience lack, and who possess personal followings that accept their leadership and give them considerable independence. Hence, even in democracies, governments are not merely representative agencies—they are instruments through which able and ambitious men mold economic institutions and policies according to their personal convictions.

Two important conditions limit the actual influence of the government on the economy. In the first place, it is often better politics for the government to do nothing rather than to do something that strongly offends a fairly powerful minority group. Hence, the government has an enormous capacity for dodging problems rather than coming to grips with them. In the second place, the most important decisions of government require approval by a majority of the legislature—and, since the views of legislators conflict, the only policy that can gain a majority is often a watered-down compromise that can have only limited practical effect.

What will happen to the distribution of power and influence in the American economy in the foreseeable future? The outlook is for little change in the relative influence of business, trade-unions and government. The principal change will be a slow growth in the responsibilities and power of government. How business fares will depend largely upon its capacity to develop leaders of insight and originality who are willing to take positive and public stands on economic issues. The influence of trade-unions will depend largely upon their ability to keep themselves a reform movement and to avoid degenerating into organizations seeking special privileges for favored groups.

Business has no chance of regaining the immense influence it had before 1929. The trade-unions will remain a permanent check on business. The loss of the allegiance of the white-collar workers means that the political strength of business is greatly limited—though on a few issues, the farmers, the small businessmen, and the self-employed professional men are able to have pretty much their own way. Most important of all, the growing practice of government bodies' making economic policies weakens business, because the skills of most business leaders are administrative, not political, and in political controversies the businessmen are no match for the politicians.

But business has a chance of regaining part of its lost influence, provided it develops first-class leaders of thought on issues of public policy. It will not be easy for business to develop such men. Many able and accomplished business leaders are conventional thinkers. Furthermore, some brilliant executives are reluctant to express views that reflect much imagination or originality lest they offend customers, suppliers or associates.

A change, however, may be in the making. Within the last generation there has begun to appear a growing number of executives of independence and reflection who have been willing to discuss problems of policy with freshness and imagination, and their influence upon business practices and public policies has been considerable.

One example is the late E. A. Filene, the brilliant Boston merchant, who was an outspoken champion of the responsibility of business toward consumers and employees. He established the automatic bargain basement in which goods become cheaper the longer they remain unsold, and he developed the employees' credit unions that now cover the country. Another example is the late Henry S. Dennison, head of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, an early advocate among employers of unemployment compensation, who established a private unemployment-compensation scheme for his own workers.

The names of a dozen or more living executives who speak out in public with originality and insight come to mind. Some are found in the Committee for Economic Development, but since any list would be grievously incomplete, I shall not mention names. At any rate, there is reason to expect that in the next generation business will supply the country with many more leaders of thought than it has provided in the past.

Trade-unions will be limited in adding to their economic power by their difficulty in attracting white-collar workers and also by the fact that the public no longer regards them as underdogs. Additional restrictions are likely to be placed upon the freedom of trade-unions to force people to join against their will and upon their right to conscript neutrals in industrial disputes. The public is demanding internal changes and reforms in the trade-union movement, and the unions themselves, under the leadership of Meany, Reuther, Hayes, Dubinsky and others, have begun to meet this public demand. Reforms in trade-union administration and government, made in response to demands of public opinion, will be comparable to the remarkable changes in business management that have produced the "new American capitalism."

The reforms forced by public opinion upon trade-unions, while limiting their economic power, will help them regain part of the influence on public policy that they lost as a result of arbitrary conduct and corruption. Historically, unions have been reform organizations, and their ability to influence public opinion will depend largely upon their success in remaining reform organizations. Now that they have great economic power, they are in danger of becoming organizations that merely seek more for those who already have much. Their problem is a difficult one. If they allow their economic power to corrupt their ideals, if they merely pursue narrow economic aims, they will have important effects on the economy, particularly on wages, but their influence on public policies will be slight.

The power and prestige of the government seem destined to grow, particularly if there is no drastic limitation of armaments to make possible large cuts in defense spending. But the rise in the influence of government will be slow because the ability of the government to finance new activities will be limited by the refusal of the people to tolerate rapid growth in the government's income. Nevertheless, a variety of influences—growing population, rising per-capita incomes, the cultural conflict with Russia, and the exploration and eventual invasion of space—all will lead the government to assume new activities and responsibilities. Rising population requires the government—local, state and national—to assume more responsibility for land-use planning, recreation areas, roads and the development of natural resources; rising per-capita incomes add to the demand for roads, parking space, vacation areas, public education; the cultural conflict with Russia compels the government to support education and research on a rapidly growing scale; the exploration of space will force new activities on the government because investigating space does not yield private profits and hence cannot be undertaken by private enterprise.

Is the economy likely in the foreseeable future to see the emergence of new power centers—such as the white-collar workers or the scientists? I think not. The white-collar workers are a heterogeneous lot. Many of them are highly individualistic and loath to organize. Others—particularly many semiprofessional technicians and some of the sales people—will form or join unions, but the organized white-collar workers will join the trade-union power center rather than form a new fourth power center.

Scientists will exercise large and increasing influence on the economy, but scientists will not directly determine issues of economic policy. Scientists are interested in making more discoveries rather than in controlling the use of their discoveries. The loyalty of scientists to research is intense, and men who are absorbed in investigating do not become policy makers.

A look at the American economy does not indicate that many of its problems can be traced to excessive concentration of power. Competition is becoming more vigorous, as is indicated by the spectacular growth of technological research, the most competitive activity in the economy; the business birth rate is growing and so is the business population; ownership of industry is becoming more broadly diffused; and income is being more broadly distributed.

The principal problems that stem from excessive concentration of power are the problems of agricultural policy and of creeping inflation. The great political power of the farmers has led to the imposition of an enormously wasteful agricultural policy on the community—a fantastic policy which imposes billions of dollars' worth of taxes on the country to pay farmers to produce cotton, wheat, corn, tobacco, peanuts and other crops in greater quantities than people are willing to pay for—thereby retarding the shift of agriculture into producing more meat, a commodity that consumers are eagerly seeking. The great economic power of the unions, which employers are unable to match, has caused the hourly compensation of employees outside of agriculture to rise more than twice as fast as output per man-hour during the last ten years.

But the broad diffusion of power that is characteristic of America does limit the capacity of the economy to deal with important problems. The development of the country's labor policy has been stymied for ten years because management and trade-unions cannot agree on what to do. The railroads are gradually being ruined because their competitors insist that the roads be denied reasonable freedom to set competitive rates and to establish competitive services. The country has never been able to develop a trade policy that reflects the national interest. In spite of the fact that every poll that has ever been taken shows that Americans overwhelmingly favor freer trade, a collaboration of various parochial interests—sugar growers, woolen manufacturers, cotton-textile manufacturers, metal miners, lemon growers, the dairy industry, the "independent" oil producers and others—has succeeded in maintaining a wasteful system of duties and quotas that retards the development of our most efficient industries and limits the rise in the country's standard of consumption.

These experiences all indicate that the economy badly needs decision-making arrangements that will better reflect national interests. Such arrangements would help correct both some of the results of excessive concentration of power, as in the case of farm policy, and also the results of the excessive diffusion of power, as in the case of labor policy, transportation policy and trade policy. There is no simple and automatic way of getting better representation of national interests. Progress must depend upon broad public understanding of the need and a resulting demand that policy makers place national interests ahead of parochial interests.

The most promising single way to improve the decision-making process itself would be to strengthen the Presidency. The President, more than any other officer of the Government, represents the national interest.

The most important single step in enhancing the power of the Presidency would be for the public to insist that the President have authority to veto individual items in the budget. If the Presidency can be strengthened and kept steadily filled with strong men, the American economy will escape much of the disadvantage that it suffers today from the excessive concentration of power in the hands of small groups on some issues, and from the excessive diffusion of power that sometimes prevents action on other issues. THE END

For readers who may wish to pursue this subject further, the following books are recommended:

Slichter, Sumner H.
WHAT'S AHEAD FOR AMERICAN BUSINESS
Little, Brown
$2.75

Slichter, Sumner H.
THE AMERICAN ECONOMY: ITS PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS
Knopf
$2.75

Galbraith, John K.
AMERICAN CAPITALISM, THE CONCEPT OF COUNTERVAILING POWER
Houghton Mifflin
$3.00

Kerr, Clark
UNIONS AND UNION LEADERS OF THEIR OWN CHOOSING
The Fund for the Republic
60 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.
Copies free on request

Morison, Samuel Eliot
FREEDOM IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY
Little, Brown
$3.50

Schumpeter, Joseph
CAPITALISM, SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY
Harper
$2.75

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 100

1. Vt.	2. Mich.	3. Okla.
4. Va.	5. Ia.	6. Me.
7. N.J.	8. Ga.	9. Ill.
10. N.C.	11. Mo.	12. Tex.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

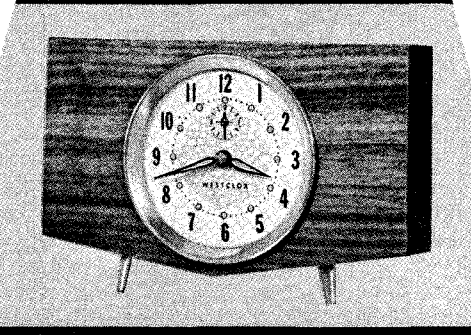
Wonderful Gifts by Westclox

Give a Westclox...it says "Merry Christmas" all the time...all through the year!

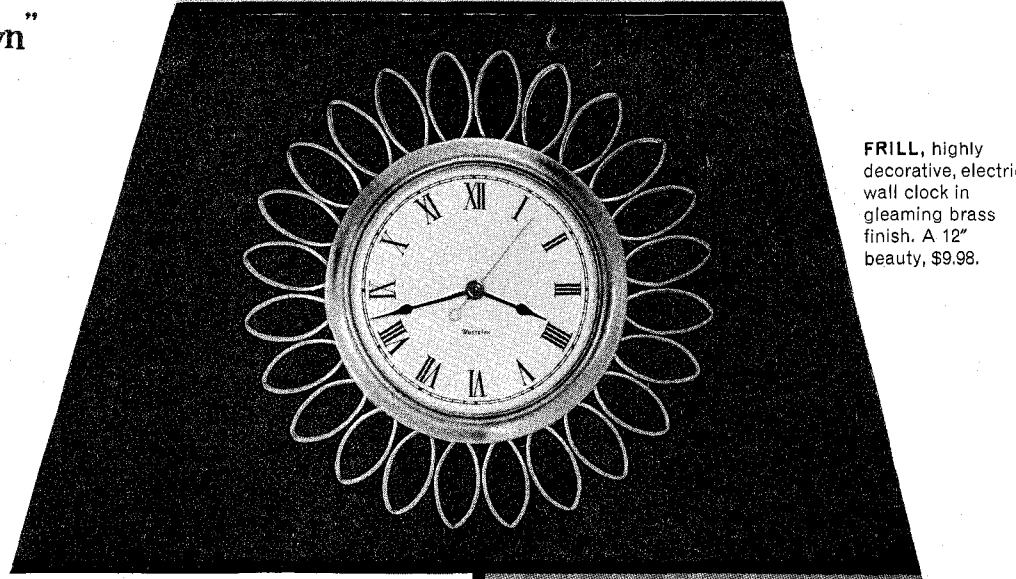
Only a few shopping days left! But still time to select wonderful gifts by Westclox, at stores all over town! Handsome watches with $65 features... for under $20! Some as low as $6.95! Beautiful new clocks of latest design...electric and keywound. Some as low as $3.50. Wonderful gifts! Wonderful values by Westclox, makers of Big Ben, world's most popular timepiece.

Rosalind Russell
star of
"Wonderful Town"
the big Westclox
TV Spectacular

BIG BEN, world's most famous alarm. Keywound in black or white. Electric in bronze or white. Luminous, $7.95.



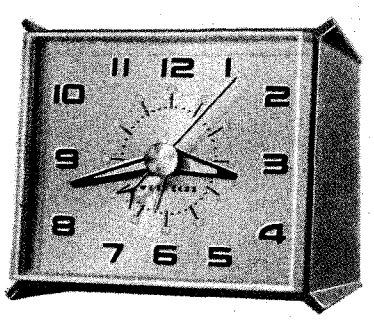
PENTHOUSE, *new* design in solid walnut; brass feet, keywound, luminous dial, bell alarm, $7.95.



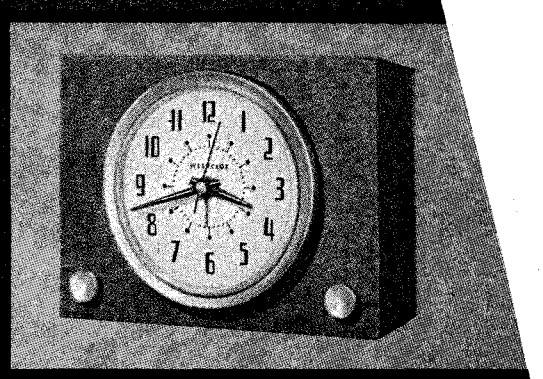
FRILL, highly decorative, electric wall clock in gleaming brass finish. A 12" beauty, $9.98.

SCEPTER WATERPROOF*, *new* waterproof*. Small, durable and dustproof*. Unbreakable mainspring; shock resistant, luminous, $10.95.

WESTCLOX COQUETTE, *new,* fashion-styled with modern, deep set crystal; shock resistant; Holland suede strap, $12.95.



ANDOVER, *new* electric alarm. Sculptured design with rich, embossed metal dial. Black or driftwood plastic; luminous, $7.98.



BRUCEWOOD, *new* charm in electric alarms, cased in solid mahogany, $8.98.

**stays waterproof and dustproof provided original seal is replaced if opened for service.*

SHADOW THIN WATERPROOF*, *new,* ultra slim style waterproof*. Handsome and rugged. Dustproof*, shock resistant; unbreakable mainspring, only $12.95.

Prices do not include tax.

DEPENDABLE *as the day is long*

WESTCLOX®

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF BIG BEN

DIVISION OF GENERAL TIME CORP., LASALLE, ILL., ATHENS, GA., PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Swindler's Wife (Continued from Page 22)

good looking? Mary, having chosen the narrow and thorny path of virtue, had no right to complain when she found it was—narrow and thorny. Lonely too.

In London recently, Mary had noticed a tendency on the part of old friends to give her the cold shoulder. They had started talking about something else when she came among them. Becoming honest was, in their somewhat jaundiced view, a steppingstone to becoming a stool pigeon or, as the species is known among London's elect, a copper's nark.

That evening, sitting alone at a corner table in Fred's Bar, Mary witnessed the meeting between Pete and the Princess Gobolinsky, who was a stunning brunette and whose eyes, as Pete had remarked, were pools of mystery. Anyway, pools of something. Few women could resist Pete's charm when he turned it on. La Gobolinsky, Mary mused bitterly, was evidently one more on the long list. Mary trusted Pete, of course, but she had the philosophy of the desert Arab who, trusting God, sees that his camel is tied. If it hadn't been for the unpaid hotel bill, Mary would have been tempted to break it up.

"How old are you?" Mary heard Pete ask La Gobolinsky.

"Twenty-five; why?" the latter replied.

"Might be a lucky number," Pete went on. "Let's take a whirl at the roulette wheel."

Mary followed them across to the casino, watched while Pete extracted a 5000-franc note from a painfully thin billfold, buying with it one 5000-franc chip. Mary felt better when she saw Pete put it on number thirty-five and better still when the little ivory ball dropped into the slot of number thirty-five and she saw Pete rake in 175,000 francs. La Gobolinsky viewed the phenomenon somewhat sourly, leaving the casino a few minutes later.

"Gimme!" said Mary when she saw Pete heading toward the "big" roulette table. At least the hotel bill could be paid, giving them another week of breathing space.

Over the next few days, Pete and La Gobolinsky had several meetings, during which a plan of campaign was worked out. It will simplify matters and do no harm if the entire plan is disclosed now. La Gobolinsky had a woman friend, in whose apartment she was living. The friend owned several pictures of extremely dubious authenticity. These had been entrusted to Monsieur Morosco, of the Morosco Fine Art Galleries, with a view to sale. A receipt had been obtained for them describing one as "reputed to be a Rembrandt." Another as a reputed Renoir, and a third as a reputed Toulouse-Lautrec. In each case "reputed" was the operative word. The plan was to enhance the value of these three spurious pictures in the eyes of Monsieur Morosco by creating a set of circumstances which would persuade him to believe that they were genuine. The trick itself was, of course, hoary with age and, like all such swindles, depended for its success on a wide streak of larceny in the prospective victim, for it is an axiomatic truth in the half-world of con men and tricksters that it is impossible to swindle an honest man. Morosco seemed an ideal subject, for not even chlorophyll could sweeten his reputation.

Since Mary was a reformed character, Pete no longer discussed the details of his operations with her. She said that she wanted to know none of the details, which was not strictly true. Otherwise, one must suppose, she would not have spent so much of her time listening to Pete's phone calls on the bathroom extension. Her reply if taxed with this would have been to deny interest in the plan itself, but to admit a wifely curiosity in the relationship between Pete and La Gobolinsky.

Now Mary's artistic education had been sadly neglected and she was greatly puzzled by the recurrence in these eavesdropped telephone conversations of the names Rembrandt, Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec. She knew, of course, that Rembrandt was a well-known pianist and that Toulouse-Lautrec was a tightrope act in some circus, but she had never heard of Renoir. She hoped this didn't mean that Pete was planning to steal a grand piano, or a circus, for she believed—or had believed, before she reformed—that thieves should confine themselves to small, portable articles. Her own father's downfall had come about through stealing a cow.

One day while the plan was being developed, Mary saw in a bookshop window a set of volumes containing reproductions of pictures by the world's best-known painters. Among these she spotted the three names she had heard bandied on the telephone, from which she concluded that Pete was planning to steal pictures. Although she disapproved in principle, she was pleased to know that he planned to steal expensive ones.

Pictures! They were awkward to handle. What was wrong with diamonds? Monte Carlo was full of them.

The opening shot of the campaign was fired when La Gobolinsky walked into the Morosco Fine Art Galleries and, waving aside Monsieur Morosco's offers of assistance, proceeded to examine all the pictures on view. "I will be back later," she said at the end of an hour, dropping on the desk a visiting card which described her as La Princesse Gobolinsky.

If Morosco had examined the finely engraved card with the care it merited, he might have saved himself much heartache and some cash, for he would not have confused Gobolinsky with Golobinsky. The Princess Golobinsky, who was known to be shopping for a villa in or near Monte Carlo, was a refugee from Texas, grown tired of a vast landscape on which oil derricks proliferated to the distant horizon—and all hers. Morosco, thumbing the rich engraving on the card, began to dream dreams. His nostrils began to twitch—this shows what imagination will do to warp a man's judgment—as from far-off Texas there came, wafted across the seas, the delicious fragrance of crude oil. From that moment, Morosco was lost.

Later that day a tall, distinguished stranger entered the Morosco Fine Art Galleries, bowed gravely to the owner and, without a word, began a slow, systematic examination of every picture hanging there. From time to time, taking a lens from his waistcoat pocket, he scrutinized a picture with more than usual care. It was done unostentatiously, but it did not escape Morosco's notice. Few things did.

The tall stranger gave off an aura of wealth and respectability. A combination of many things conspired to create the effect—the set of his broad shoulders, his beautifully constructed gray worsted suit, the obviously handmade black shoes and an air of complete assurance, only just falling short of arrogance. He seemed the sort of man who, because of an indisputable integrity, becomes a trustee of an orphan asylum. At the end of an hour spent in the galleries, Morosco knew that whoever this distinguished stranger turned out to be, here was a man who understood pictures. The youth who, under instructions from Morosco, trailed the stranger back to the Hotel Magnifico where he occupied the Gardenia Suite, learned from a well-primed concierge that he was Mr. Peter Larsen, of the Larsen Fine Art Galleries, New York City.

Thus far, in Morosco's eyes, the visit of the Princess Gobolinsky, whom he believed to be the Princess Golobinsky, and that of Mr. Peter Larsen were unrelated phenomena. But they became related when, later that day, the sleuth reported that they were taking tea together at the Café de Paris, across from the casino. Anxious to confirm this with his own eyes, Morosco closed his business premises an hour earlier than usual. From a shrubbery in the gardens he was able to see them clearly, talking earnestly and from time to time consulting documents which Mr. Larsen carried in a thin, gold-mounted, crocodile-skin briefcase.

"Ah, that puts a twinkle in your eye!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Business for Morosco had not been too good lately. He did not deal in valuable pictures, partly because he lacked the capital to do so, and partly because he lacked the necessary knowledge. Morosco's genius was in acquiring attractive pictures cheaply; pictures which to the undiscriminating, who are the many, seemed gay and pleasing. He catered to people who reiterated: "I don't know anything about Art, but I do know what I like." Hanging on the walls of the galleries were some two hundred-odd pictures by Victorian has-beens or never-wases and completely unknown moderns waiting hopefully for the kiss of Fame.

On the following morning the distinguished Mr. Peter Larsen paid another visit to the galleries, bowed as before to Morosco, repeating his unhurried scrutiny of the pictures and saying nothing. Pete "Grand Larceny" Larsen was a first-class illusionist and, like every salesman who ever lived, was selling himself, building up in Morosco's mind an indelible picture of a rich, successful man of unimpeachable integrity; a man who would not be thus interesting himself in the meretricious artistic garbage which—none knew better than its owner—was the stock-in-trade of the Morosco Fine Art Galleries. It followed, therefore, as the night follows the day, that the opulent Mr. Peter Larsen, acting as the buying agent of the incredibly rich Princess Golobinsky, had found among the two hundred mediocrities some immensely valuable Old Master or other artistic treasure.

That was a Friday. The lights of the Morosco Fine Art Galleries remained on all that night while Morosco himself, tortured and hag-ridden by his doubts, examined every picture in his possession in the hope of penetrating the secret locked in the heart of Mr. Peter Larsen. Morosco's doubts and perplexities were equaled only by those of Mary Larsen, the reformed "Petty Larceny," who was wondering whether she had not been a trifle hasty about reforming. Now that Pete and his confederate, the spurious Princess Gobolinsky (whose claims to royal blood were no more spurious than those of the couple of hundred or so other Riviera princesses), were unable to forgather at Fred's Bar, meetings were being arranged elsewhere, so that it was becoming increasingly difficult to keep tabs on them. Mary was worried, for La Gobolinsky—even if it was, as Pete assured her, strictly business—was far too attractive for a girl's peace of mind. She loved Pete to distraction and she was determined not to lose him to this husky brunette, or any other woman.

Strange as it may seem, too, Mary's decision to reform had stemmed from a genuine distaste for her mode of life. She was tired of the shabby crooks who lived upon the fringes of everything, like hungry gulls seeking to pounce upon any neglected titbit. She was tired, too, of being constantly on the move, fearful lest her own and Pete's past would catch up with them. She wanted a home, babies; in short, a normal life. Hotel acquaintances were, she found, a poor substitute for friendly neighbors. When, as from time to time (*Continued on Page 107*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

FOR HER

1. English Lavender Essence and Soap, $1.50
2. 'Bond Street' Perfume, $10. 3. 'Bond Street' Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, $4
4. Gift Soap Chest: 2 each of Crushed Carnation, Red Roses, Lavender, $3.50
5. English Lavender Essence, Talc and Soap, $3
6. Red Roses After Bath Freshener, 3 Guest Size Soaps, $2.25

FOR HIM

7. After Shaving Lotion and Men's Cologne, $3
8. Shaving Foam, Cologne, Invisible Talc and After Shaving Lotion, $5.85
9. After Shaving Lotion, Deodorant Stick and Invisible Talc, $3.75
10. Shaving Foam and After Shaving Lotion, $2.25
11. De Luxe Gift Flask of After Shaving Lotion, $3.75

All plus tax (except soap)

YARDLEY GIFTS

belong under the best Christmas trees...$1.50 to $12.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 104*) she did, she said these things to Pete, he merely laughed, unable to believe that she meant them. "I don't want to become a prison widow, Pete," she had once said tearfully. "I don't want to come and visit you once a month, or whatever it is, and talk to you through iron bars with a guard listening."

"They won't catch me," Pete had replied, "so don't worry."

But Mary did worry, because she knew that in the long run the "wide boys" were always caught. What made it worse was that Mary knew that Pete could have succeeded in anything he gave his talents to. He was a born salesman. That alone opened unlimited doors to him.

Originally, it was Pete's aura of glamour which had appealed to Mary—the splendid outlaw to whom the ordinary rules did not apply. But although he had seemed perfect to her then, she had married him with the firm intention of changing him. That the attitude was illogical had seemed beside the point.

Now Mary was unhappy, bitterly so. Not only did she live in terror of Pete's falling into the clutches of the law, or La Gobolinsky—the one as bad as the other—but she was tired of spending most of her waking hours in the bathroom listening on the extension phone to the staccato exchanges between Pete and his confederate. Nevertheless, the plan of campaign against Morosco was beginning to take shape in her mind and—despite her new-found state of grace—she could not but admire Pete's subtle strategy and meticulous attention to the smallest details. Within the narrow limits of his chosen mode of life, Pete was a perfectionist.

On the Saturday morning, after a sleepless night spent in his artistic garbage heap hunting vainly for Old Masters, Morosco was not at his best. His coffee, drunk at his desk, tasted of lye. The bright Mediterranean sunshine ranked as an affliction, sent by Providence especially to aggravate his blinding headache. In short, he was in that condition when, in dire need of calm judgment, he had none at all.

There was something akin to terror in his heart when, around eleven o'clock in the morning, he saw crossing the street the debonair figure of Mr. Peter Larsen, looking rested, well-groomed and utterly at ease, obviously a man without a care in the world.

Once again, Mr. Larsen bowed courteously, but did not speak. Morosco, conscious of his own rumpled clothes and unshaven chin, and not daring to leave the premises for a shave, waited for another long, agonizing hour while the distinguished stranger conducted his leisurely scrutiny. At the end of the hour Mr. Larsen paused at Morosco's desk on the way toward the exit.

"Monsieur Morosco?" he asked with uplifted eyebrows.

"At your service, monsieur," replied the other, bowing. They shook hands with much cordiality. The advantage of the meeting was with Pete, who was not supposed to know, but did know, that the other believed him to be Mr. Peter Larsen, of the Larsen Fine Art Galleries, New York City, which, incidentally, did not exist or, if they did exist, existed without Pete's knowledge. Neither then, nor later, did Pete ever tell Morosco these things. It was, rather, the other way round, for the information had reached Morosco surreptitiously via the concierge of the Hotel Magnifico. A detail like this might, if things went wrong anywhere later, be important, enabling Pete to assert without fear of contradiction that he knew nothing about the Larsen Fine Art Galleries in New York and had never represented himself to be other than what he was—plain Mr. Peter Larsen.

Now Pete, still smiling gravely at Morosco, looked at his watch, managing to inject into this simple action something subtle which implied that his time was valuable. "Monsieur Morosco," he said in a cold, precise manner, which heightened the illusion, "I will return here at three o'clock this afternoon. Will you be good enough at that time to set a price upon your entire stock of pictures? Francs or dollars, as you please. May I count on your co-operation? Until three o'clock then, Monsieur Morosco. *Au revoir!*"

While Morosco was still choking with emotion, the other bowed courteously and made his exit.

Never in his long and larcenous career had Morosco found himself in such a predicament. Giving instructions that he was not on any account to be interrupted, he sat at his desk while he did some figuring. Four fifths of the stock, as he well knew, was worth little more than the cost of the canvas and frames: some, alas, even less! Twenty years thence, by some unpredictable turn of Fortune's wheel or the vagaries of fashion, a few—a pitifully few—might become valuable. The entire stock had cost Morosco well under 2,000,000 francs—call it $5000. Sold one at a time by retail, he would be content with a modest 500-per-cent profit, but sold *en bloc* in the manner suggested by this man Larsen, he did not know what profit to ask. Meanwhile, less than three hours remained to the three-o'clock deadline. Morosco wasted one of those hours in making another fruitless tour of the galleries, hoping to find some great work, sticking out like a sore thumb from amongst the remainder of the wretched daubs.

Morosco was unused to round sums: he had never dealt in them. In turn, $20,000, $30,000 and $50,000, occurred to him as good asking prices, but he rejected them all in turn for the same reason. All three prices were fantastically high if the stock was no better than it seemed, but absurdly low if, as Morosco now suspected, among these lowly geese he was harboring a swan. This last was almost too terrifying to contemplate.

What did Larsen know that he, Morosco, did not know? That was the question which tortured the picture dealer and would go on torturing him until the matter was resolved.

By five minutes to three, Morosco was a nervous wreck, still undecided as to the price he should put upon his wares.

At three o'clock precisely—was not punctuality the virtue of princes?—Pete Larsen stepped out of an opulent limousine and, still wearing his grave, courteous smile, entered the galleries. "Well, Monsieur Morosco?" he said expectantly.

Morosco had reached his decision—to stall.

"There is a difficulty, Monsieur Larsen," he began. "Several of the pictures here are for sale on commission—others to be restored. If I may remove these from the walls, it will be possible to fix a price."

"All or nothing, Monsieur Morosco," said Pete severely. "Let us not speak of difficulties, for there are always difficulties. Include them in the price."

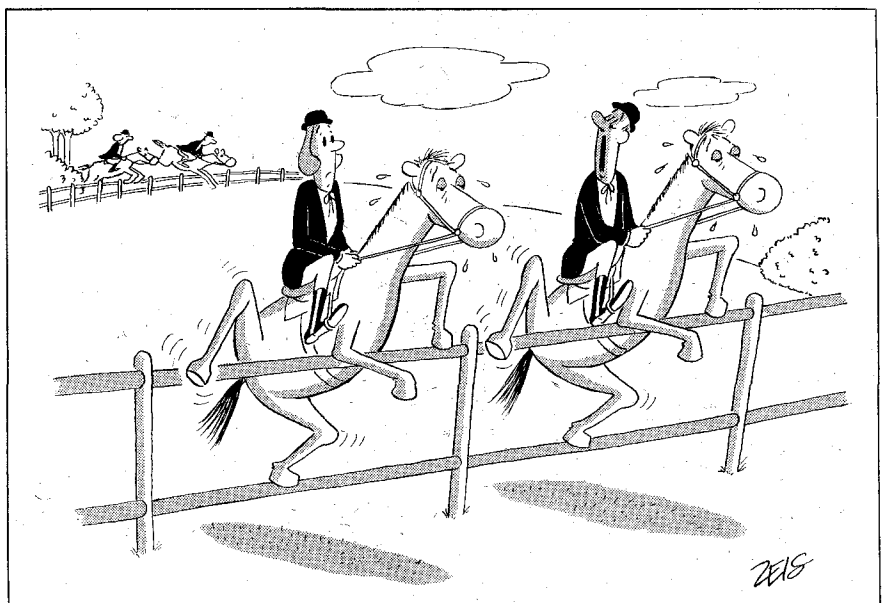
Morosco, who was now not far off hysteria, said, "If monsieur will only indicate to me the picture, or pictures, in which he is specially interested, I am sure it will be possible to arrive at a mutually agreeable price."

"I see no reason why I should present you gratis with the benefit of my knowledge, Monsieur Morosco," said Pete coldly. "I will buy all your pictures, or none. It is for you to put a price on them. If the price is acceptable, I will give you a check now. If the price is too high, I will bid you good day and that will end the matter."

There was a cold finality in his voice. It was only by the exercise of iron will that Morosco could maintain self-control as he watched Pete put his checkbook on the desk, followed by a gold fountain pen. "Forgive me for reminding you, Monsieur Morosco, but I am a busy man. I do not disguise from you," continued Pete, "that I intend to make a profit on the transaction, but, equally, I recognize your right to do so also. So set your price at a figure which will satisfy us both."

Although Morosco saw a fortune slipping through his fingers, he could not bring himself to set a price. If it was too high, the other would smile, bow and leave the premises forever. But if it was too low and it was to transpire afterward that he had sold some fabulous artistic treasure for a fraction of its true value, Morosco believed that he would never sleep again.

The ticking of a small mantel clock sounded to the dealer like the racing footsteps of doom. "Very well, Monsieur Morosco," said Pete after a silence which had become brittle, "since you seem unable, or unwilling, to set a price, and I do not wish to extend this conversation indefinitely, I will make you an offer. I offer you fifty thousand dollars for your entire stock and I will give you, furthermore, until noon on Monday to accept or refuse."



"Maybe we'd better rest them a bit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Thus reprieved, Morosco uttered a deep sigh of relief. Now he knew where he stood—or thought he did. "But," continued Pete sternly, "this offer is conditional upon these galleries being sealed now—in the presence of a notary—and remaining sealed until Monday at noon."

To this Morosco agreed and when, more than an hour later, they parted with expressions of mutual esteem, the doors and windows of the Morosco Fine Art Galleries were under seal. Morosco, barring accidents, was hooked.

As was expected of him, Morosco spent most of that evening on the telephone, telling the owners of pictures which had been entrusted to him for sale, or for other reasons, that he had received small offers for them. Would they accept? The only owner he failed to locate was the owner of the "reputed" Rembrandt, Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec, who, he learned from the lips of La Gobolinsky, posing as the maid, was returning on Monday morning. Not wanting the owner of these pictures to see the seals on the doors and windows of the galleries, Morosco arranged to call early on the Monday morning to discuss "a small matter of business." Morosco then went home to Beaulieu, some four miles out of Monte Carlo, hoping that with the aid of sleeping pills he would be able to get some sleep.

Meanwhile Mary, listening on the bathroom extension phone, was brought up to date regarding the progress of events, as Pete reported them to La Gobolinsky. It might be true, as Pete often assured her, that this was "strictly business," but Mary's quick ear detected a subtle difference in the relationship. The word "we" seemed overworked. There was a husky intimacy in La Gobolinsky's voice which she did not like, but it was not until the end of the conversation that Mary heard what she had feared to hear.

"You know, Pete," the other said, injecting unutterable things into her voice, "you and me"—Riviera princesses are notoriously weak on grammar—"you and me should work together for keeps. We'd really clean up. What do you say?"

What would he say? That was what Mary could not wait to hear. There was a pulse beating in her throat.

"We haven't landed this sucker yet," replied Pete cautiously. "There'll be time enough to talk of that when we have."

Mary began to weep softly. She had hoped, foolishly perhaps, that Pete's answer would be a categorical refusal. True, he had not agreed to a permanent partnership, but he had left the door open—and that was almost more than she could bear.

It was not Mary's way to waste time shedding futile tears, which solved nothing. This was a time for action. No phony brunette princess was going to steal Pete from her.

The plot to swindle Morosco was, as Mary knew, a relatively small-scale operation, designed to tide them over a temporary shortage of ready cash and to provide the wherewithal to finance something larger and more ambitious. Pete and La Gobolinsky were working upon the assumption that Morosco, sooner than be forced to refuse the offer of $50,000 for his entire stock, could be persuaded to pay up to $15,000 for the "reputed" Rembrandt, Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec left with him by La Gobolinsky's friend. By the time this had been cut three ways, Pete's share would be a miserable $5000. It wasn't much and, adding to this the possibility of losing Pete, Mary knew that the time for action had come.

Mary spoke French fluently, so it did not take her long to learn the number of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morosco's private phone at Beaulieu. She announced herself to Morosco as Madame Larsen. "I think, monsieur," she said silkily, "that a brief conversation with me might save you a great sum of money. I prefer not to say any more on the telephone."

So that Morosco should be satisfied that she was, in fact, Mrs. Peter Larsen, she told him to inquire at the hotel concierge's desk. He did just this and they left the hotel together in his car. At Mary's suggestion, he drove her to a discreet café where they might talk privately.

When they were seated at an alcove table, she launched directly into her subject in a way a Latin would understand. "You see before you, monsieur, a jealous woman."

"I am sure," retorted Morosco gallantly, "that madame has no need to be jealous of any other woman."

"Alas, monsieur, I wish that it were so," said Mary sadly, "but how can I be expected to hold my husband against a woman who is not only beautiful—let us not deny that—but who possesses a fortune of untold millions? Oil wells sprout on her land like weeds."

"Madame refers, doubtless, to the Princess Golobinsky?"

"What makes it worse," replied Mary, nodding assent, "is that my husband is a very rich man, who does not need her money."

Morosco, who had nearly refused to leave his house, thanked his stars that he had come, for he knew now that he had struck pay dirt. "Alas, madame," he said, his voice vibrant with sympathy, "the follies men will commit are beyond understanding."

"What does it matter to a woman like that," continued Mary, "whether she pays twenty thousand dollars or two hundred thousand dollars for a valuable picture? She could buy one every day."

Morosco was compelled to swallow a brandy hastily in order to steady his nerves.

"Tell me, monsieur," continued Mary, destroying whatever was left of the poor man's critical faculties, "tell me something I am curious to know—whether at any time you have done my husband some great injury? Otherwise, I do not understand how a man of his talents and high reputation could stoop for that woman's sake to such infamy."

"No, madame, never! That I swear by all I hold most holy!"

"Ah! I thought not. She must have bewitched him. For me it is the end. Tomorrow—tomorrow I shall leave him. I was poor before and I would rather be poor again than endure this bitter humiliation ——"

... ...

Hidden Page

By S. Omar Barker

Like uncut pages of a book
Unopened on a shelf,
In every heart some hidden nook
Harbors a secret self:

Some poetry of soul and mind
Self-kept against the time
When someone dear may search and find
Love's secret, singing rhyme.

... ...

"Madame's noble sentiments do her credit," said Morosco, who by this time was chattering with excitement. "But why, madame, will you tell me, does Monsieur Larsen offer me fifty thousand dollars for the contents of the galleries?"

"He offers you the paltry sum of fifty thousand dollars for the contents of the galleries when one picture alone ——"

"Yes, madame ——?"

"How low will a man sink in order to impress a woman with his astuteness? I fear, monsieur, that you must regard me as indiscreet and, worse, disloyal—but you do not know what I have suffered. Do not think too hardly of me, monsieur. Forget what I have told you—tomorrow I shall have gone." Mary rose as though to leave. This, as she knew, was the moment—the climax—the prelude to the payoff.

"If you are foolish enough to accept my husband's check for fifty thousand dollars, Monsieur Morosco, I will tell you what he will do. He will take off the walls of the galleries three pictures—three pictures only. He will make you a present of the rest and laugh in your face as he walks out of the door."

"Madame spoke of being poor," said the other softly. "If madame will permit, I would like to offer her some token—some tangible token of my eternal gratitude."

"I do not seek to profit by my husband's perfidy, monsieur!" said Mary, drawing herself to her full five feet two inches.

"I do not need madame's assurance of this. Nevertheless, it will be a great pleasure to be of some assistance and, if madame feels under any sense of obligation, she may rid herself of it by telling me which three pictures he would remove?"

"Since you make the offer thus delicately, monsieur, I will accept your help. With a small sum—even so small as ten thousand dollars—I shall be able to cross to the other side of the world and make a fresh start ——"

On the short drive to the Morosco Fine Art Galleries their owner ignored the speed limit. On arrival there, with a splendid gesture of defiance, he tore off the seal on the door. From the safe he drew a thick package of currency, which he held suggestively in Mary's full view. Mary already knew the general descriptions of the "reputed" Rembrandt, Renoir and Toulouse-Lautrec, knew also that they were hanging on the same wall and were all three clearly visible from the street. As she pointed them out to Morosco he was so grateful that he did not even remark the swiftness with which the pile of currency disappeared, or the click of the door as Mary left.

Experience told Mary that there was no time to lose. Back at the hotel, she paid the bill—the bags were already packed—and told a porter to put them in the car.

She found Pete and La Gobolinsky in the casino bar. This was the moment for shock tactics. La Gobolinsky looked up with a haughty who-is-this-woman? look, directed proprietorially at Pete.

"Pete, darling," said Mary sweetly, "you know how I hate to interrupt a business talk, but I thought you would like to know that two people were inquiring for you at the hotel a few moments ago. They seemed—angry."

"Who were they, my pet?"

"People I'd never heard of, darling—a Princess Golobinsky and a picture dealer called Morosco. Do the names mean anything to you?"

The names meant something to La Gobolinsky, who grabbed her bag and left the bar. "She seems in a hurry, doesn't she?" remarked Mary. "And you know, darling, something tells me we shouldn't waste time. Our bags are in the car—let's go."

"Darling," said Mary some forty minutes later, when they were over the Italian border, "how much would your cut have been if it had all worked out as you hoped?"

"Somewhere about five thousand dollars—why?"

"It's much better to be honest, Pete; truly it is," said Mary dreamily.

"How do you work that out?" Pete wanted to know. "Which reminds me—how did you pay that hotel bill?"

"Out of the ten thousand dollars Monsieur Morosco paid me, of course."

"He paid you ten thousand bucks? What for?"

"For tipping him off that those three pictures of his were the real McCoy, of course, and warning him that you and that woman whose pools of mystery you seem to find so interesting, were trying to put a swift one over him by buying them from him for less than they were worth. He was most grateful."

"Darling!" exclaimed Pete delightedly. "Then you're not reformed any more?"

"Of course I'm reformed," snapped Mary. "It's just that I'm—well, trying not to be bigoted about it. Keep to the right side of the road, darling; we nearly hit that last car."

They Can't Wait to Grow Old (Continued from Page 30)

It must, in any and all cases, be work the Social Security law will recognize. So you find many an idle goat trying to get counted with the toilworn sheep. There is a good bit of finagling to those ends.

The scheming doesn't very often work. The Social Security Administration can be swindled, as who can't? But plan after plan falls on its face before a single check has been issued. Mostly the plots are funnier than they are evil. For they represent somebody's struggle to look like a working stiff or a businessman, somebody's attempt to masquerade in ill-fitting coveralls, and that isn't as easy as it sounds.

An upstate New Yorker spent his days collecting and spending rent money from property he owned. Having money didn't stop him from trying to get a little more from Social Security. He was resolved to find some guise in which he qualified for those ever-loving Government checks. So he put himself down as a janitor.

He carried out the garbage, he explained. That wouldn't suffice, they told him. Janitorial work was not his true occupation and, furthermore, he had to remove the garbage to comply with city ordinances.

Undaunted, he was back in two weeks. This time to put his wife's name on the lists as a self-employed businesswoman. "She is now a rooming-house proprietor," he said. "I am her tenant and star boarder. I pay her $200 a month."

As he figured it, this would entitle her to benefits, at the proper age, and as a dependent husband, there would be benefits for him too. But he didn't score with that play either. The law sees it as a wife's duty to cook something now and then, and even a husband is entitled to a place to sleep, if only under the stove. So the $200 wasn't buying anything.

End runs having gained no ground, this persistent character tried the old quarterback sneak. He came back to Social Security as "a self-employed businessman," ready to join the insured. He had found a job for his wife, he explained, in a department store. He had collected a fee for placing her. Therefore, he was an employment agent.

But they had to tell him he still hadn't turned the trick. Same general objections: this was a one-deal business, and too much in the family. They haven't heard from him again, but nobody supposes he has given up. He'll get listed even if it means going to work.

Old Miss Williams—all names used here are fictitious—was really too far along in years to be doing housework for a living. It was a shame the poor old girl had to. And the same was true of poor old Miss Williams—but wait a minute, those surnames were the same. So was the home address; so was the working address. Social Security investigated.

The dear old ladies had filed claims as domestic servants. Actually they were well-to-do sisters. Their late parents had left them a big house. Thinking how nice it would be to have regular checks from the Government, the sisters worked out a plan. They drew a line through the house. Sue took the right half, Ellen the left.

Thereafter, Sue did Ellen's housework, Ellen did Sue's. It appeared that they honestly believed this would qualify them, and the Government did not prosecute.

Had the sisters asked around, they would have discovered that the same basic idea has occurred to many. Before dentists were covered—that happened as of January, 1956—two dentists proposed to come in as laborers. They didn't intend to do a lot of work, but then, effort is not the test. They intended to empty each other's wastebaskets. But they were ruled off, on the ground that no bona fide employer-employee relationship would be created.

The circumstances of her life kept Mrs. Walters on the outside looking in. She didn't let that grieve her, or stop her either. The Nelsons, long-time friends of the family, were living with the Walterses when poor Nelson fell ill and died. The widow took her two fatherless children to a distant section to make a home with relatives.

Said Mrs. Walters as they parted, "Let me find out for you; you may be entitled to Social Security."

Two weeks later, a ray of hope. "Send me birth certificates for the children," Mrs. Walters wrote, "and your marriage certificate. I need them to file a claim for you." Obviously, she was in there pitching. But no further word came for many weeks. Then bad news. "They say you aren't entitled to anything," she wrote sadly.

In time Mrs. Nelson's money ran out and she had to find a job. She did well in it. In fact, too well. For one day she got a letter from Social Security. "Since you have earned more than $1200," it said, "benefits will have to be suspended."

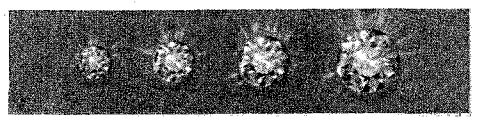
Mrs. Nelson went down to ask, tartly, just how they (*Continued on Page 110*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAGIC MESSENGER...PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT STERN • DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD.

Magic messenger...to tell your love

Your engagement is the time of smiles, soft words and dreams . . . and nature joins in blithely, rejoicing in your love. Trees and grass nod in gay approval. And a bright engagement diamond, wrought in earth just for you, shines out to tell the happiness you share. This eternal, magic light of love will bear and speak its tender message throughout your married years . . . and for generations coming after . . . for all the world to see.



FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS Your engagement diamond need not be large, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be treasured forever. Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Divided payments can usually be arranged.

¼ carat $75 to $250 1 carat $500 to $1430
½ carat $170 to $550 2 carats $1000 to $4000

Price ranges above are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in October, 1958, for their top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) in weights indicated. Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced. Exact weights shown are infrequent. Add tax.

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 108*) could suspend payments which never had begun. "But they have begun," she was told. "Checks for $128 a month have been going out to you for nearly two years."

And so they had, but to an address thoughtfully supplied by kind, helpful Mrs. Walters, who had used the papers to impersonate the widow. She had received $2816 when detected. She's paying it back on five years' probation.

If you have spent most of your days loafing, you are no more entitled to a Social Security old-age pension than a grasshopper is eligible to bunk with the ants. Federal-state aid to the needy aged may keep you from starving, but this is not to be confused with the Social Security benefits you can earn by working in a "covered" job and paying, along with your employer, certain taxes into the Social Security kitty. If you haven't worked, you could ask somebody to say you are employed, but he'd have to pay taxes into your Social Security account—and people that obliging are rare. But right there is where Fred the Fixer fitted in.

A man named Joe filed for benefits in 1949. He hadn't worked enough. He needed at least a year and a half of authentic work in a covered job. So his claim was turned down. Some years later, Fred came in and filed a claim on behalf of Joe.

Fred ran a general store, and was the community's amateur accountant. He did a lot of form filling for people, so his efforts for Joe aroused no surprise. What was surprising was the employment history Fred supplied. According to this, Joe had been working like a beaver, in a wide assortment of jobs, and had been so good in all of them that he commanded top pay. Which meant sizable benefits.

This didn't sound like old Joe, and Social Security invited him to call. Joe looked the claim over. "I never worked for none of those guys," he said. "All I know is, Fred told me not to worry, he'd take care of me."

Fred had been taking care of a lot of people, it turned out. In making out a tax return for A's factory or B's store, Fred added any names he liked. That way he could give clients a fictitious working history which looked perfectly valid. And Fred kept the tax bills about where they should be too. He did that by tossing out the names of genuine employees he didn't like. "A lot of them didn't deserve any credit for the little they did," he claimed.

Fred explained his job juggling as a humanitarian plan to help "destitute old gentlemen." But among the beneficiaries were some absentee landowners, far from destitute. Clients who were parties to the scheme drew one year's probation. There were others who knew nothing about it. Fred planned to surprise them. Joe's was the first falsified claim on which Fred had attempted to collect. Thus the swindle hadn't gotten off the ground, and Fred escaped with a $250 fine and a year on probation.

It occurs to a number of elderly sharpies that if one check is good, two would be better. It can be said for Dan Smith—another fictitious name—that if not 100 per-cent honest he was 110 per-cent industrious. Not until he was seventy-two did he apply for benefits. Then he began drawing $62.50 a month.

Now he moved to another city and got another job, which at seventy-two is no small feat. Adopting the name "Schmidt," he worked eighteen months to qualify for benefits in that capacity. Then he filed for benefits, offering in proof of age a marriage certificate. Someone looked intently at the name and suspected the original writing had been skillfully altered.

The records didn't show "Dan Schmidt" as getting married on the day in question. But they did show Dan Smith as getting married—to Schmidt's bride, on what must have been one of her most exciting days. Smitty's landlady said he got mail under both names. That blew it.

Smitty might have got as much as a year in prison and a fine of $1000, but in view of his years, it was decided not to prosecute. Any jail would have been glad to have him. He's obviously a worker.

The case of the woman who was two other people involved one of the more elaborate dodges. A Chicago woman had a Social Security account, but had worked only sporadically, and was only thirty-five. It would be twenty-seven years before she could collect benefits, and not much then.

"Hi."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

So she set out to get two checks more than a quarter of a century early. She assumed a variation of her mother's maiden name. In this guise she reported herself as the employer of a Miss Smith and a Miss Jones. One worked as her nurse and companion, the other as maid and cook. Perfect dears, both of them, though pretty old.

She paid the required Social Security taxes, $9.75 per quarter on each of them. The two old ladies needed only six quarters of coverage, or eighteen months, making the total tax bill $117. When enough had been paid on Miss Smith, her employer posed as the imaginary nurse and filed for benefits. She had to look twice her age, but carried it off.

A little later she filed again, this time as the imaginary maid, Miss Jones. Certain small discrepancies caught the eye of a claims examiner. A field man went out to get things straightened out. He found nobody home except a "roomer"—actually the woman herself. All the others, she said, were attending a funeral. They couldn't have talked to him anyway, she explained; they were all deaf-mutes.

With fanciful lie heaped on fanciful lie, the scheme fell over. False claims, it appeared, were this woman's specialty. Applying for a civil-service job, she had claimed preference as the widow of a marine killed at Pearl Harbor. Applying for public assistance, she reported having four children, all sick. To relate her various deceptions to the United States District Attorney took eighteen pages, but the D.A. didn't prosecute. It was too late; she was already in jail for still other swindles.

Many offbeat occupations show up and are accepted in Social Security returns. The test is whether you really are conducting a business and your services "are held out to the general public." Some city-dwelling farmers, without a square foot of field, are eligible. They raise earthworms in their basement and sell them. Accepted are flagpole sitters, chicken sexers and one or two buffalo-graveyard excavators—Indians used to drive herds of buffalo over cliffs as a way of hunting, and the excavators dig up the bones for fertilizer.

So there is a great miscellany of work. But a man who put himself down as providing "miscellaneous services" was asked for a bit more detail. It filtered down to this: he owned an apartment building, and he walked a dog for one of his tenants—the dog's mistress. Dog walking would have been recognized, but he was too much of a specialist. He didn't walk dogs in general. He had to be told that in his twilight years he'll have memories, but no pension.

In one grim little case, relatives sold a man's body for fifteen dollars for medical research, and then tried to collect $357 in imaginary funeral expenses. They wanted to pay off a previous bill at the undertaker's. They were risking a good deal just to keep their credit green. Trying to swindle Social Security can get you a year in prison, or a fine up to $1000 or both. There is a whole book of Federal charges which may be thrown at you, and, in addition, you have to pay back anything you got.

But many deceptions are curiously innocent. An old Colorado miner, a bachelor, listed a pal's wife and three children as his own when he turned sixty-five before his friend did. Seemed to figure it was something like life insurance, and you could name any beneficiaries you choose.

The devoted son in the old ballad, who held the lantern while his mother chopped the wood, has worthy successors who put mom on the payroll in the office or plant, at least long enough to earn Social Security benefits. Mom's duties in one case were "to advise" the one-girl office force. But no matter how much or how little work mom does, she never qualifies. She could score doing the same work for a firm across the hall, but work performed by a parent for a son or daughter, or by a wife for a husband, or vice versa, simply doesn't count. That's been the law for years. Two brothers thought they had it made. They formed a partnership and the partnership hired their mother. That arrangement wasn't accepted either. It doesn't seem entirely logical. A corporation could have hired her, and she'd have received Social Security credit. Corporations, being artificial entities, can't have a mommy.

It occurs to proprietors of many businesses, large and small, that there are times when the help is getting more out of it than the owners. Two men who jointly owned a firm weren't netting the $400 each per year which is required of self-employed businessmen for Social Security credit. So they listed themselves as their own employees.

Wouldn't that work? Social Security said no. You can be somebody's employee; that is the status of 49.6 million working Americans. You can be self-employed; about seven million qualify in that category. But if self-employed, you can't report yourself as an employee. You're stuck, legally, with the role of boss.

Before lawyers were covered, one attorney resolved to adopt a sideline which would get him in. He hung out a sign, "Tax returns filled out." On New Year's Eve, he remembered to figure up how much he had made. It came to $390. With only hours to go, he was ten dollars short of the $400 annual minimum.

Emptying the handsome filing case which held the tax papers, he got it into his car and found a junk dealer. "Give me eleven dollars for this," he said, "and I'll buy it back January second." He figured the extra one dollar covered his expenses for gas, et cetera.

But when he turned in his report he found himself wrecked on one of those submerged reefs from which lawyers usually profit. A catcher can't make money by selling his mitt. A drummer can't make money by selling his drums. The filing case was used in making the income, and sale of anything thus involved doesn't count toward boosting the total. The lawyer still was ten dollars short, for all his valiant eleventh-hour effort.

Not that we don't have some pretty sharp taxpayers. In Indianapolis a man returned the Social Security tax form on which you pay Social Security taxes on a domestic servant. Payment was triumphantly shown as nothing. "No tax due," he wrote, "as I married the hired girl."

Another elderly schemer earned more than the permitted yearly maximum and was asked to return a Social Security check not due him. He did, and was given a receipt for it. But he figured out how to get the money back—at least for a while. He found a gullible grocer, endorsed the receipt, and got the grocer to cash it.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

December 13, 1958

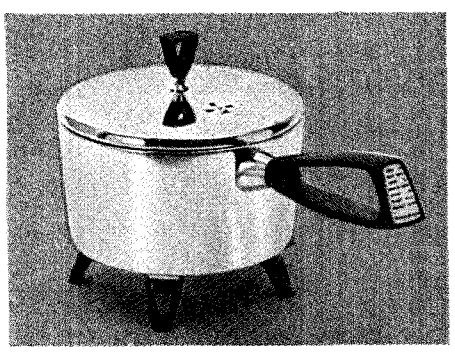
NEW! WESTINGHOUSE *Immerse-A-Matic* APPLIANCES

IMMERSE-A-MATIC FRY PAN. Giant size (12") cooks a whole family meal. Fries, bakes, simmers, stews, roasts. Two handles for easy lifting; Time-Temp cooking guide on handle. **$16.95.** Steam-vented cover **$4.50.**

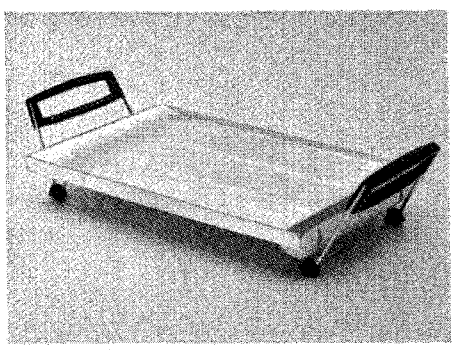
Westinghouse Automatic Control; buy only one control for all Immerse-A-Matic appliances. **$7.95.**

EXCLUSIVE "SPREAD-EVEN" HEAT COOKS EVERYTHING BETTER!

Food is never part-done, never scorched and it never sticks... because the heating elements are cast into each utensil following the shape of the pan for even, over-all heat distribution. One automatic control operates all *Immerse-A-Matic* appliances... saves the cost of individual controls for each utensil. With control removed, *Immerse-A-Matic* appliances wash like a dream, may be completely submerged in water.

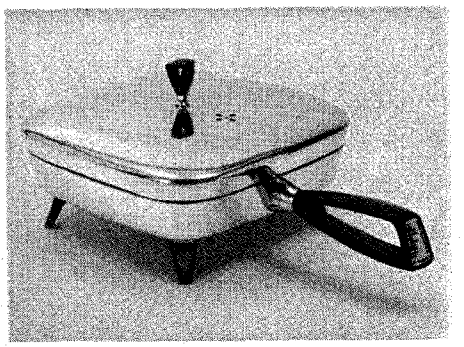


Immerse-A-Matic 3 qt. Saucepan for smooth sauces, desserts, perfect vegetables; cool safety handle; steam-vented cover included. **$16.95.**



Immerse-A-Matic Griddle; huge size for family-size meals; handiest way to cook steaks, franks, pancakes, French toast, **$19.95.**

Immerse-A-Matic 5 qt. Dutch Oven; stews, roasts, deep-fries; steam-vented cover included, **$19.95;** fry basket accessory, **$1.95.**



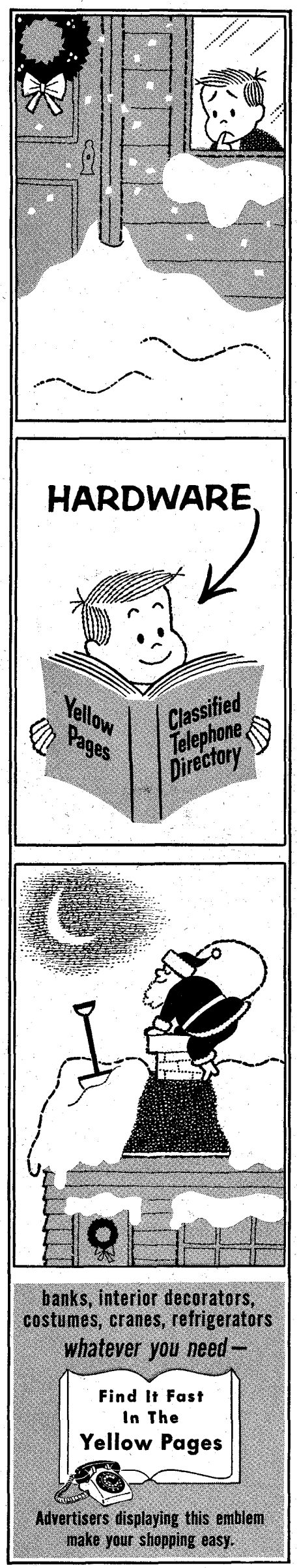
Immerse-A-Matic 11 inch Fry Pan with cool safety handle; fries, bakes, stews, roasts; **$14.95;** steam-vented cover. **$4.25.**

WESTINGHOUSE GUARANTEED VALUES!

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S Westinghouse

WATCH "WESTINGHOUSE LUCILLE BALL-DESI ARNAZ SHOWS" CBS TV MONDAYS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


HARDWARE
Yellow Pages
Classified Telephone Directory
banks, interior decorators, costumes, cranes, refrigerators
whatever you need—
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Advertisers displaying this emblem make your shopping easy.

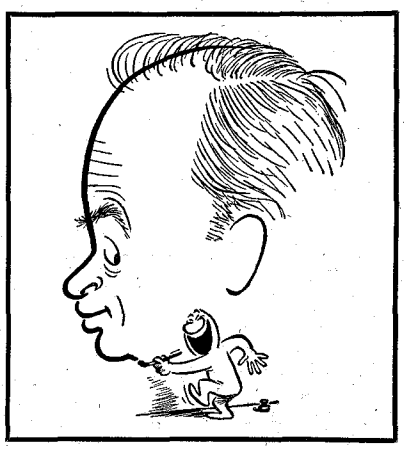
Keeping Posted

Man Behind the Little People

Mr. and Mrs. Syverson and Sandra; son Jeff was away at school.

Cartoonist **Henry Syverson** creator of the happy little people who gambol around the top of the Post Scripts page (40) and of other wonderful Post cartoons, never went to art school. He got himself such a swell art job at the age of twenty that he didn't have time to go to school. In Duluth, his home town, he had done a bit of drawing stimulated by talent he got from his mother, and one day (he was a truck driver then) he wrote the Walt Disney Studios asking for a staff-artist position. They sent him some problems to work out, and after that, which was in 1939, until he entered military service in 1943 he was busy in Hollywood on cinema masterpieces like Pinocchio and Fantasia. While Syverson (pronounced Seeverson) was stationed in Denver doing Army art assignments, a clerk in a store sold him some art supplies and he promptly married her—"I'm still using some of those art supplies. She was a fine salesman." Out of uniform in 1946, Syverson blithely headed for New York to free-lance—on the strength of having sold four magazine cartoons. He soon got fed up with city life, picked out a Catskill Mountains town named Pine Bush, and that's where Mr. and Mrs. S., Jeff, ten, and Sandra, five, live today.

Syverson's cartoon ideas come to him in clusters followed by dreadful periods when nothing comes. Sometimes he starts the clusters perking by locking himself in his upstairs studio and playing his violin. He discards any idea his wife doesn't like. Syverson's pet hobby emerged in 1949 when he decided it would be fun to fly an airplane; the family enjoys going along as passengers in his rented planes, but Mrs. S. does no piloting, thinks that's for the birds. When the Post asked Syverson to dream up a title decoration for Post Scripts, one evening he made some casual sketches of his son Jeff, who was younger then and gamboling around the room in a baggy-footed night garment. Presto! the little men, who, inevitably, were later joined by little women. He calls them "the happy neighbors."



Syverson, by Syverson.

Tales of the Authors

Jack Dillon and his folks.

Jack Dillon, new Post contributor on page 31, says he would like to send in a picture of his family on his boat, but he doesn't have a boat. So there they are in Livingston, New Jersey. He is an advertising man whose margin-time fiction includes two novels published by Ballantine. He likes poker, bridge, Martinis and, as hinted above, boats—he drags his family around while he sort of window-shops in used-boat yards. He does *not* like gardening and cookouts.

When **Arthur Baum** cased the Great Salt Lake engineering project, which he describes on page 36, he was given a protective helmet to wear because of the danger involved in examining the construction work. The headpiece didn't do him a bit of good. What happened to him was that he caught his finger in a screen-door latch and fractured his signet ring. The Post's contributing editor felt pretty set up wearing a tin hat, until he was told that the previous wearer got fired for being so dumb.

Hymn-Singing Editor

After his recent return from the Orient, contributing editor **Harold Martin** spent mornings writing on the article about Tokyo, which ran in the December 6 Post, and afternoons researching a preachers' meeting held annually at Emory University in Atlanta—quite a shifting of mental gears, he says. On the basis of his afternoon research he decided to do an article about preacher Sam Varnell (page 19), so he visited the Varnells for a week in Piney Flats, Tennessee, and since a revival was in progress, he attended five evening services and three on Sunday. Martin went fishing with Sam's parishioners, catching no fish, but lots of information; and evenings after service he and the Varnells motored to a drive-in restaurant, singing all the hymns Martin and the others could remember, to the amazement of hot-rodders and their girl friends. Martin says, "I now have great affection for the Varnells and tremendous respect for country preachers."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Beware the Advance-Fee Racket"

Be on guard against a con game which in the past year has cheated Americans out of $50,000,000!

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED